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CHURCH HYMNAL

— AND —

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS

— COMBINED —

Compiled and Edited by

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

A COLLECTION COVERING EVERY PHASE OF

Interdenominational Church and
Sunday School Work

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A PREFACE is something seldom read ; but
for a book the size and strength
of this to appear without one
would look odd. So you will permit me to say : The
demand for a

COMBINED CHURCH HYMNAL
AND
SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG BOOK

is sufficient reason for its appearance.

I assure you that it is the best that I can produce, and
it remains to be seen if I have struck the responsive
chord of an appreciative and music-loving constituency.

Yours,

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Some New Features in

CHURCH HYMNAL AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS

The Church Hymns are selected from the different denominational Hymnals, making it *INTERDENOMINATIONAL*.

Every phase of Church and Sunday School work is covered.

THE HYMNS ARE ALL SET WITH THE MUSIC, i. e., words are interlined between the staves, scarcely any verses at the bottom of pages. This will be welcomed by singers who depend on the music in singing their part.

THE HYMN TUNES are all familiar, relieving the preacher, choir and congregation of any embarrassment.

Hymns for subjects are grouped under a *SUB-INDEX* which is a time saver ; a feature appreciated by the preacher in charge who has not had the time to select his hymns. For illustration, see "*ACTIVITY AND ZEAL*" beginning with 167.

The group of hymns for *EXPERIENCE* and *MID-WEEK SERVICES* will appeal to any pastor. This is in the center of the book, making it easy of access ; beginning with 214.

THE OLD FOLKS SONGS some of which have been resurrected especially for this book, will be appreciated by those who revere the memory of our foreparents.

"*THE FUNERAL HYMNS*" under the heading "*CONSOLATION*" cannot be equaled ; beginning with 193.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT will speak or sing for itself.

THE CHORUS PIECES are strictly up-to-date.

THE LARGE FIGURES and ready index will enable you to find what we have failed to mention.

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Twelve others mentioned under Sub-index, Page 110 (page Nos. at bottom of pages).

The Beatitudes.

Blessed are the poor in spirit :
For theirs is the kingdom of God.
Blessed are they that mourn :
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek :
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger
and thirst after righteousness :
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful :
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart :
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace makers :
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake :
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Ten Commandments.

First.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Second.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth ; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them : for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me ; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Third.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain : for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Fourth.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work : but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do

any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates : for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Fifth.—Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Sixth.—Thou shalt not kill.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Eighth.—Thou shalt not steal.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

The musical score for 'Gloria Patri' is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.' The music is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm and clear harmonic structure.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost, As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord : who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary ; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried ; the third day He arose from the dead ; He ascended into heaven ; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins ; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Church Hymnal

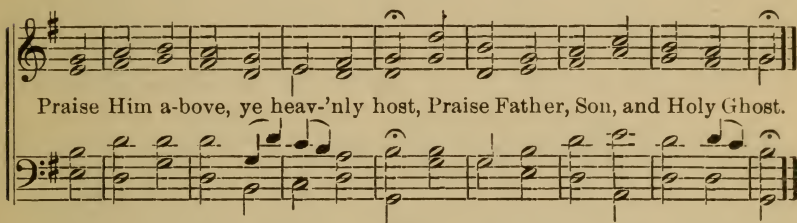
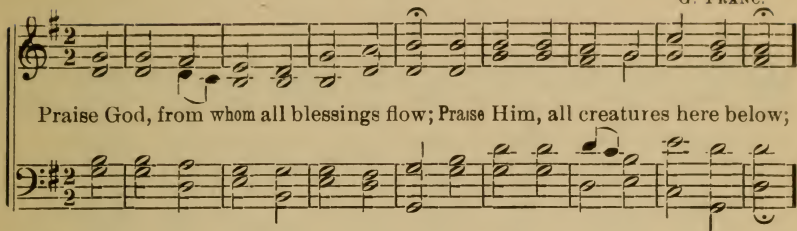
AND

Sunday School Songs.

1 Doxology.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

G. FRANC.

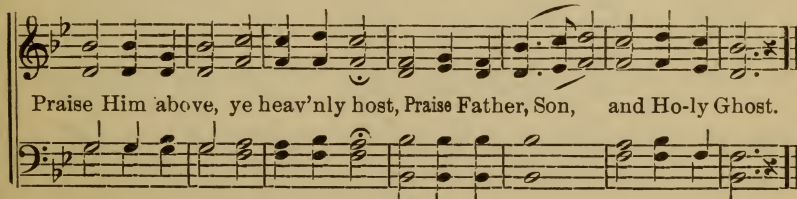
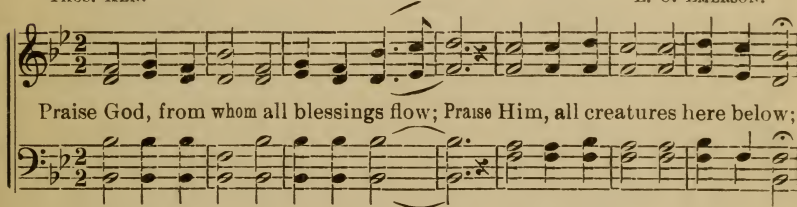


2 Doxology.

THOS. KEN.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

L. O. EMERSON.



Morning Worship.

	No.		No.		No.
Lord, in the Morning.....	3	Welcome, Delightful.....	17	Salvation, O the	29
Once More My Soul.....	4	Come Thou Fount	18	Long Have I Sat.....	30
Come, Thou Almighty	5	From all that Dwell.....	19	O God, Our Help.....	31, 32
O for a Thousand Tongues.....	6, 7	Glorious Things of Thee.....	20	How Firm a Foundation.....	33, 34
I Love Thy Kingdom.....	8	Come, let us Tune Our.....	21	We will Stand the Storm.....	35
Awake, My Soul.....	9	Sweet is the Work.....	22	Am I a Soldier	36
All Hail the Power.....	10	Safely through.....	23	Solid Rock.....	37
Children of the.....	11, 12	Saviour, like a Shepherd.....	24	Holy, Holy, Holy.....	38
This is the Day.....	13	A Charge to Keep.....	25	Lord, We Come.....	39
Loving Jesus.....	14	Amazing Grace.....	26, 27	Jesus, Lover.....	40, 41
Jesus, Where'er Thy People.....	15	Come, Ye that Love.....	28	Guide Me.....	42
Rock of Ages.....	16				

3 Lord, In the Morning Thou Shalt Hear.

WARWICK. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. Lord, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My
 2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To
 3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The
 4. But to Thy house will I re - sort, To
 5. O may Thy Spir - it guide my feet In

1. voice as - cend - ing high; To Thee will I di -
 2. plead for all His saints, Pre - sent - ing at His
 3. wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be
 4. taste Thy mer - cies there; I will fre - quent Thy
 5. ways of right - eous - ness, Make ev - 'ry path of

1. rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye.
 2. Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com-plaints.
 3. Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
 4. ho - ly court, And wor - ship in Thy fear.
 5. du - ty straight, And plain be - fore my face.

Once More, My Soul.

(MARLOW. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN CHETHAM.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;
 2. Night un - to night His name re - peats, The day re - news the sound,
 3. 'Tis He sup - ports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak His praise;
 4. Great God, let all my - hours be Thine, While - I en - joy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies.
 Wide as the heav'ns on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons round.
 My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath de - lays.
 Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a pleas - ant night.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 4s & 6s.)

(CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort-er! Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who al-
 4. To the great One and Three, E - ter-nal praises be, Hence-evermore! His sovereign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign over us, An-cient of days!
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho - li - ness! On us descend.
 might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And - to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

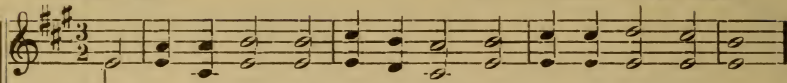
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O For a Thousand Tongues.

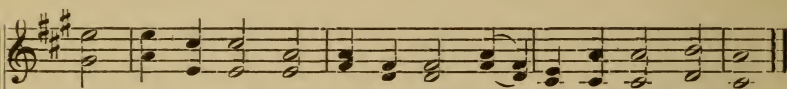
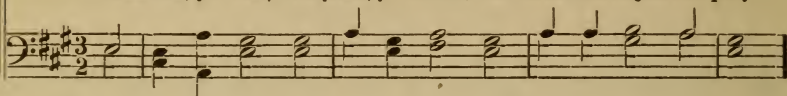
(AZMON. C. M.)

CHARLES WESLEY.

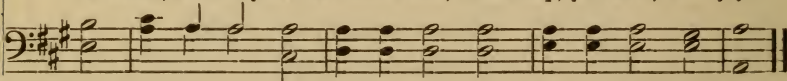
CARL G. GLASER. LOWELL MASON.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-dæm-er's praise,
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;
5. He speaks, and list'ning to His voice, New life the dead re-ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy;



The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
 The mournful, bro-ken hearts re-joice; The hum-bles poor be-lieve.
 Ye blind, behold your Sav-iour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.



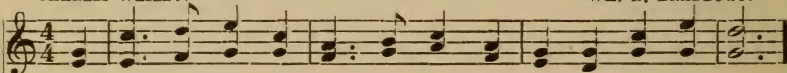
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(SECOND TUNE.)

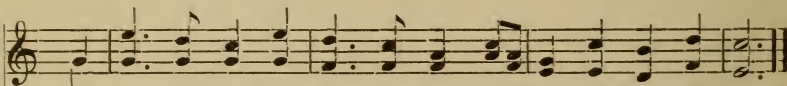
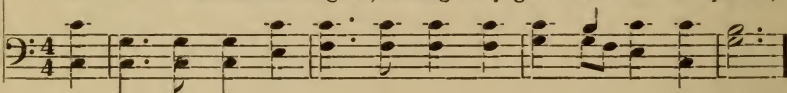
(BROWN. C. M.)

CHARLES WESLEY.

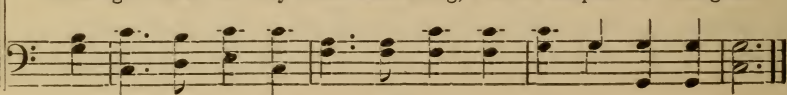
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,



The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.



I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as-cend;
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'nly ways,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

1. The Church our blest Redeem-er bought With His own precious blood.
 2. Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 3. To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 4. Her sweet com-mu-n-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 5. The brightest glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

9 Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HEBER. C. M.

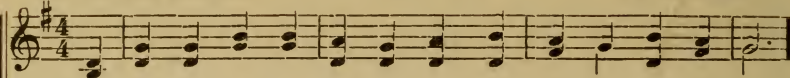
1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
 2. A cloud of wit-ness - es around Hold thee in full sur - vey;
 3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high;
 4. That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lus-ter boast,
 5. Blest Sav-iour, in - tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun;

1. heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 2. For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on-ward urge thy way.
 3. 'Tis His own hand presents the prize To thine a - spir - ing eye.
 4. When vic-tor's wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in com-mon dust.
 5. And, crowned with vict'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon - ors down.

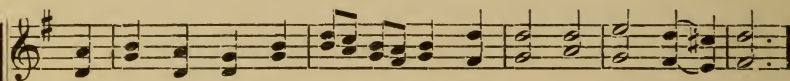
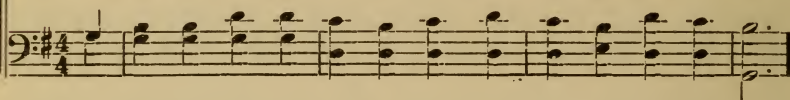
REV. EDWARD PERRONET.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

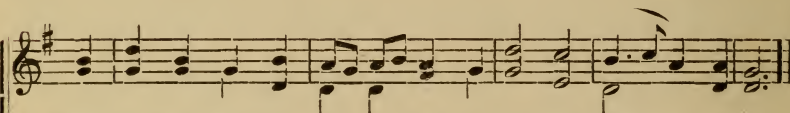
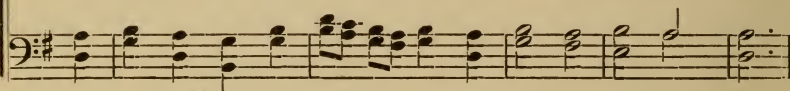
OLIVER HOLDEN.



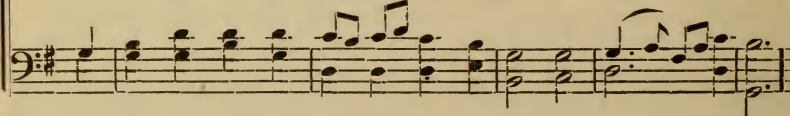
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall!
2. Crown Him, ye mar-tys of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is-rael's race, A rem-nant weak and small;
4. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
6. O that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him, all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

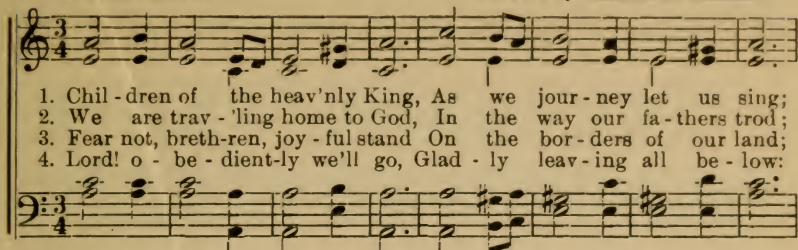


Children of the Heavenly King.

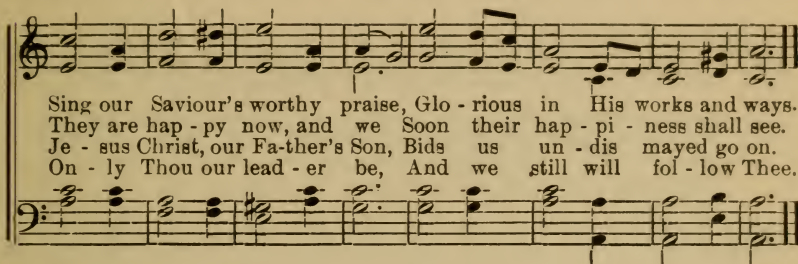
(FIRST TUNE.)

REV. JOHN CENNICK.

Revived by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Chil - dren of the heav'nly King, As we jour - ney let us sing;
 2. We are trav - ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod;
 3. Fear not, breth - ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of our land;
 4. Lord! o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low:



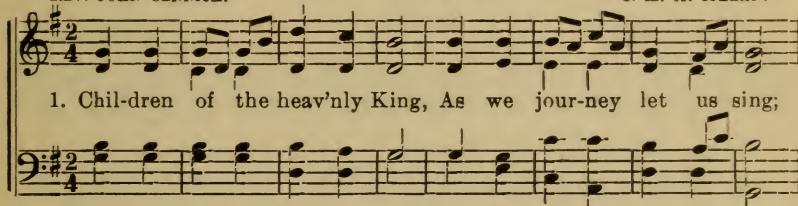
Sing our Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
 They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis - mayed go on.
 On - ly Thou our lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

(SECOND TUNE.)

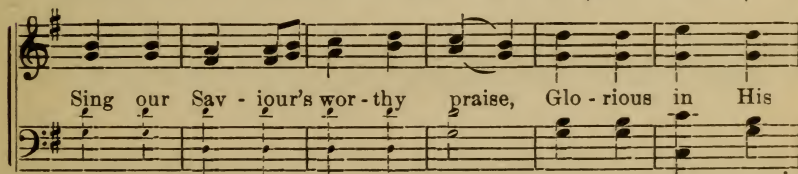
REV. JOHN CENNICK.

(HENDON. 7s.)

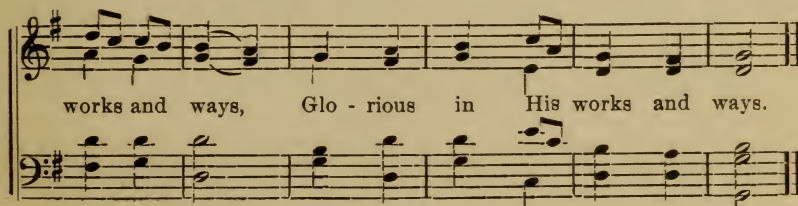
C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Chil - dren of the heav'nly King, As we jour - ney let us sing;



Sing our Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His



works and ways, Glo - rious in His works and ways.

ISAAC WATTS.

(AZMON. C. M.)

CARL GOTTHELF.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;
 2. To - day He rose, and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell;
 3. Ho - san - na, to th' a - nointed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son;
 4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes - sa - ges of grace;

Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.
 To - day the saints His triumph spread, And all His won - ders tell.
 Help us, O Lord! de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from Thy throne.
 Who comes, in God, his Father's name, To save our sin - ful race.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(HORTON. 7s.)

XAVIER SCHNEIER.

1. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In Thy gra - cious hands I am;
 2. Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;
 3. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my hap - py days;

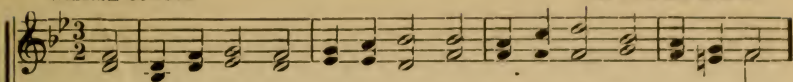
Make me, Sav - iour, what Thou art; Live Thy - self with - in my heart.
 Thou didst live to guide a - lone, Thou didst nev - er seek Thine own.
 Then the world shall al - ways see Christ, the ho - ly Child, in me.

15 Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet.

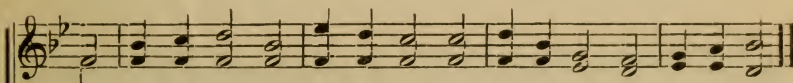
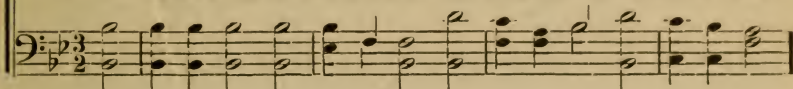
WILLIAM COWPER.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

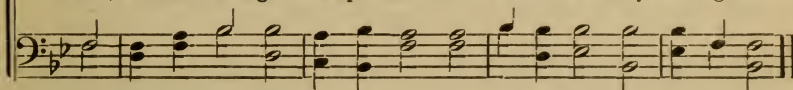
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Je - sus, where'er Thy people meet, There they behold Thy mer-cy seat;
2. For Thou, within no walls confined, In-hab - it - est the humble mind;
3. Great Shepherd of Thy cho-sen few, Thy former mercies here re - new;



Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallowed ground.
Such ev - er bring Thee where they come, And going, take Thee to their home.
Here, to our wait-ing hearts proclaim The sweetness of Thy sav-ing name.



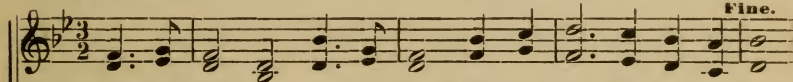
16

Rock of Ages.

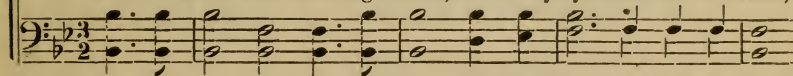
A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS

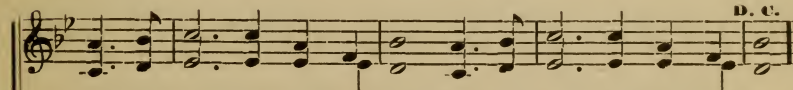
Fine.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

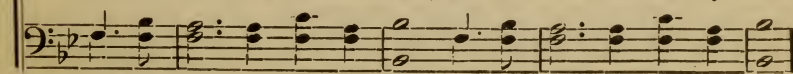


D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Welcome Delightful Morn.

HAYWOOD.

(LISCHER. H. M.)

FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.

1. Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I hail thy kind re - turn;
 2. Now may the King descend, And fill His throne of grace; Thy scepter, Lord, extend;
 3. Descend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Dis - close a Sav - iour's love,

Lord, make these moments blest: From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to
 While saints address Thy face: Let sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to
 And bless the sa - cred hours: Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths

reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
 know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 be in - dulged in vain, Nor Sab - baths be in - dulged in vain.

Come Thou Fount.

ROB'T ROBINSON.

(NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D)

JOHN WYETH.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

Come Thou Fount. Concluded.

S. *Fine.*

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

D. S.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

D. S.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me, when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

19

From All That Dwell.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

ISAAC WATTS and JOHN WESLEY.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre-a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter-nal truth at - tends Thy word:
3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor - tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing;
4. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be-long.

Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
The great sal - va - tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Sav-iour's name.
In cheerful sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud-est praise.

20 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

JOHN NEWTON.

Fine.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See! the streams of liv-ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love;
3. Round each hab-i - ta-tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,

D. C. - With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can ne'er be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode.

1. He whose word can ne'er be broken, Formed thee for His own a-bode:
2. Still sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move:
3. For a glo - ry and a cov - ring, Showing that the Lord is near:

1. On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
2. Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows our thirst t' assuage?
3. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

21 Come, Let Us Tune Our Loftiest Song.

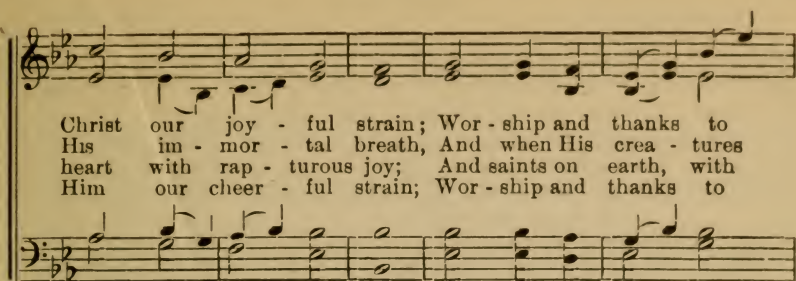
DUKE ST. L. M.

ROBERT A. WEST.

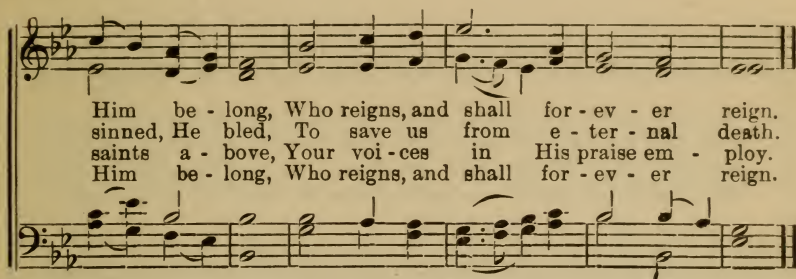
JOHN HATTON.

1. Come, let us tune our loft - iest song, And raise to
2. His sov-'reign pow'r our bod - ies made; Our souls are
3. Burn ev - 'ry breast with Je - sus' love; Bound ev - 'ry
4. Ex - tol the Lamb with loft - iest song, As - cend for

Come, Let Us Tune Our Loftiest Song. Concluded.



Christ our joy - ful strain; Wor - ship and thanks to
His im - mor - tal breath, And when His crea - tures
heart with rap - turous joy; And saints on earth, with
Him our cheer - ful strain; Wor - ship and thanks to



Him be - long, Who reigns, and shall for - ev - er reign.
sinned, He bled, To save us from e - ter - nal death.
saints a - bove, Your voi - ces in His praise em - ploy.
Him be - long, Who reigns, and shall for - ev - er reign.

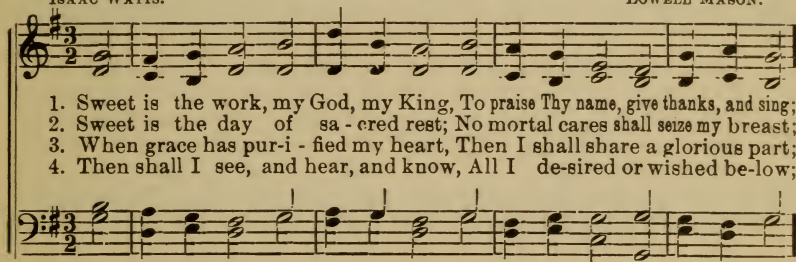
22

Sweet is the Work.

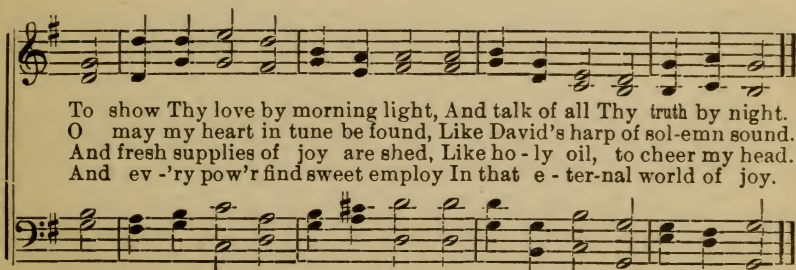
ISAAC WATTS.

(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
3. When grace has pur - i - fied my heart, Then I shall share a glorious part;
4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I de - sired or wished be - low;

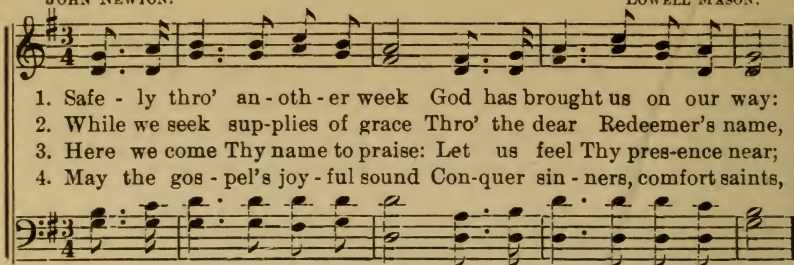


To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth by night.
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

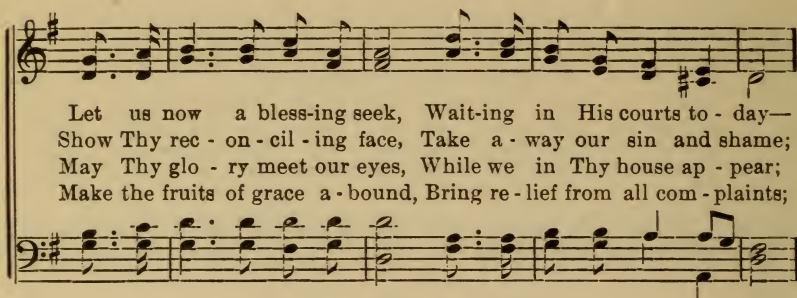
JOHN NEWTON.

(SABBATH.)

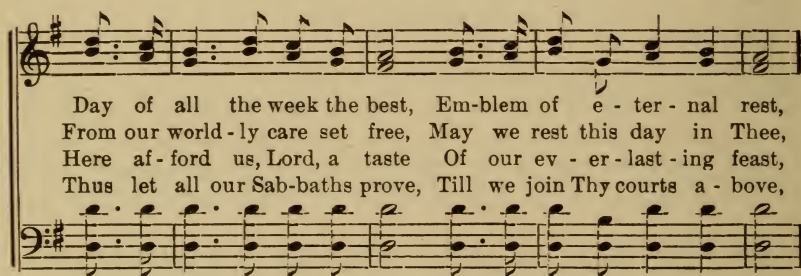
LOWELL MASON.



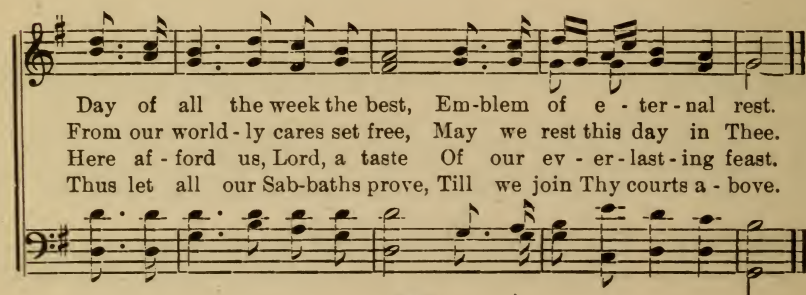
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way:
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise: Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, comfort saints,



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day—
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all com - plaints;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,
 From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove,

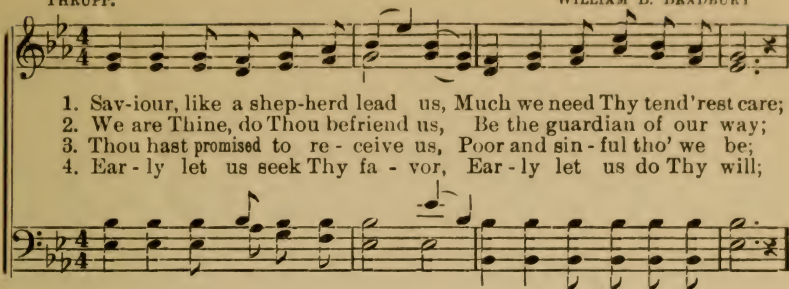


Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove.

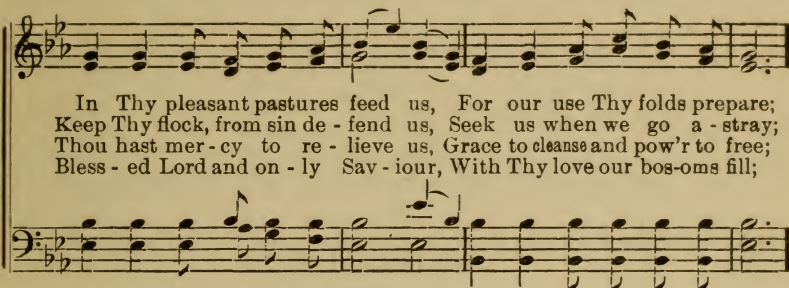
THRUPP.

(BRADBURY. 8s, 7s.)

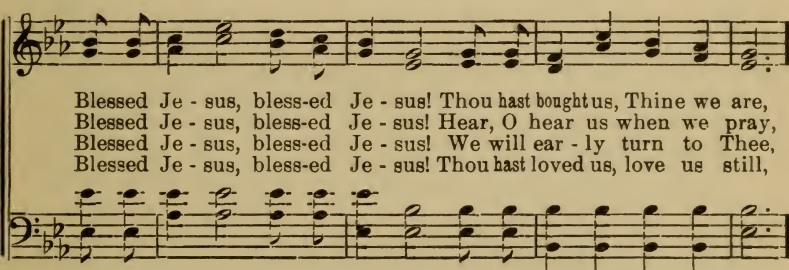
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



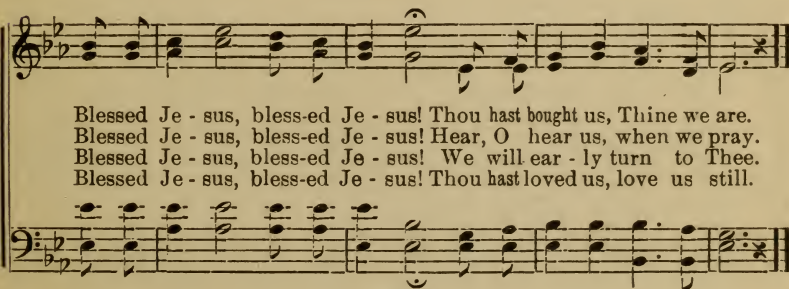
1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
 2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the guardian of our way;
 3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be;
 4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor, Ear-ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray;
 Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse and pow'r to free;
 Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-iour, With Thy love our bos-oms fill;



Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
 Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray,
 Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! We will ear-ly turn to Thee,
 Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still,



Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
 Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! We will ear-ly turn to Thee.
 Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.

A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live.
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And O Thy servant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON.

(FIRST TUNE.)

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. The Lord has promised good to me; His word my hope se - cures;
 5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 I shall pos - sess with - in the veil A life of joy and peace.

Amazing Grace.

HARP. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

(SECOND TUNE.)

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!

Fine.

D. S.—I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.

D. S.

Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.

Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
 2. The sor - rows of the mind Be ban - ished from the place!
 3. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
 4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets,
 5. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

1. Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround His throne.
 2. Re - lig - ion nev - er was designed To make our pleasures less.
 3. But serv - ants of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.
 4. Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 9. We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS.

(BROWN. C. M.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Sal - va - tion, O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
 3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round,

A sov - reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
 But we a - rise by grace di - vine To see a heav'n - ly day.
 While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

30 Long Have I Sat Beneath the Sound.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

DR. ARNE.

1. Long have I sat be - neath the sound Of Thy sal - va - tion, Lord;
 2. How cold and fee - ble is my love! How neg - li - gent my fear!
 3. Great God! Thy sov'reign aid im - part To give Thy word suc - cess;
 4. Show my for - get - ful feet the way That leads to joys on high,

But still how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of Thy word!
 How low my hopes of joys a - bove! How few af - fec - tions there!
 Write Thy sal - va - tion on my heart, And make me learn Thy grace.
 Where knowledge grows without decay, And love shall nev - er die.

ISAAC WAITS.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGOLEY.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. A thousand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;

1. Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 2. Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 3. From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 4. Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 5. They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.

JOHN FAWCETT.

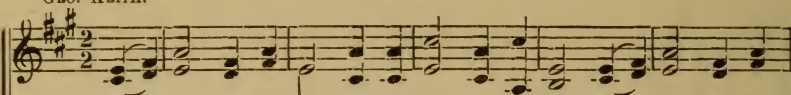
DENNIS. S. M.

GEO. NAGELL.

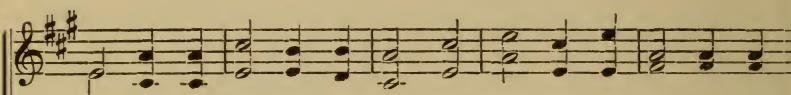
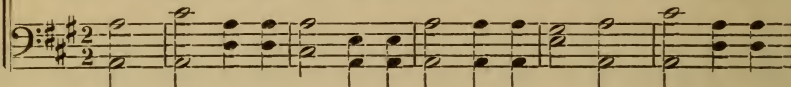
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ardent pray - ers;
 3. We share our mut - ual woes, Our mut - ual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

1. The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 2. Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 3. And oft - en for each oth - er flows Thy sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 4. But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

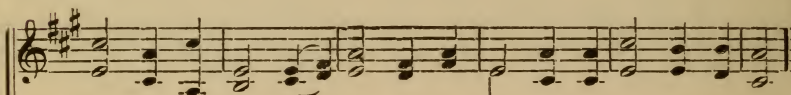
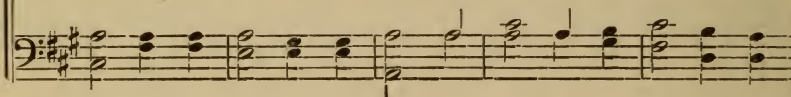
GEO. KEITH.



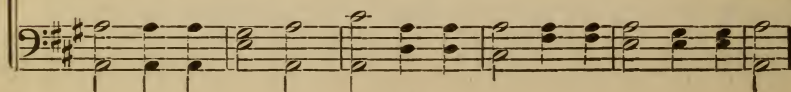
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con - di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov - er-ty's
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
4. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
5. "When thro' fiery tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all - suf -
6. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e -
7. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I



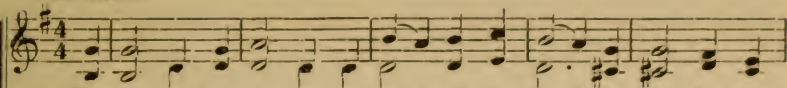
1. faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
2. vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
3. God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
4. woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
5. fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
6. ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
7. will not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -



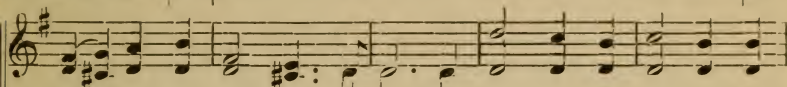
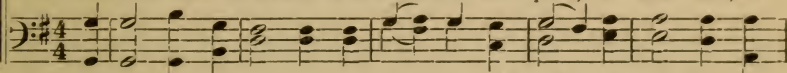
1. you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
2. land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."
3. cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-nip - o-tent hand.
4. trou-bles to bless, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
5. on - ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
6. tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos - om be borne.
7. deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake!"



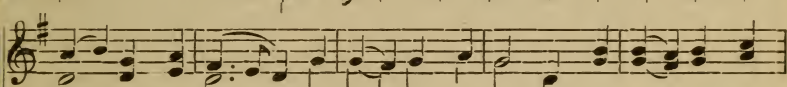
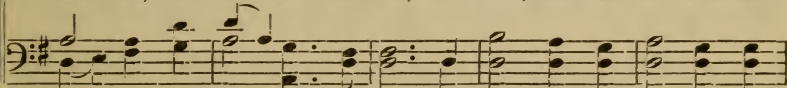
GEO. KEITH.



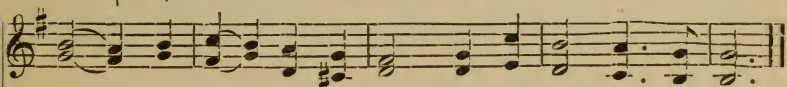
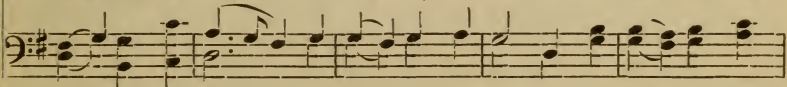
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health; In pov - er - ty's
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
4. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
5. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all suf -
6. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I



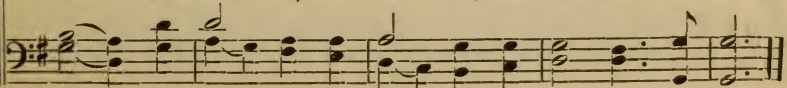
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
woe shall not thee o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
will not, de-sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -



you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have
land, on the sea - "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om-nip - o - tent
trou-bles to bless, And sanc-ti - fy to thee, thy deep-est dis -
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re -
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for -

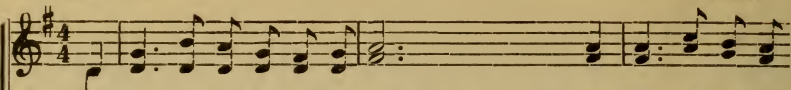


fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
be, As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev - er be.
hand, Up - held by my right - eous, om-nip - o - tent hand.
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

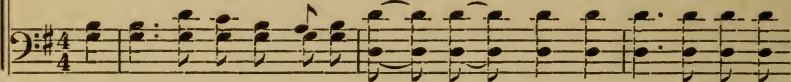


ISAAC WATTS.

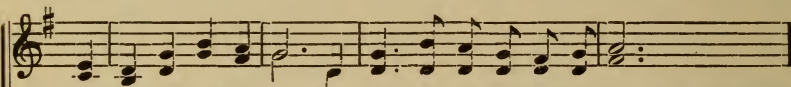
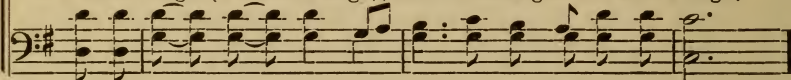
T. C. O'KANE.



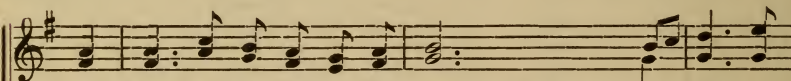
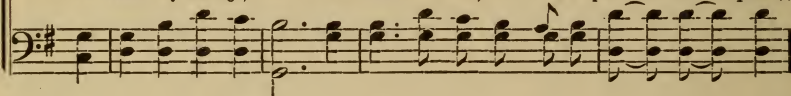
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross (of the cross), Am I a sol-dier
2. Are there no foes for me to face (for me to face), Are there no foes for
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign (if I would reign); Sure I must fight if



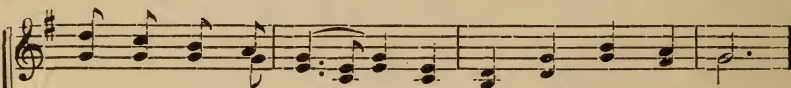
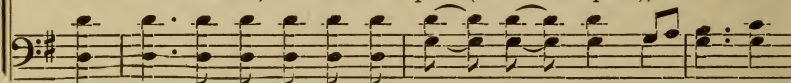
1. of the cross (of the cross), Am I a sol-dier of the cross,
2. me to face (for me to face), Are there no foes for me to face,
3. I would reign (if I would reign); Sure I must fight if I would reign;



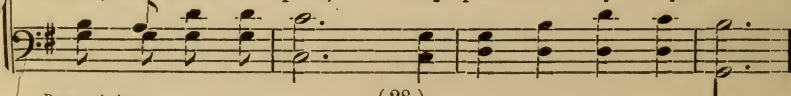
1. A foll'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own His cause (own His cause),
2. Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace (friend to grace),
3. Increase my courage, Lord! I'll bear the toil, endure the pain (endure the pain),



1. And shall I fear to own His cause (own His cause), And shall I
2. Is this vile world a friend to grace (friend to grace), Is this vile
3. I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain (endure the pain), I'll bear the

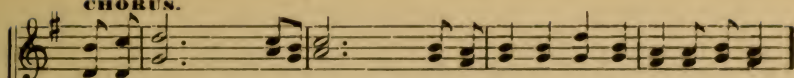


1. fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
3. toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

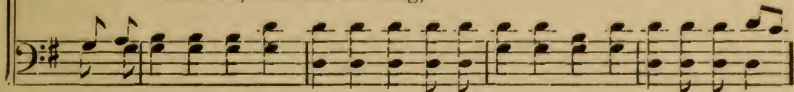
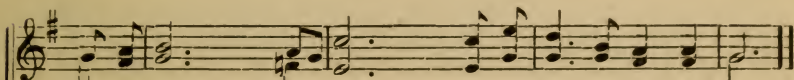


We Will Stand the Storm. Concluded.

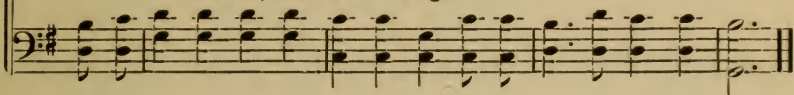
CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will anchor by and by, by and by;
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

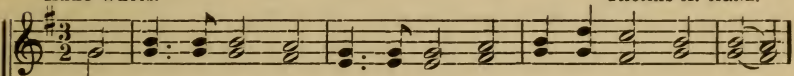


36 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

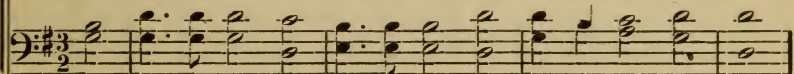
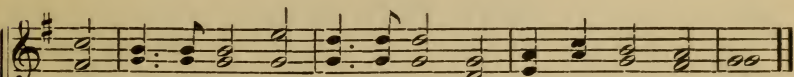
ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

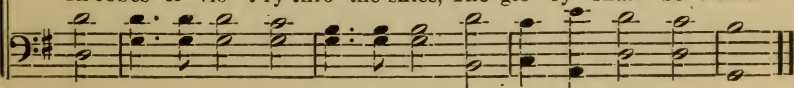
THOMAS A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my cour-age, Lord;
5. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall conquer, tho' they die:
6. When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar-mies shine,

1. And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
3. Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
4. I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
5. They see the tri-umph from a-far, By faith they bring it nigh.
6. In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine.



EDWARD MOTE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
 2. When darkness veils His loving face I rest on His unchanging grace;
 3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev-ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds within the veil.
 When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is

sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

REGINALD HEBER.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

Holy, Holy, Holy. Concluded.

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - aphim,
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might-y! God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
falling down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Lord God Al - might - y! God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

39 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

IGNACE J. PLEYEL.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend;
3. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
4. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gra - cious God, and kind;

1. O! do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
3. Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
4. Let Thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
5. Heal the sick, the cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(REFUGE. 7s. Double.)

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
 Thou of life the foun-tain art: Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False, and full of sin, I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

SECOND TUNE.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. E. MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the near - er wat - ers roll, While the tem - pest still is high: }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. WILLIAMS.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land: }
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'ful hand: } Bread of
 2. { O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; }
 { Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney thro': } Strong De-
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears subside; }
 { Death of death, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side: } Songs of

1. heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
 2. liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield, Strong Deliv'rer, be Thou still my strength and shield.
 3. prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee, Songs of praises I will ev - er give to Thee.

Evening Worship.

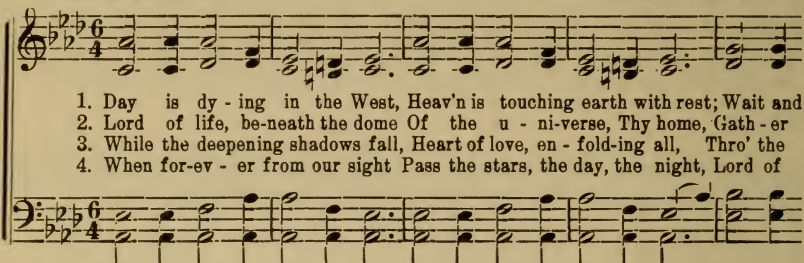
	No.		No.		No.
Day is Dying.....	43	Silently the Shades.....	47	Let My Evening Song.....	51
Softly Now.....	44	The Day is Past.....	48	Evening Sacrifice.....	52
Again as Evening Shadows.....	45	Now from the Altar.....	49	The Holy Song.....	53
Softly Fades.....	46	I Love to.....	50	See also "Mid-week Services."	

43

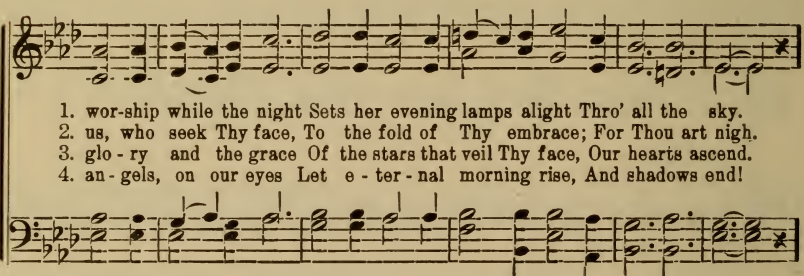
Day Is Dying In the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

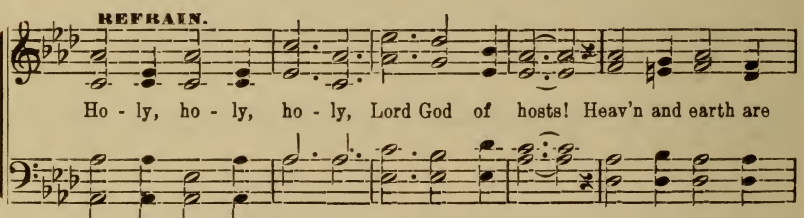


1. Day is dy-ing in the West, Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
 2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
 3. While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
 4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

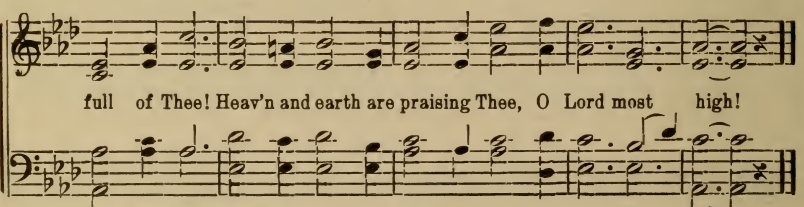


1. wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
 2. us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace; For Thou art nigh.
 3. glo-ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
 4. an-gels, on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morning rise, And shadows end!

REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are



full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

Softly Now the Light of Day.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

CARL M. VON WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
 2. Thou, whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught es-apes, with-out, with-in,
 3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

1. Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
 2. Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
 3. Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Again As Evening's Shadow Falls.

HURSLEY. L. M.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. A - gain as eve-ning's shad - ow falls, We gath-er in these hal-lowed walls;
 2. May struggling hearts that seek release Here find the rest of God's own peace;
 3. O God, our Light! to Thee we bow; With-in all shad-ows stand - est Thou;
 4. Life's tumult we must meet a - gain, We can-not at the shrine re - main;

1. And ves-per hymn and ves - per pray'r Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.
 2. And strengthened here by hymn and pray'r, Lay down the bur - den and the care.
 3. Give deep-er calm than night can bring; Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
 4. But in the Spir - it's se - cret cell May hymn and pray'r for-ev - er dwell.

S. F. SMITH. 1840.

ALLETTA. 7s.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi- light ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day; ;
 2. Night hersol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth as day - light fades
 3. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
 4. Sav - iour! may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in Thee,

1. Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
 2. All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sab - bath's close.
 3. Sym - bol of the peace with - in, When the spir - it rests from sin.
 4. Till in heav'n our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

47 Silently the Shades of Evening.

C. C. COXE.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of evening Gath - er round my lone - ly door;
 2. O the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
 3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend -
 4. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

1. Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 2. O the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they perish not!
 3. They, unlinked with earthly trouble; We, still hop - ing for its end.
 4. Pointing up to that fair heav - en We may hope to gain at last.

48

The Day is Past and Gone.

JOHN LELAND.

GERAR. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; O may we all re -
 2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis -
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May angels guard us
 4. And when our days are past, And we from time re - move, O may we in Thy

1. member well, O may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near!
 2. robe us all, So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what is here possessed.
 3. while we sleep, May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.
 4. bos - om rest, O may we in Thy bos - om rest, The bos - om of Thy love!

49

Now From the Altar of Our Hearts.

GEER. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATORIX.

1. Now from the al - tar of our hearts Let warm - est thanks a - rise;
 2. This day God was our sun and shield, Our keep - er and our guide;
 3. Min - utes and mer - cies mul - ti - plied, Have made up all this day;
 4. New time, new fa - vors, and new joys, Do a new song re - quire;

1. As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our eve - ning sac - ri - fice.
 2. His care was on our weak - ness shown, His mer - cies mul - ti - plied.
 3. Min - utes came quick, but mer - cies were More fleet and free than they.
 4. Till we shall praise Thee as we would, Ac - cept our hearts' de - sire.

I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

BROWN.

MANOAH. C. M.

From ROSSINI, by GREATORREX.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-'ry cumb'ring care,
 2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear,
 3. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n,
 4. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de-part-ing ray

1. And spend the hours of clos-ing day, In humble, grateful pray'r.
 2. And all His prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 3. The pros-pect does my strength renew, While here by tempests driv'n.
 4. Be calm as this im-pres-sive hour, And lead to end-less day.

My Evening Song.

NAOMI. C. M.

HANS G. NAFGELL.

1. Dread Sovereign, let my ev'ning song Like ho-ly-in-cense rise;
 2. Thro' all the dan-gers of the day Thy hand was still my guard;

1. As-sist the off'rings of my tongue To reach the lof-ty skies.
 2. And still to drive my wants a-way, Thy mer-cy stood prepared.

Evening Sacrifice.

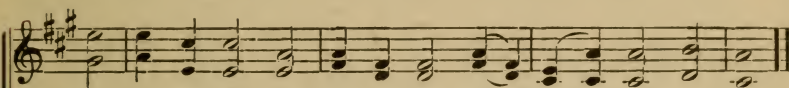
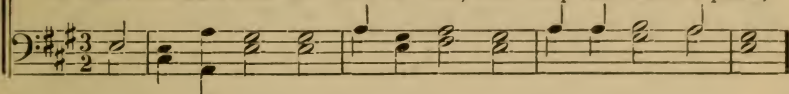
CHARLES WESLEY.

AZMON. C. M.

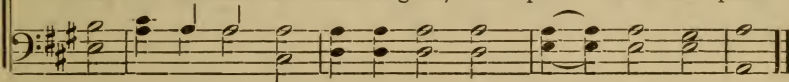
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes Our in-most tho'ts perceive,
2. We bow be-fore Thy gracious throne, And think ourselves sincere;
3. Is here a soul that knows Thee not, Nor feels His want of Thee;
4. Convince Him now of un-be-lief, His desp'rate state ex-plain;



1. Ac-cept the eve-ning sac-ri-fice Which now to Thee we give.
2. But show us, Lord, is ev-'ry one Thy real wor-ship-er?
3. A stranger to the blood which bo't His par-don on the tree?
4. And fill His heart with sa-cred grief, And pen-i-ten-tial pain.

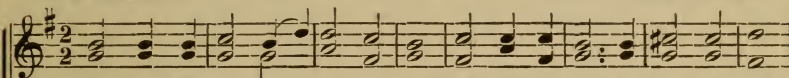


The Holy Song Has Died Away.

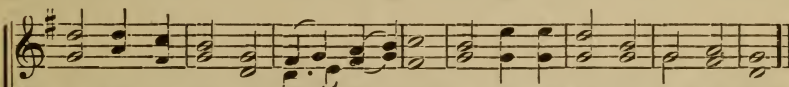
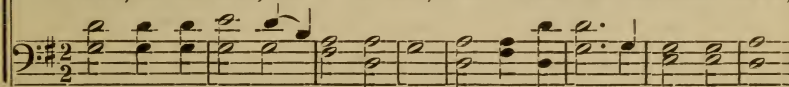
R. W. HAMILTON.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

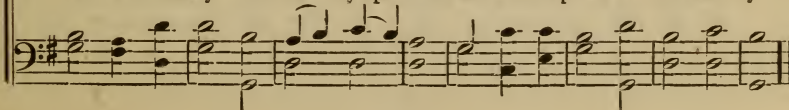
H. K. OLIVER.



1. The ho-ly song has died a-way, But still it vibrates thro' our hearts,
2. Now for the household sac-ri-fice; The evening rite as incense spread;
3. O 'tis an hour of ho-ly calm! Our tab-er-na-cle is in peace;
4. Good, tho' not best, 'tis to be here, Soon no such diff'rence shall there be;



1. And we re-turn, tho' fain to stay; Each to his fam-i-ly de-parts.
2. And let our blameless hands a-rise, Doubting and wrath for-ev-er fled.
3. To Thee shall swell the cheerful psalm, Teach us Thy word, our faith increase.
4. "True sanctuary" with-in Thy sphere Shall worship "the whole fam-i-ly."



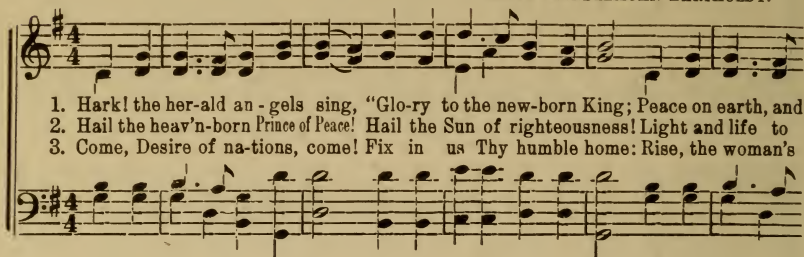
Incarnation--Christmas Hymns.

No.	No.	No.
Hark! the Herald.....54	Silent Night.....56	The Prince of.....58
Hark! the Glad Sound.....55	Joy to the World.....57	While Shepherds.....59

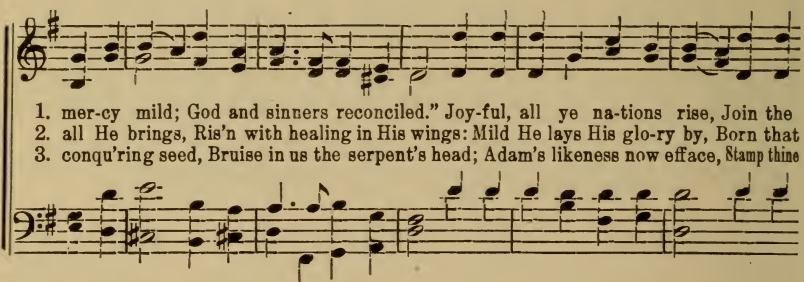
54 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

MEDELSSOHN. 7s, D.

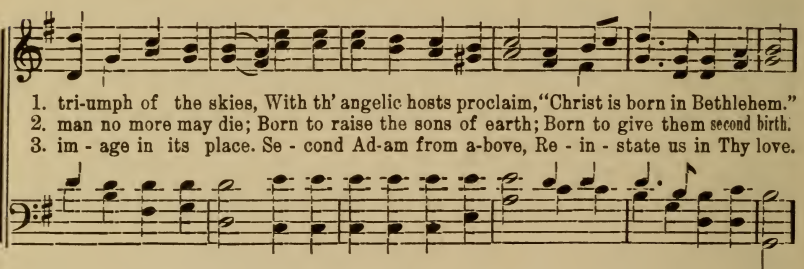
FELIX MEDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



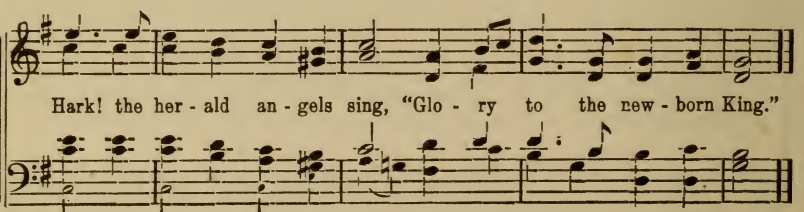
1. Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to
3. Come, Desire of na-tions, come! Fix in us Thy humble home: Rise, the woman's



1. mer-cy mild; God and sinners reconciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise, Join the
2. all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings: Mild He lays His glo-ry by, Born that
3. conqu'ring seed, Bruise in us the serpent's head; Adam's likeness now efface, Stamp thine



1. triumph of the skies, With th' angelic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
2. man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them second birth.
3. im - age in its place. Se - cond Ad-am from a-bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.



Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King."

55

Hark! the Glad Sound!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes! The Sav-iour prom-ised long!
 2. He comes, the pris'ners to re-lease In Sa-tan's bond-age held;
 3. He comes from thickest films of vice To clear the men-tal ray;
 4. He comes the bro-ken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure;

1. Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev-'ry voice a song.
 2. The gates of brass be-fore Him burst, The i-ron fet-ters yield.
 3. And on the eye-balls of the blind To pour ce-les-tial day.
 4. And with the treasures of His grace, T'en-rich the hum-ble poor.

56

Silent Night, Holy Night.

JOSEPH MOHR.

FRANZ GRUBER.

1. { Si-lent night! } { Round yon virgin mother and Child! }
 { Ho-ly night! } All is calm, all is bright; { Ho-ly Infant so tender and mild, }
 2. { Si-lent night! } { Glories stream from heaven afar, }
 { Ho-ly night! } Shepherds quake at the sight! { Heav-en-ly hosts sing Al-le-luia. }
 3. { Si-lent night! } { Radiant beams from Thy ho-ly face, }
 { Ho-ly night! } Son of God, love's pure light, { With the dawn of redeeming grace, }

1. Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.
 2. Christ, the Sav-iour, is born! Christ, the Sav-iour, is born!
 3. Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Joy to the World.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
 2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
 3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

1. ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
 2. fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re -
 3. comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 4. glo - ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And
 1. And heav'n, And heav'n and nature

1. heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
 2. peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 3. as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 4. won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
 1. sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

The Prince of Peace.

ZERAH. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
 2. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For ev - er - more a - dored,
 3. His pow'r, in - creas - ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;

The Prince of Peace. Concluded.

1. Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n;
 2. The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might - y Lord;
 3. Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low;

1. Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n.
 2. The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might - y Lord.
 3. Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low.

59

While Shepherds Watched.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

TATE and BRADY.

FROM GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The
 2. "Fear not!" said he; for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind, "Glad
 3. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day Is born, of Da - vid's line, The
 4. "The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - played, All
 5. Thus spake the ser-aph; and forthwith Ap-peared a shin - ing throng Of
 6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace: Good

1. an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around.
 2. tid-ings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind, To you and all mankind.
 3. Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.
 4. meanly wrapped in swathing-bands, And in a manger laid, And in a manger laid."
 5. an-gels praising God on high, Who thus addressed their song, Who thus addressed their song.
 6. will henceforth from heav'n to men Begin and never cease, Be - gin and nev - er cease."

The Atonement.

	No.		No.		No.
When I Survey.....	60	He Dies	65	'Tis Finished	70
Alas! and Did.....	61	In Evil Long	66	There is a Fountain.....	71
Not All the Blood.....	62	Behold, the Saviour.....	67	Forgive Them.....	72
Did Christ O'er.....	63	'Tis Midnight.....	68	The Wondrous Sight....	73
In the Cross of Christ.....	64	O Sacred Head	69		

60 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

1. My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 2. All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 3. Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 4. Love so a - maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

61 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

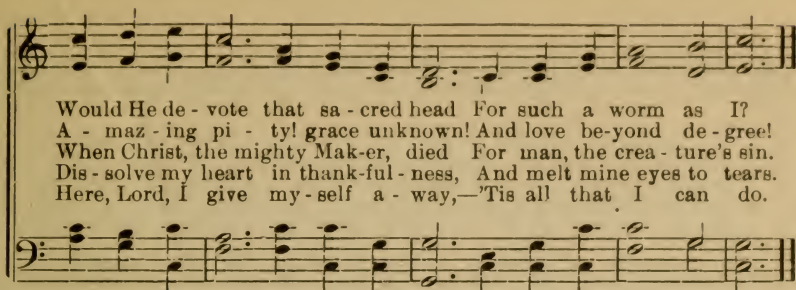
ISAAC WATTS.

SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross ap-pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed? Concluded.



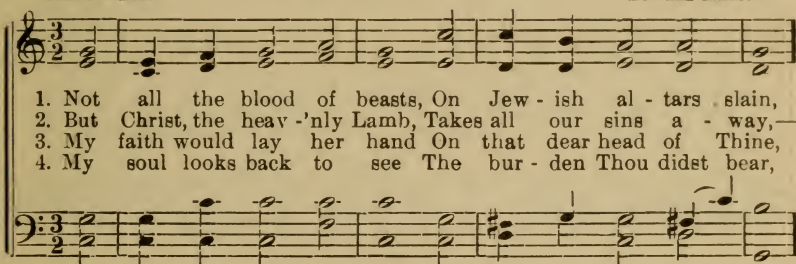
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

62 Not All the Blood Of Beasts.

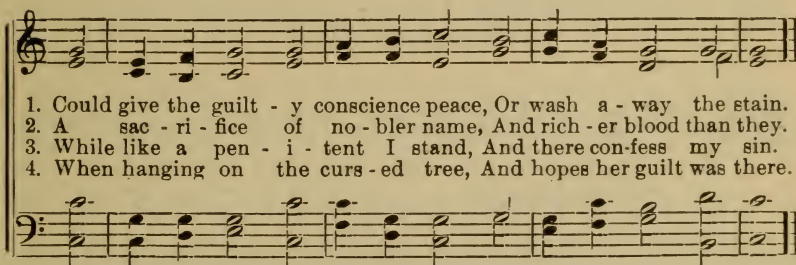
ISAAC WATTS.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
 2. But Christ, the heav - 'nly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way,—
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
 4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den Thou didst bear,



1. Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
 2. A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name, And rich - er blood than they.
 3. While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
 4. When hanging on the curs - ed tree, And hopes her guilt was there.

63 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

(Sung to the above music or No. 28.)

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The wond'ring angels see;

Be thou astonished, O my soul:
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
 5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

1. All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
 2. Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 3. From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 4. Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
 5. All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.

65 He Dies! the Friend of Sinners Dies!

WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

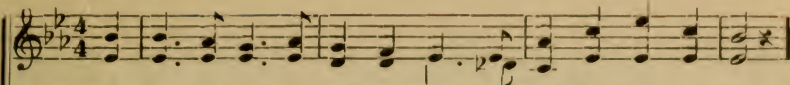
DANIEL READ.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned be-neath your load;
 3. Here's love and grief beyond degree: The Lord of glo - ry dies for man!

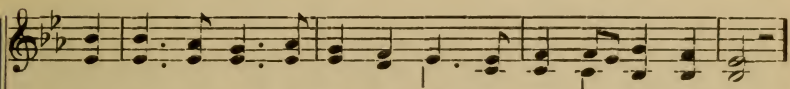
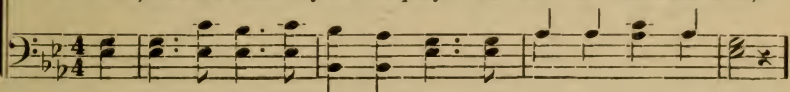
1. A sol-emn dark-ness veils the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
 2. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richest blood.
 3. But lo! what sud-den joys we see! Je - sus, the dead, revives a-gain!

JOHN NEWTON.

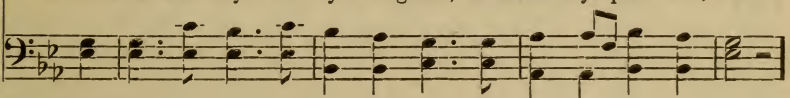
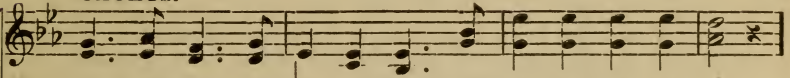
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. CHORUS arr.



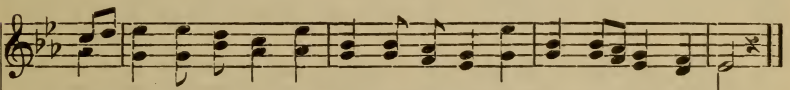
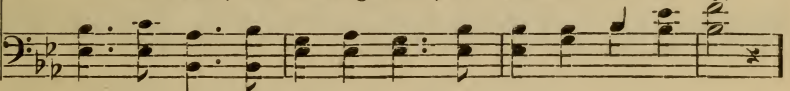
1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un-awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw One hanging on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood,
3. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look,
4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair,
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give,
6. Thus, while His death my sin dis - plays In all its black - est hue,



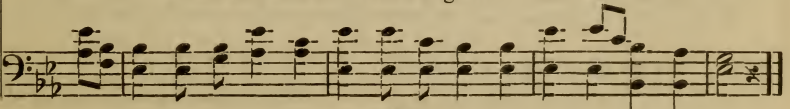
1. Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.
2. Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
3. It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
4. I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And helped to nail Him there.
5. This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die, that thou may'st live."
6. Such is the mys - te - ry of grace, It seals my par - don, too.

**CHORUS.**

O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry,



The Lamb that was slain and liveth a - gain To in - ter - cede for me.



SAMUEL WESLEY, SR.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Be - hold the Sav - iour of man-kind Nailed to the shameful tree!
 2. Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pil-lars bend!
 3. 'Tis done! the pre-cious ransom's paid! "Receive my soul!" He cries:
 4. But soon He'll break death's envious chain, And in full glo - ry shine:

1. How vast the love that Him in-clined To bleed and die for thee!
 2. The temple's veil in sun - der breaks The sol - id mar-bles rend.
 3. See where He bows His sa - cred head! He bows His head, and dies!
 4. O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain, Was ev - er love like Thine!

68 'Tis Midnight, and On Olive's Brow.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

SAMUEL STEWART.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on O - live's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis midnight; and from e-ther-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

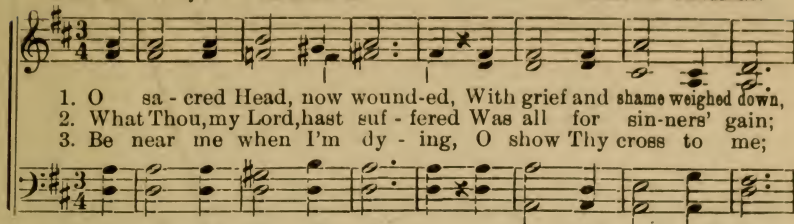
1. 'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.
 2. E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas - ter's grief and tears.
 3. Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak - en by his God.
 4. Un - heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

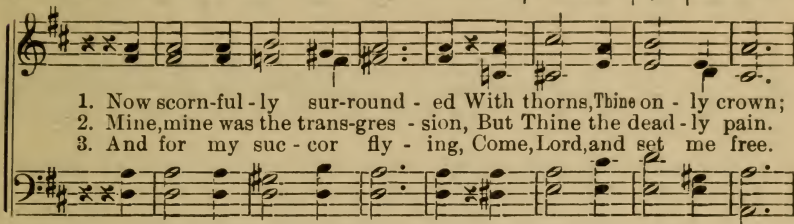
SHIPP. 7s & 6s. Double.

BERNARD. Tr. by J. W. ALEXANDER.

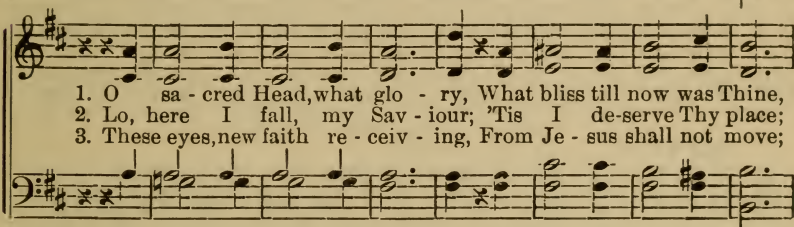
SIGISMUND THALBERG.



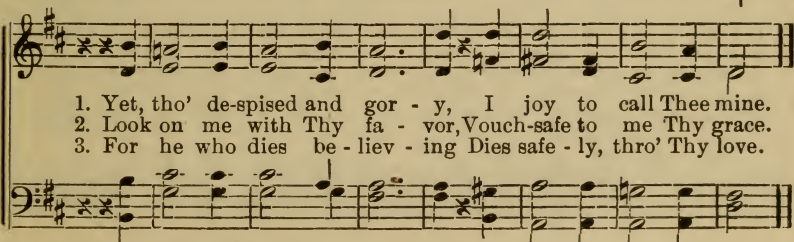
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;



1. Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
 2. Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
 3. And for my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free.



1. O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine,
 2. Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour; 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 3. These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;



1. Yet, tho' de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call Thee mine.
 2. Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 3. For he who dies be - liev - ing Dies safe - ly, thro' Thy love.

70 "'Tis Finished!" So the Saviour Cried.

(Sung to "Olive's Brow." L. M. Opposite page.)

SAMUEL STENNETT.

1 "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed His head and died:

"'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!" this His dying groan
 Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
 And millions be redeemed from death
 By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3 "'Tis finished!" Heaven is reconciled,
 And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
 Peace, love, and happiness again
 Return, and dwell with sinful men.

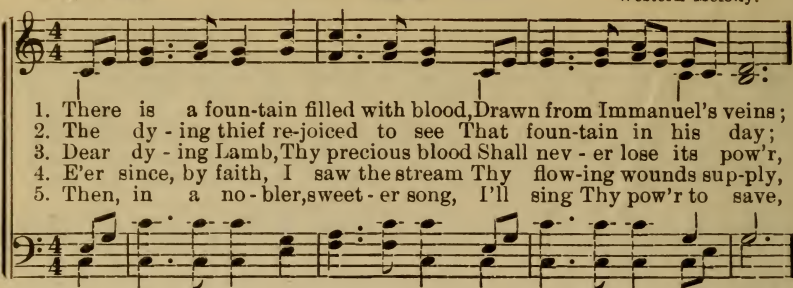
4 "'Tis finished!" let the joyful sound
 Be heard thro' all the nations round:
 "'Tis finished!" let the triumph rise,
 And swell the chorus of the skies.

71 There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

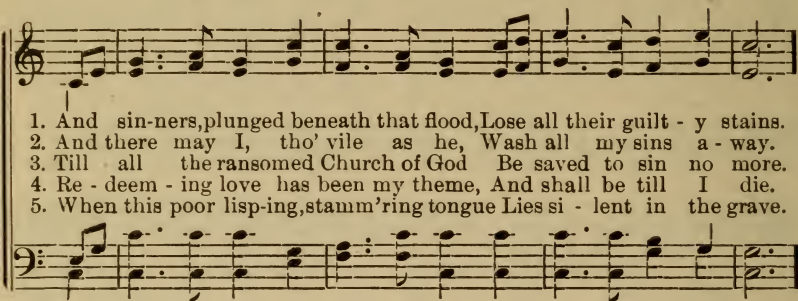
WM. COWPER.

C. M.

Western Melody.

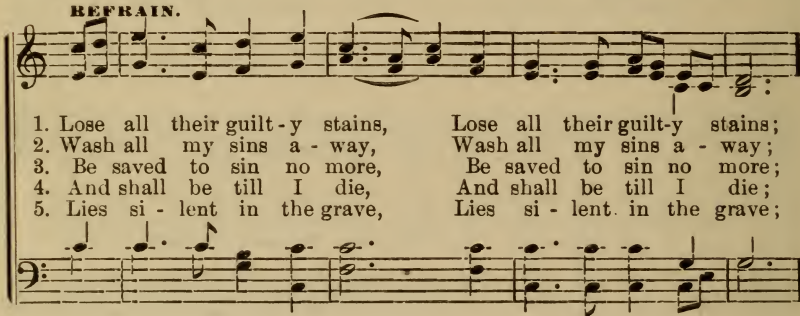


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

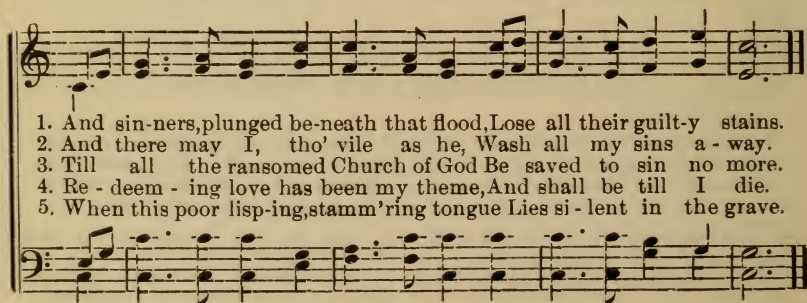


1. And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 2. And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 3. Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 4. Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 5. When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

REFRAIN.



1. Lose all their guilt-y stains,	Lose all their guilt-y stains;
2. Wash all my sins a-way,	Wash all my sins a-way;
3. Be saved to sin no more,	Be saved to sin no more;
4. And shall be till I die,	And shall be till I die;
5. Lies si-lent in the grave,	Lies si-lent in the grave;



1. And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 2. And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 3. Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 4. Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 5. When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

Forgive Them, O My Father.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

DODGE. 7s, 6s.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. "For-give them, O my Fa - ther, They know not what they do;"
 2. No pained re-proach-es gave He To those who shed His blood,
 3. For me was that com-pas-sion, For me that ten - der care;
 4. O, depth of sweet com-pas-sion, O, love di - vine and true,

1. The Sav-iour spake in an - guish, That na - ture groaned to view.
 2. But prayed, and tenderest pit - y, Large as the love of God.
 3. I need His wide for - give-ness As much as a - ny there.
 4. Save Thou the souls that slight Thee, They know not what they do.

The Wondrous Sight.

Tr. by JOHN CHANDLER.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. While in the ag - o - nies of death, The Saviour yields His la-test breath,
 2. O Lamb of God, by faith we see How all our hopes are fixed on Thee;
 3. By this Thy saints to glo-ry come, By this they brave the martyr's doom;
 4. O ban-ner of the cross, unfurled To shine with glory thro' the world,

1. We, too, will mount on Calv'ry's height, And contemplate the wondrous sight.
 2. Thy cross we see, ordained by heav'n, For man to look, and be for-giv'n.
 3. In this the sur-est proof we find Of God's vast love to lost mankind.
 4. O may we ev - er cleave to Thee, And Thou shalt our sal - va - tion be.

Resurrection--Easter.

Resurrection Song.....74	No. 74	I Know that My.....77	No. 77	Hail the Day.....79	No. 79
Christ, the Lord.....75	No. 75	The Head that Once.....78	No. 78	The Conqueror.....80	No. 80
The Lord is Risen.....76	No. 76				

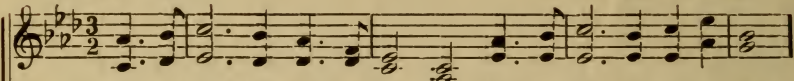
74

Resurrection Song.

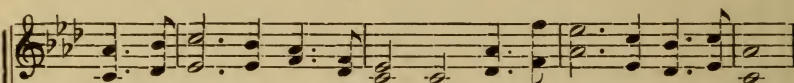
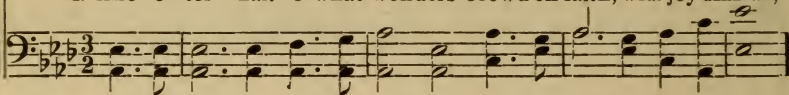
WILLIAM J. IRONS.

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s, D.

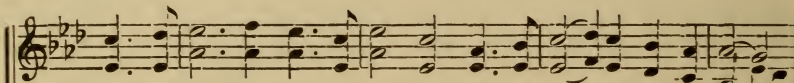
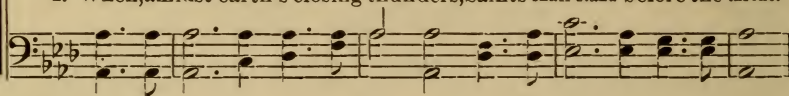
LOUIS VON ESCH.



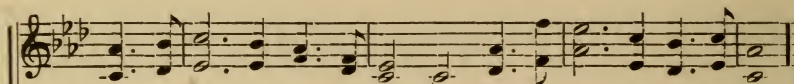
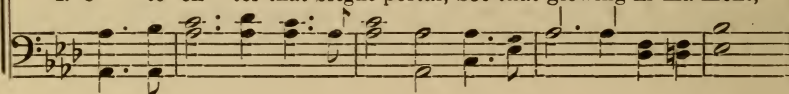
1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur-rec-tion song;
2. O what glo - ry, far ex-ceed-ing All that eye has yet perceived!
3. Life e - ter - nall heav'n re-joice-s, Jesus lives who once was dead;
4. Life e - ter - nal! O what wonders Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,



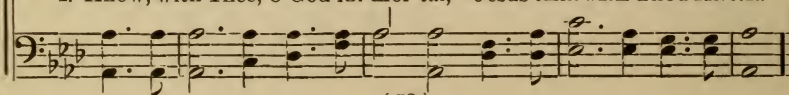
1. Death and sorrow, earth's dark story, To the for-mer days be-long:
2. Ho-liest hearts for a - ges pleading, Nev - er that full joy conceived.
3. Join, O man, the deathless voic-es, Child of God, lift up thy head!
4. When, amidst earth's closing thunders, Saints shall stand before the throne!



1. All a-round the clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of time shall cease,
2. God has promised, Christ prepares it, There on high our welcome waits;
3. Patriarchs from the dis-tant a - ges, Saints all longing for their heav'n,
4. O to en - ter that bright portal, See that glowing fir-ma-ment,



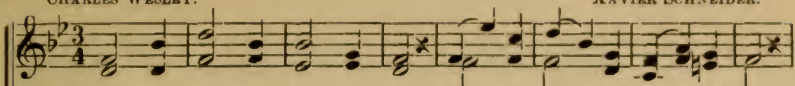
1. In God's like-ness, man a-wak-ing, Knows the ev - er-last-ing peace.
2. Ev - 'ry hum-ble spir - it shares it, Christ has passed the eternal gates.
3. Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sa - ges, All a - wait the glo - ry giv'n.
4. Know, with Thee, O God im-mor-tal, "Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!"



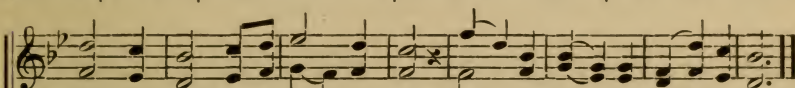
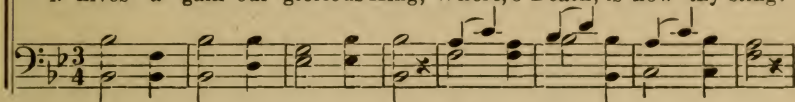
CHARLES WESLEY.

HORTON. 7s.

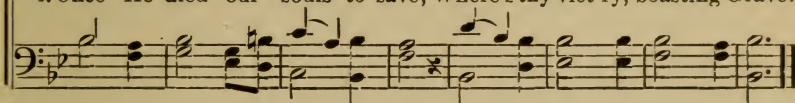
XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say;
2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
4. Lives a - gain our glorious King; Where, O Death, is now thy sting?



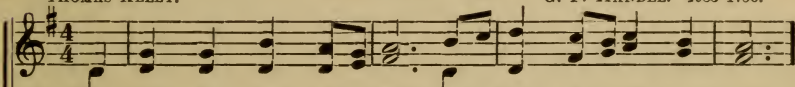
1. Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, thou earth, reply.
2. Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.
3. Death in vain for - bids his rise; Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise.
4. Once He died our souls to save; Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?



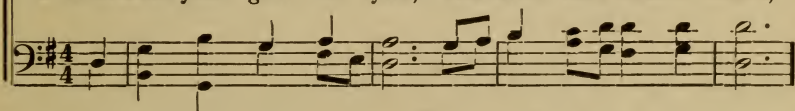
THOMAS KELLY.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

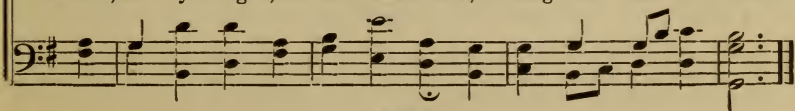
G. F. HANDEL. 1685-1756.



1. The Lord is ris'n in - deed; He lives to die no more;
2. The Lord is ris'n in - deed; Then hell has lost his prey;
3. The Lord is ris'n in - deed; At - tend - ing an - gels hear,—
4. Then wake your gold - en lyres, And strike each cheerful chord,



1. He lives the sin-ner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame He bore.
2. With Him has risen the ransomed seed, To reign in end-less day.
3. Up to the courts of heav'n with speed, The joy - ful tid-ings bear.
4. Join, all ye bright, ce - les - tial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord.



GRATITUDE. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

PAUL A. I. D. BOST.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!
 2. He lives to bless me with His love; He lives to plead for me a-bove;
 3. He lives and grants me dai-ly breath; He lives and I shall conquer death;
 4. He lives, all glo-ry to His name; He lives, my Saviour, still the same;

1. He lives, He lives who once was dead, He lives, my ev-er-lasting Head.
 2. He lives my hun-gry soul to feed; He lives to help in time of need.
 3. He lives my mansion to pre-pare; He lives to bring me safe-ly there.
 4. What joy the blest assurance gives, I know that my Re-deem-er lives.

HEBER. C. M.

THOMAS KELLY.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo-ry now;
 2. The high-est place that heav'n af-fords Is His by sov-'reign right,
 3. The joy of all who dwell a-bove, The joy of all be-low,
 4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is giv'n;
 5. They suf-fer with their Lord be-low, They reign with Him a-bove;

1. A roy-al di-a-dem a-dorns The might-y Vic-tor's brow.
 2. The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e-ter-nal Light.
 3. To whom He man-i-fests His love, And grants His name to know.
 4. Their name, an ev-er-last-ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.
 5. Their profit and their joy to know The mys-t'ry of His love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Rav-ish'd from our wish-ful eyes!
 2. There the pom-pous tri-umph waits: Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates;
 3. Cir-cled round with an-gel pow'rs, Their tri-umph-ant Lord and ours,
 4. Him though high-est heav'n re- ceives, Still He loves the earth He leaves;
 5. Sav-iour, part-ed from our sight, High a-bove yon az-ure height,

1. Christ, a-while to mor-tals giv'n, Re-as-cends His na-tive heav'n.
 2. Wide un-fold the ra-diant scene; Take the King of glo-ry in!
 3. Con-queror o-ver death and sin, Take the King of glo-ry in!
 4. Tho' re-turn-ing to His throne, Still He calls man-kind His own.
 5. Grant our hearts may thith-er rise, Following Thee be-yond the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Jesus, the Conqueror reigns, In glo-rious strength arrayed; His kingdom o-ver
 2. Ye sons of men, re-joice In Je-sus' might-y love; Lift up your heart, lift
 3. Ex-tol His king-ly pow'r; Kiss the ex-alt-ed Son, Who died, and lives to
 4. Our Ad-vo-cate with God, He un-der-takes our cause, And spreads thro' all the

1. all maintains, His kingdom o-ver all maintains, And bids the earth be glad.
 2. up your voice, Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To Him who rules a-bove.
 3. die no more, Who died, and lives to die no more, High on His Fa-ther's throne.
 4. earth abroad, And spreads thro' all the earth abroad The vict'ry of His cross.

Holy Spirit.

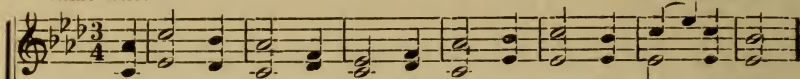
	No.		No.		No.
Come, Holy Spirit.....	81	Old-Time Power	85	Promised Comforter.....	88
Come, Holy Ghost.....	82	Holy Ghost, in Love.....	86	Holy Ghost	89
O For That Flame.....	83	O Spirit of the Living.....	87	Holy Spirit.....	90
Lord God, the Holy.....	84				

81 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

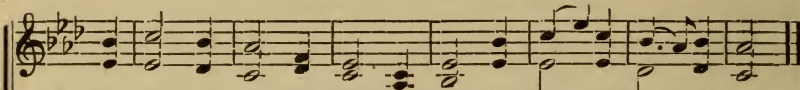
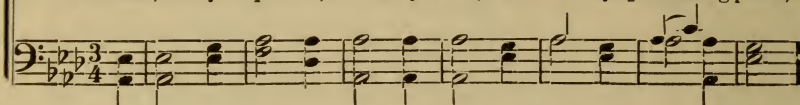
ISAAC WATTS

BALERMA. C. M.

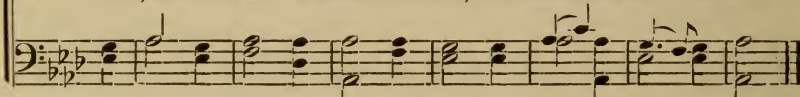
R. SIMPSON.



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,
2. Look how we grov-el here be-low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. And shall we then for-ev-er live, At this poor dy-ing rate?
5. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,



1. Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Our souls, how heav-i-ly they go, To reach e-ter-nal joys.
3. Ho-san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de-vo-tion dies.
4. Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
5. Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.



82

Come, Holy Ghost.

C. M. Sung to above music.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred Book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God through Himself we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.—CHAS. WESLEY.

GREGORIAN. L. M.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old!
 2. Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt In Abraham's breast, and sealed him Thine?
 3. That Spirit which, from age to age Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy ways?
 4. Is not Thy grace as might-y now As when E-li - jah felt its pow'r;
 5. Re-mem-ber, Lord, the ancient days; Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;

1. Which bade their souls to heav'n aspire, Calm in distress, in danger bold.
 2. Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er-gy di - vine?
 3. Brightened I-sa - iah's viv - id page, And breathed in David's hallowed lays?
 4. When glory beamed from Mo-ses' brow, Or Job endured the try-ing hour?
 5. Warm our cold hearts to pray'r and praise, And teach us how to love Thee more.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

J. MONTGOMERY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost! In this ac - cept - ed hour,
 2. We meet with one ac - cord In our ap - point - ed place,
 3. Like might-y rush - ing wind Up - on the waves be - neath,
 4. The young, the old, in - spire With wis - dom from a - bove;

1. As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r.
 2. And wait the prom - ise of our Lord, — The Spir - it of all grace.
 3. Move with one im - pulse ev - 'ry mind; One soul, one feel - ing breathe.
 4. And give us hearts and tongues of fire, To pray, and praise, and love.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—ACTS 2: 4.

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. They were in an up - er cham - ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
 2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descended, With the sound of rushing wind;
 4. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - ther's who were true;

1. When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scended, As was promised by our Lord.
 2. Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
 3. This is promised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one.

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

ROBERT II, King of France.

OLIVET.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove
 2. Come, tenderest Friend, and best, Our most de - light - ful Guest,
 3. Come, Light se - rene, and still Our in - most bos - oms fill,
 4. Come, all the faith - ful bless; Let all who Christ con - fess

Come, Holy Ghost, In Love. Concluded.

1. Thine own bright ray! Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred
 2. With sooth-ing pow'r: Rest, which the wea - ry know, Shade, 'mid the
 3. Dwell in each breast; We know no dawn but Thine, Send forth Thy
 4. His praise em-ploy; Give vir - tue's rich re - ward, Vic - to - rious

1. gifts im - part To glad - den each sad heart; O come to - day!
 2. noon-tide glow, Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow, Cheer us, this hour!
 3. beams di - vine, On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest!
 4. death ac - cord, And, with our glo - rious Lord, E - ter - nal joy!

87

O Spirit of the Living God!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. O Spir-it of the liv - ing God! In all Thy plen-i-tude of grace,
 2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, To preach the rec-on-cil - ing word;
 3. Be darkness, at Thy coming, light; Con-fu-sion, or - der, in Thy path;
 4. Bap - tize the na-tions; far and nigh The triumphs of the cross re-cord;

1. Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos-tate race.
 2. Give pow'r and unction from a - bove, Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
 3. Souls without strength, inspire with might; Bid mer-cy triumph o - ver wrath.
 4. The name of Je - sus glo - ri - fy, Till ev - 'ry kindred call Him Lord.

HARRIET AUBER.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,
 2. He came in tongues of liv-ing flame, To teach, convince, subdue;
 3. He comes, sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing guest,
 4. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
 5. Spir-it of pur-i-ty and grace, Our weakness, pitying, see;

1. A Guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed With us to dwell.
 2. All-pow'r-ful as the wind He came, As view-less, too.
 3. While He can find one hum-bles heart Wherein to rest.
 4. That checks each fault, that calms each fear And speaks of heav'n.
 5. O make our hearts Thy dwell-ing place, And wor-thier Thee!

REV. A. REED.

LAST HOPE. 7s.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho-ly Ghost! with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho-ly Ghost! with pow'r divine, Oleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
 3. Ho-ly Ghost! with joy divine, Ocheer this saddened heart of mine;
 4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine;

1. Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
 2. Long has sin, without con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
 3. Bid my ma-n-y woes de-part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 4. Cast down ev-'ry i-dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign alone.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s, D.

M. M. W.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
 2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease,

1. Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land;
 2. Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in darkness drear;
 3. Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there;

1. Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 2. When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 3. Wad-ing deep the dis - mal flood, Pleading naught but Je - sus' blood,

1. Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
 2. Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
 3. Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Baptism.

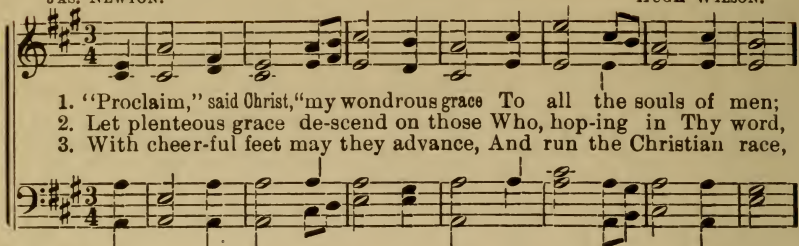
91

He That Believes.

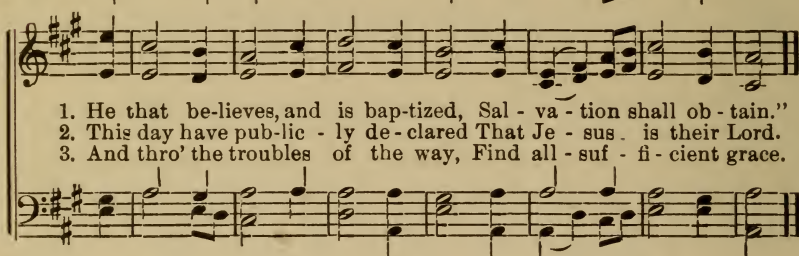
AVON. C. M.

JAS. NEWTON.

HUGH WILSON.



1. "Proclaim," said Christ, "my wondrous grace To all the souls of men;
2. Let plenteous grace de-scend on those Who, hop-ing in Thy word,
3. With cheer-ful feet may they advance, And run the Christian race,



1. He that be-lieves, and is bap-tized, Sal - va - tion shall ob - tain."
2. This day have pub-lic - ly de - clared That Je - sus is their Lord.
3. And thro' the troubles of the way, Find all - suf - fi - cient grace.

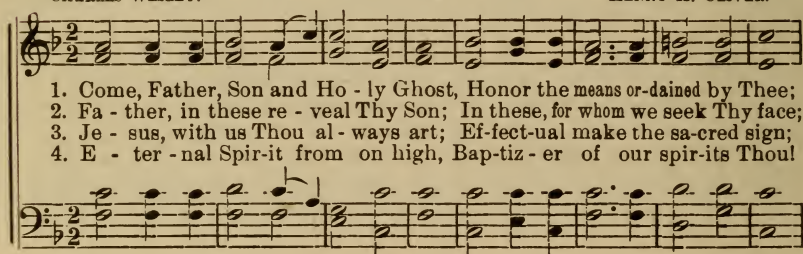
92

Witness With the Water.

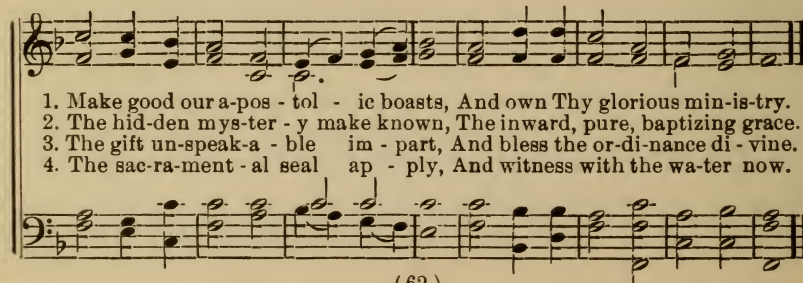
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HENRY K. OLIVER.



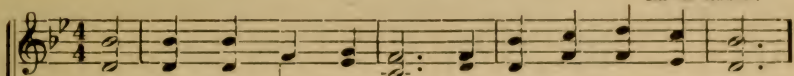
1. Come, Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Honor the means or-dained by Thee;
2. Fa - ther, in these re - veal Thy Son; In these, for whom we seek Thy face;
3. Je - sus, with us Thou al - ways art; Ef-fect-ual make the sa-cred sign;
4. E - ter-nal Spir-it from on high, Bap-tiz-er of our spir-its Thou!



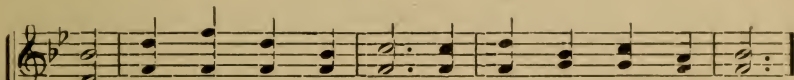
1. Make good our a-pos - tol - ic boasts, And own Thy glorious min-is-try.
2. The hid-den mys-ter - y make known, The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
3. The gift un-speak-a - ble im - part, And bless the or-di-nance di - vine.
4. The sac-ra-ment - al seal ap - ply, And witness with the wa-ter now.

LENOX. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

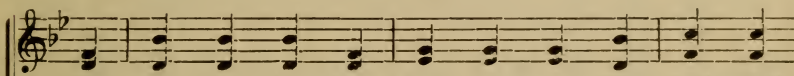
LEWIS EDSON.



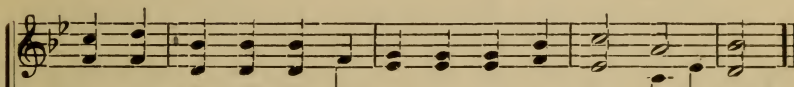
1. Bap - tized in - to Thy name, Mys - te - rious One in Three,
2. O that our light may shine, And all our lives ex - press



1. Our souls and bod - ies claim A sac - ri - fice to Thee:
2. The char - ac - ter di - vine, The re - al ho - li - ness!



1. We on - ly live our faith to prove, The faith which
2. Then, then re - ceive us up t'a - dore The Tri - une



1. works by hum - ble love, The faith which works by hum - ble love.
2. God for ev - er - more, The Tri - une God for ev - er - more.

FEDERAL ST. L. M. (Sing to music on opposite page.)

1 'Twas the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize."
The nations have received the word
Since He ascended to the skies.

2 "Repent, and be baptized," He saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what His gospel means.

3 Our souls He washes in His blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like purifying rain.

4 Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

The Lord's Supper.

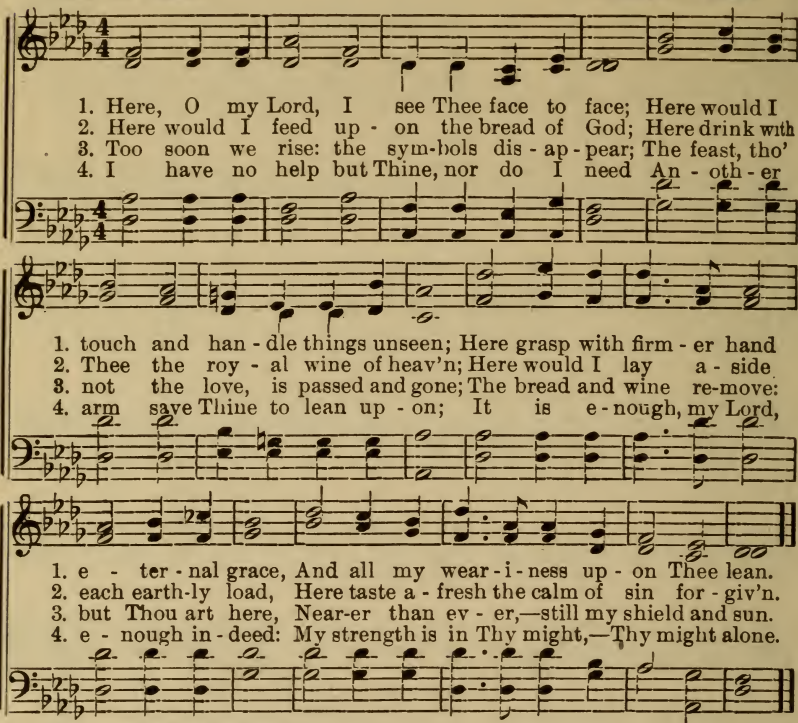
	No.		No.		No.
Here, O My Lord.....	95	Jesus Invites.....	98	Amidst us Our Beloved	101
According to.....	96	The King of Heaven.....	99	A Parting Hymn	102
Blest Feast of Love....	97	Lord, at Thy Table.....	100	See also 356, 358, 359.	

95

Here, O My Lord, I See Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
 2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God; Here drink with
 3. Too soon we rise: the sym-bols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho'
 4. I have no help but Thine, nor do I need An - oth - er

1. touch and han - dle things unseen; Here grasp with firm - er hand
 2. Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n; Here would I lay a - side
 3. not the love, is passed and gone; The bread and wine re-move:
 4. arm save Thine to lean up - on; It is e - nough, my Lord,

1. e - ter - nal grace, And all my wear-i-ness up - on Thee lean.
 2. each earth-ly load, Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
 3. but Thou art here, Near-er than ev - er,—still my shield and sun.
 4. e - nough in - deed: My strength is in Thy might,—Thy might alone.

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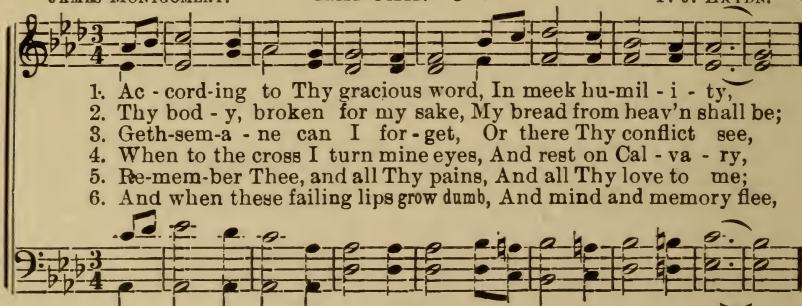
96

According to Thy Gracious Word.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

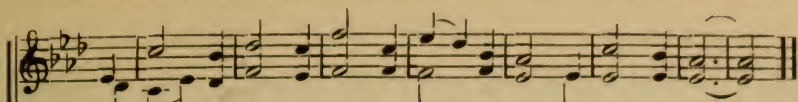
MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN.

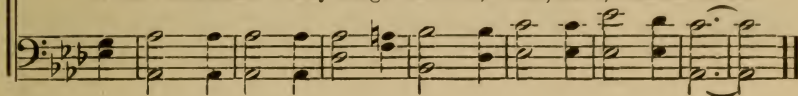


1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gracious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
 2. Thy bod - y, broken for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
 3. Geth-sem-a - ne can I for - get, Or there Thy conflict see,
 4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
 5. Re-mem-ber Thee, and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;
 6. And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee,

According to Thy Gracious Word. Concluded.



This will I do, my dy-ing Lord, I will re-mem-ber Thee.
 Thy test - a-men-tal cup I take, And thus re-mem-ber Thee.
 Thine ag - o - ny and blood-y sweat, And not re-mem-ber Thee?
 O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice, I must re-mem-ber Thee!
 Yea, while I breathe, a pulse remains, Will I re-mem-ber Thee!
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come, Then, Lord, remember me!

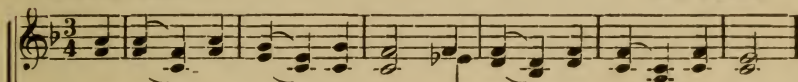


97 Blest Feast of Love Divine!

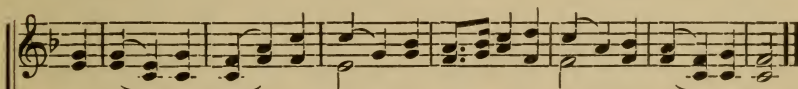
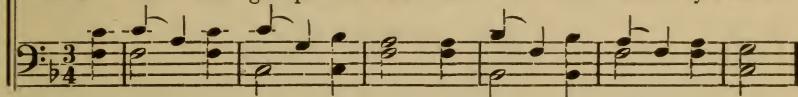
DENNIS. S. M.

EDWARD DENNY.

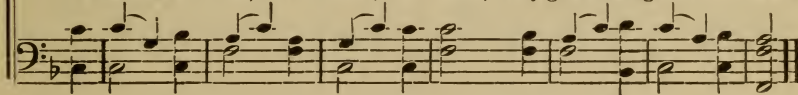
H. G. NAGELI.



1. Blest feast of love di - vine! 'Tis grace that makes us free
2. That blood which flowed for sin, In sym - bol here we see,
3. O if this glimpse of love Be so di - vine - ly sweet



1. To feed up - on this bread and wine, In memory, Lord, of Thee.
2. And feel the bless - ed pledge with - in That we are loved by Thee.
3. What will it be, O Lord, a - bove, Thy gladd'ning smile to meet?



98 Jesus Invites His Saints.

Sung to above music.

- 1 Jesus invites His saints
 To meet around His board;
 Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

- 2 This holy bread and wine
 Maintain our fainting breath,

3

By union with our living Lord,
 And interest in His death.

- 3 Let all our powers be joined
 His glorious name to raise:
 Let holy love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

(65)

The Table Spread.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

AZMON. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER.

1. The King of heav'n His ta-ble spreads, And blessings crown the board ;
 2. Par-don and peace to dy-ing men, And end-less life are giv'n,
 3. Mil-lions of souls in glo-ry now Were fed and feast-ed here ;
 4. All things are read - y: come a-way, Nor weak ex - cus - es frame ;

1. Not par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such de-light af - ford.
 2. Thro' the rich blood that Je-sus shed To raise our souls to heav'n.
 3. And millions more, still on the way, A - round the board ap - pear.
 4. Crowd to your plac-es at the feast, And bless the Founder's name.

Lord, At Thy Table.

JOSEPH STENNETT.

NAOMI. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Lord, at Thy ta - ble we be - hold The won-ders of Thy grace ;
 2. What strange, surprising grace is this, That we, so lost, have room?
 3. Ye saints be-low, and hosts of heav'n, Join all your sa-cred pow'rs ;

1. But, most of all, ad - mire that we Should find a welcome place.
 2. Je - sus our wea - ry souls in-vites, And free - ly bids us come !
 3. No theme is like re-deem-ing love ; No Sav - iour is like ours.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

HAMBURG. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Amidst us our Be - lov-ed stands, And bids us view His pierced hands;
 2. What food luxurious loads the board, When at his ta - ble sits the Lord!
 3. If now, with eyes defiled and dim, We see the signs, but see not Him,

1. Points to the wounded feet and side, Blest emblems of the Cru - ci - fied.
 2. The wine how rich, the bread how sweet, When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!
 3. O may His love the scales dis-place, And bid us see Him face to face!

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. A part - ing hymn we sing, A-round Thy ta - ble, Lord,
 2. Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy pres-ence here,
 3. The pur - chase of Thy blood, — By sin no lon - ger led, —
 4. In self - for - get - ful love Be our com-mun-ion shown,

1. A - gain our grate-ful trib-ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.
 2. So may the sav - or of Thy grace In word and life ap - pear.
 3. The path our dear Re - deem-er trod, May we re - joic-ing tread.
 4. Un - til we join the Church a - bove And know as we are known.

Warning.

To-morrow, Lord.....	No. 103	That Awful Day.....	No. 106	Death Rides on Every.....	No. 109
Thee We Adore.....	No. 104	And Am I Born to Die.....	No. 107	Make Haste, O Man.....	No. 110
Sinners, the Voice.....	No. 105	And must I be.....	No. 108		

The following numbers bear on this subject: 276, 303, 304, 309, 315, 322.

103

To-Morrow, Lord, Is Thine.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

GERAR. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To-morrow, Lord, is Thine, Lodged in Thy sovereign hand, And if its
 2. The present moment flies, And bears our life a-way; O make Thy
 3. Since on this winged hour E - ter - ni - ty is hung, Wak-en, by
 4. One thing demands our care; O be it still pur-sued, Lest, slight-ed
 5. To Je-sus may we fly, Swift as the morning light, Lest life's young

1. sun a - rise and shine, It shines by Thy command.
 2. serv - ants tru - ly wise, That they may live to - day.
 3. Thy al - might - ty pow'r The a - ged and the young.
 4. once, the sea - son fair Should nev - er be re-newed.
 5. gold - en beam should die In sud - den, end - less night.

104

Thee We Adore, Eternal Name.

ISAAC WATTS.

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON, 1836.

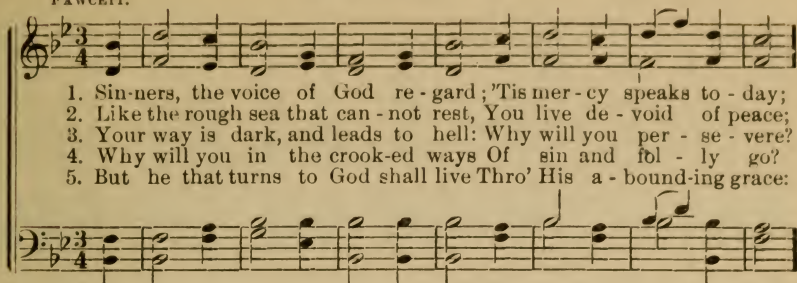
1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Name! And humbly own to Thee
 2. The year rolls round, and steals a-way The breath that first it gave;
 3. Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground, To push us to the tomb;
 4. Great God! on what a slen - der thread Hang ey - er - last - ing things!

1. How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms we be!
 2. Whate'er we do, wher - e'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.
 3. And fierce dis-eas - es wait a-round To hur - ry mor - tals home.
 4. The e - ter - nal states of all the dead Up - on life's fee - ble strings.

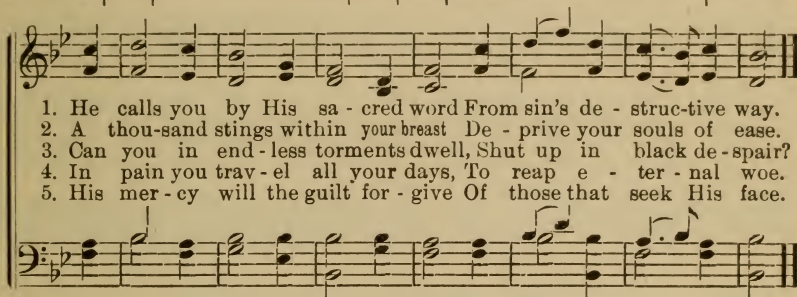
105 Sinners, the Voice of God Regard.

BALERMA. C. M.

FAWCETT.



1. Sin-ners, the voice of God re-gard; 'Tis mer-cy speaks to-day;
2. Like the rough sea that can-not rest, You live de-void of peace;
3. Your way is dark, and leads to hell: Why will you per-se-vere?
4. Why will you in the crook-ed ways Of sin and fol-ly go?
5. But he that turns to God shall live Thro' His a-bound-ing grace:



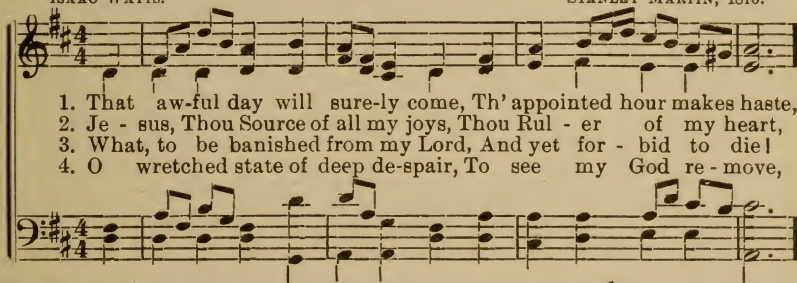
1. He calls you by His sa-cred word From sin's de-structive way.
2. A thou-sand stings within your breast De-prive your souls of ease.
3. Can you in end-less torments dwell, Shut up in black de-spair?
4. In pain you trav-el all your days, To reap e-ter-nal woe.
5. His mer-cy will the guilt for-give Of those that seek His face.

106 That Awful Day Will Surely Come.

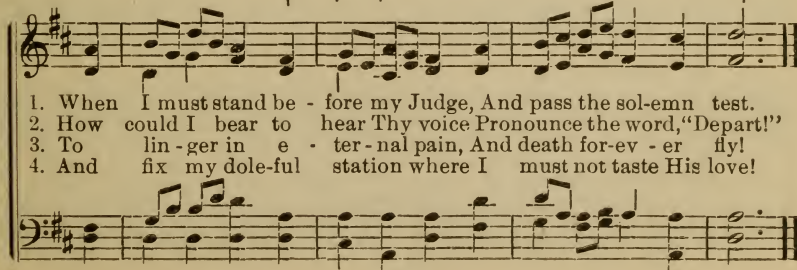
WARWICK. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

STANLEY MARTIN, 1810.



1. That aw-ful day will sure-ly come, Th' appointed hour makes haste,
2. Je-sus, Thou Source of all my joys, Thou Rul-er of my heart,
3. What, to be banished from my Lord, And yet for-bid to die!
4. O wretched state of deep de-spair, To see my God re-move,



1. When I must stand be-fore my Judge, And pass the sol-emn test.
2. How could I bear to hear Thy voice Pronounce the word, "Depart!"
3. To lin-ger in e-ter-nal pain, And death for-ev-er fly!
4. And fix my dole-ful station where I must not taste His love!

GAVIN. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down?
 2. Soon as from earth I go, What will be - come of me?
 3. How shall I leave my tomb—With tri - umph or re - gret?
 4. I must from God be driv'n, Or with my Sav - iour dwell;

1. And must my trembling spir - it fly In - to a world unknown?
 2. E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or woe Must then my por - tion be?
 3. A fear - ful, or a joy - ful doom—A curse, or bless - ing meet?
 4. Must come at His command to heav'n, Or else de - part to hell.

"WE ARE PASSING AWAY."

CHARLES WESLEY.

ARR. TILLMAN.

1. { And must I be to judgment bro't, And an - swer in that day }
 { For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle tho't, And ev - 'ry word I say? }
 2. { Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall shortly be made known, }
 { And I re - ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done. }
 3. { How care - ful, then, ought I to live! With what re - lig - ious fear! }
 { Who such a strict account must give For my be - ha - viour here! }
 4. { Thou aw - ful Judge of quick and dead, The watchful pow'r be - stow; }
 { So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do. }
 5. { If now Thou standest at the door, O let me feel Thee near! }
 { And make my peace with God, be - fore I at Thy bar ap - pear. }

REFRAIN.

{ We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way, }
 { We are pass - ing a - way To the great judg - ment day. }

Death's Warning.

MARLOW. C. M.

HEBOR.

English. 1810.

1. Death rides on ev - 'ry passing breeze, And lurks in ev - 'ry flow'r;
 2. Our eyes have seen the ros - y light Of youth's soft cheek de - cay,
 3. Our eyes have seen the steps of age Halt fee - bly to the tomb;
 4. Turn, mor - tal, turn! thy dan - ger know: Where'er thy foot can tread,

1. Each sea - son has its own dis - ease, Its per - il ev - 'ry hour!
 2. And fate de - scend in sudden night On manhood's mid - dle day.
 3. And yet shall earth our hearts engage, And dreams of days to come?
 4. The earth rings hol - low from be - low, And warns thee of her dead!

110 Make Haste, O Man, To Live.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

HORATIUS BONAR.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.

1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die;
 2. Make haste, O man, to do What - ev - er must be done;
 3. Up, then, with speed, and work; Fling ease and self a - way;
 4. Make haste, O man, to live, Thy time is al - most o'er;

1. Time hur - ries past thee like the breeze; How swift its mo - ments fly!
 2. Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.
 3. This is no time for thee to sleep, Up, watch, and work, and pray!
 4. O sleep not, dream not, but a - rise, The Judge is at the door!

Invitation.

	No.		No.		No.
Sinners, Turn.....	111	Return, O Wanderer	114	Come, Ye Sinners	118-119
Hasten, Sinner.....	112	Come, Humble Sinner	115	Come, Ye Disconsolate.....	120
Come, Sinners.....	113	Come, Every Soul.....	116	Come to Jesus.....	121
Other numbers bearing on this subject: 131, 133, 135, 136, 137, 138, 140, 141, 142, 144, 220, 225, 230, 236, 243, 249, 263, 272, 273, 276, 280, 282, 287, 293, 298, 300, 302, 303, 304, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 324, 325, 326, 327, 336, 342, 344, 357, 563, 369, 375.					

111 Sinners, Turn, Why Will Ye Die?

CHARLES WESLEY.

HENDON. 7s.

A. H. C. MALAN

1. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why! God, who did your
 2. He the fa - tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of His own hands, Why, ye thankless
 3. Will ye let Him die in vain? Cru-ci - fy your Lord a - gain, Why, ye ransom'd

1. be - ing give, Made you with Himself to live, Made you with Him - self to live.
 2. creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die, Will ye cross His love, and die?
 3. sinners, why Will ye slight His grace, and die, Will ye slight His grace, and die?

112 Hasten, Sinner, To Be Wise.

T. SCOTT.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

I. PLEYEL.

1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise; Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
 2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im-plore; Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
 3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn; Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
 4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be blest; Stay not for the mor-row's sun;

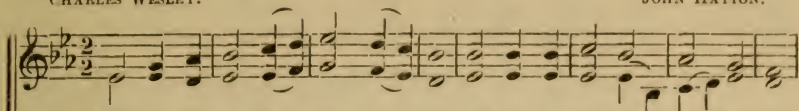
1. Wis-dom, if thou still de-spise, Hard-er is she to be won.
 2. Lest thy sea - son should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run.
 3. Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere sal-va-tion's work is done.
 4. Lest the curse should thee ar-rest, Ere the mor-row is be - gun.

113 Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.

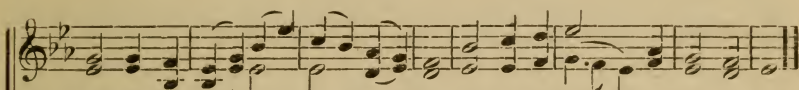
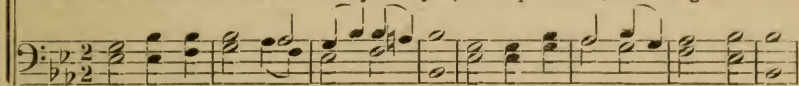
CHARLES WESLEY.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

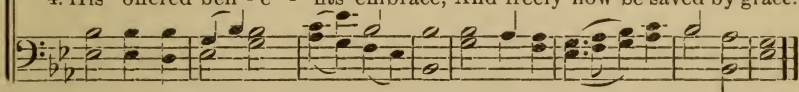
JOHN HATTON.



1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all:
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wanderers after rest;
4. See Him set forth be - fore your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice!



1. Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bidden all mankind.
2. Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.
3. Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y welcome find.
4. His offered ben - e - fits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.

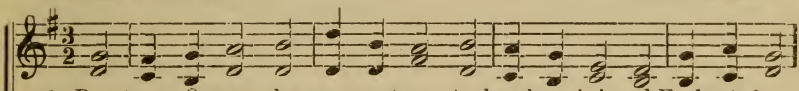


114 Return, O Wanderer, Return.

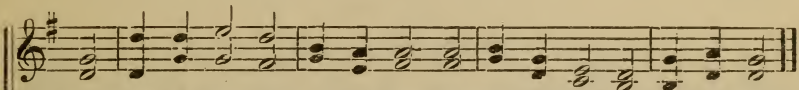
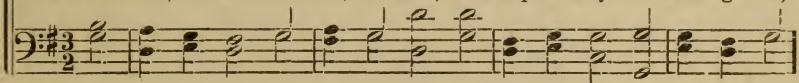
WILLIAM B. COLLYER.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

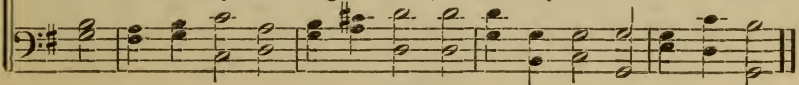
LOWELL MASON.



1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And seek an injured Father's face;
2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And seek a Father's melting heart;
3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn; Thy Saviour bids thy spir-it live;
4. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And wipe a-way the falling tear;



1. Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
2. His pit-ying eyes thy grief discern, His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Go to His bleeding feet, and learn How freely Je - sus can for-give.
4. 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

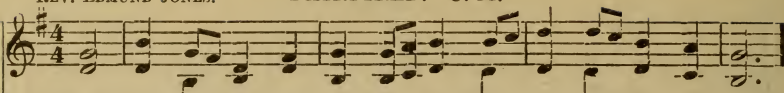


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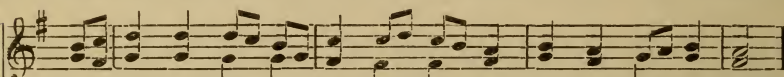
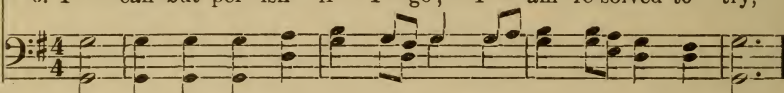
Come, Humble Sinner.

REV. EDMUND JONES.

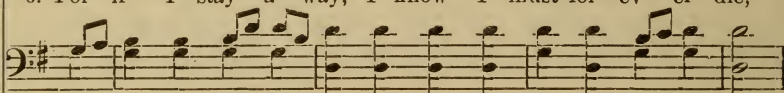
FAIRFIELD. C. M.



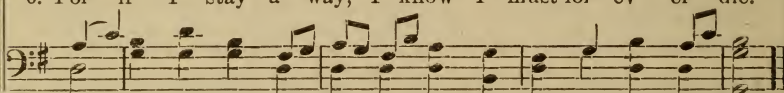
1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re - volve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
4. I'll to the gra-cious King approach, Whose scep-tre pardon gives;
5. Per - haps He may ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
6. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;



1. Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve;
2. I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose;
3. I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With-out His sov'reign grace;
4. Per - haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives;
5. But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there;
6. For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die;



1. Come with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.
2. I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
3. I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done With-out His sov'reign grace.
4. Per - haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
5. But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
6. For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.



116

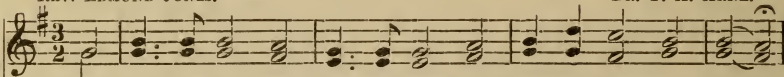
Come, Humble Sinner.

SECOND TUNE.

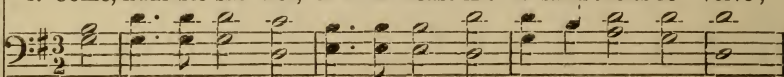
ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. EDMUND JONES.

DR. T. A. ARNE.



1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re - volve ;



Come, Humble Sinner. Concluded.

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.

117

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this hap - py band, And on to glo - ry go,

1. And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
2. Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Be - lieve in Him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

118 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART.

"I will arise and go to Jesus."

Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit-ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,

CHO.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D. C. for Chorus.

1. Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
2. True be - lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
3. All the fit-ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him.
4. If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thou-sand charms.

119 While Life Prolongs Its Precious Light.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

HEBRON. L. M.

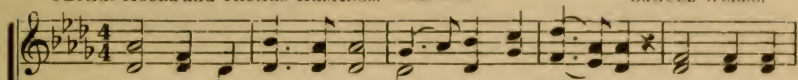
DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer-cy is found, and peace is giv'n;
2. While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave,
4. In that lone land of deep despair, No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise,

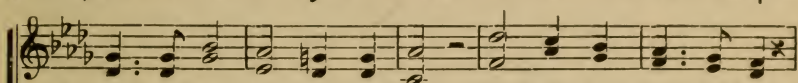
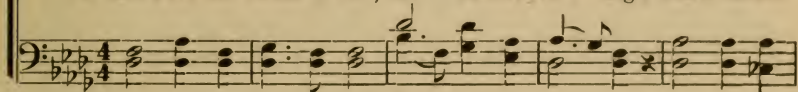
1. But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out ev-'ry hope of heav'n.
2. Come, sinners, haste, O haste a-way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
3. Be - fore His bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
4. No God re-gard your bit-ter pray'r, No Sav-iour call you to the skies.

THOMAS MOORE and THOMAS HASTINGS. 118. 108.

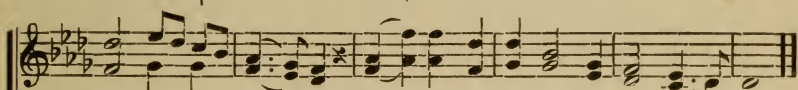
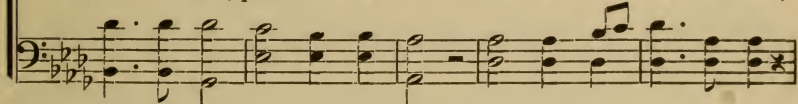
SAMUEL WEBER.



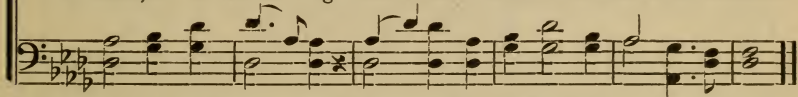
1. Come, ye dis-con - so-late, wher - e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the



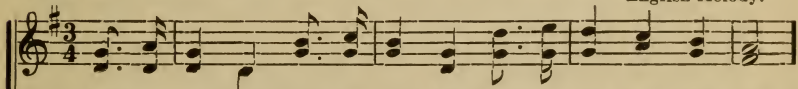
1. mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
2. pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort - er,
3. throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;



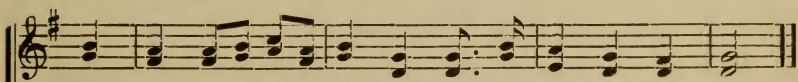
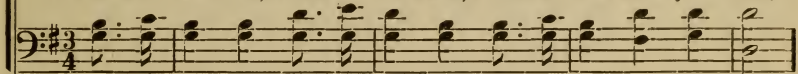
1. here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.
2. ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."
3. come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can re-move.



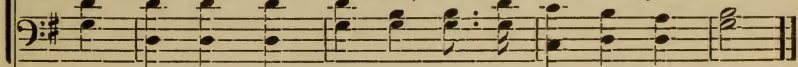
English Melody.



1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;



1. Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.



- | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 He will save you, etc. | 5 He is ready, etc. | 8 O believe Him, etc. |
| 3 He is able, etc. | 6 He is waiting, etc. | 9 Do not tarry, etc. |
| 4 He is willing, etc. | 7 He'll forgive you, etc. | 10 Don't reject Him, etc. |

Repentance.

No.	No.	No.
O That I Could Repent.....122	And Can I Yet Delay?.....126	O For That Tenderness.....129
Depth of Mercy.....123	Lord, I Hear of Showers.....127	O For a Closer Walk.....130
Show Pity, Lord.....124	There's a Wideness.....128	The Mistakes.....131
Did Christ o'er Sinners.....125		

122

O That I Could Repent.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O that I could re-pent! With all my i-dols part,
 2. A heart with grief op-pressed For hav-ing grieved my God;
 3. Je-sus, on me be-stow The pen-i-tent de-sire;
 4. With soft-'ning pit-y look, And melt my hard-ness down;

1. And to Thy gracious eye pre-sent A humble, con-trite heart.
 2. A troubled heart that can-not rest Till sprinkled with Thy blood.
 3. With true sin-cer-i-ty of woe My ach-ing breast in-spire.
 4. Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke, And break this heart of stone.

123

Depth Of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

CARL M. VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face;
 3. Lo! I cum-ber still the ground; Lo! an Ad-vo-cate is found!
 4. Je-sus speaks, and pleads His blood; He dis-arms the wrath of God!

1. Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
 2. Would not harken to His call; Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
 3. "Hasten not to cut Him down; Let this bar-ren soul a-lone."
 4. Now my Fa-ther's bow-els move; Jus-tice lin-gers in-to love.

Depth Of Mercy. Concluded.

5 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

6 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

124 Show Pity, Lord, O Lord Forgive.

ISAAC WATTS.

DEVOTION. L. M.

Southern Tune.

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live,
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace,
3. O wash my soul from ev-'ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean!
4. My lips with shame my sins confess, Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

1. Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
2. Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
3. Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of-fenc-es pain mine eyes.
4. Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
5. And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

Show Pity, Lord, O Lord, Forgive.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

SECOND TUNE.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

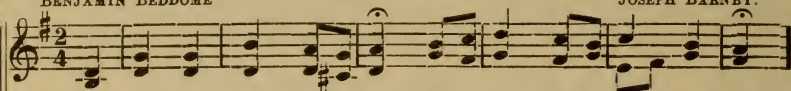
1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live,

1. Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?

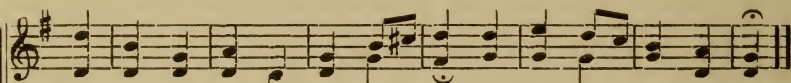
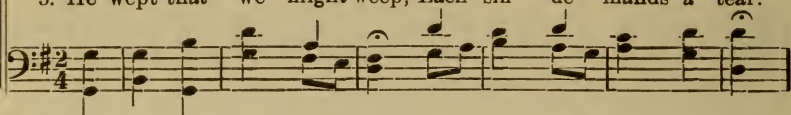
BENJAMIN BEDDOME

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

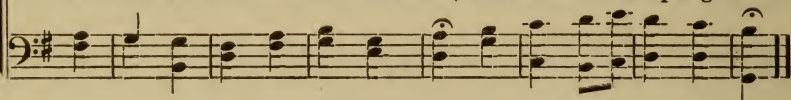
JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears The won - d'ring an - gels see!
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear:



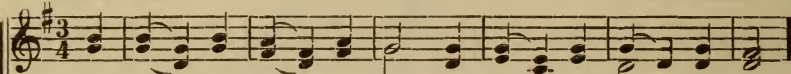
1. Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
2. Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
3. In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.



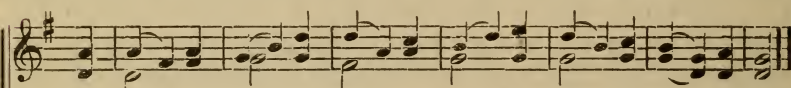
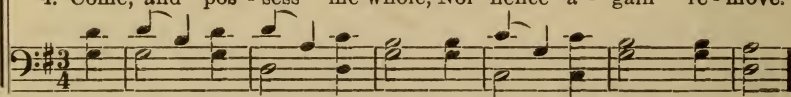
CHARLES WESLEY.

DENNIS. S. M.

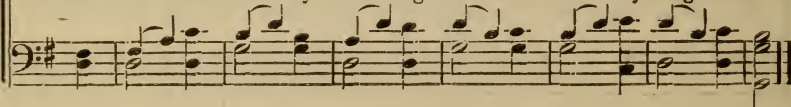
H. G. NAGELI.



1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:
3. Tho' late, I all for-sake; My friends, my all re - sign;
4. Come, and pos - sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move:



1. To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to receive?
2. I sink, by dy - ing love compelled, And own Thee con-quer-or!
3. Gra - cious Re - deem-er, take, O take, And seal me ev - er Thine!
4. Set - tle and fix my wav'ring soul With all Thy weight of love.



ELIZABETH CODNER.

8, 7, 8, 7, 3.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }
 { Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me. }
 2. { Pass me not, O gracious Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; }
 { Thou mightst leave me, but the rather, Let Thy mer-cy light on me. }
 3. { Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour, Let me love and cling to Thee; }
 { I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me. }
 4. { Pass me not, O might-y Spir-it, Thou canst make the blind to see; }
 { Wit-ness-er of Je-sus' mer-it, Speak the word of pow'r to me. }
 5. { Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free, }
 { Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me. }

CHORUS.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

128 There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
 2. There is welcome for the sin-ner; There are blessings for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;
 4. If our faith were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

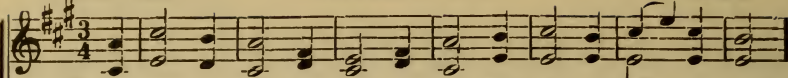
1. There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 2. There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 3. And the heart of the e - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 4. And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

A Penitent Heart.

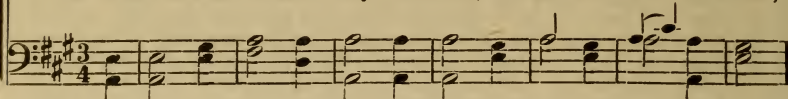
CHARLES WESLEY.

BALERMA. C. M.

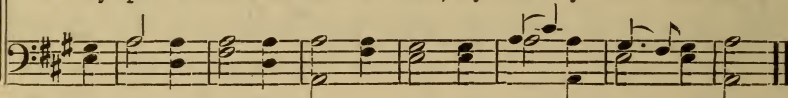
R. SIMPSON.



1. O for that ten-der-ness of heart Which bows before the Lord,
2. O for those humble, contrite tears, Which from repentance flow;
3. Saviour, to me in pit-y give The sen-si-ble dis-tress;
4. Wilt from the dreadful day re-move, Be-fore the e-vil come;



1. Acknowledging how just Thou art, And trem-bling at Thy word!
2. That consciousness of guilt which fears The long sus-pend-ed blow!
3. The pledge Thou wilt at last re-ceive, And bid me die in peace.
4. My spir-it hide with saints a-bove, My bod-y in the tomb.

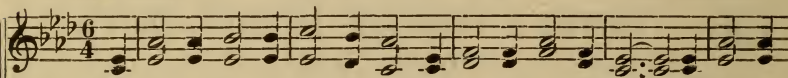


130 O For a Closer Walk With God.

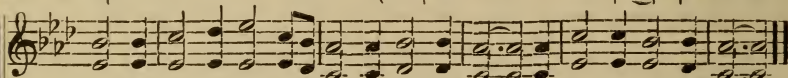
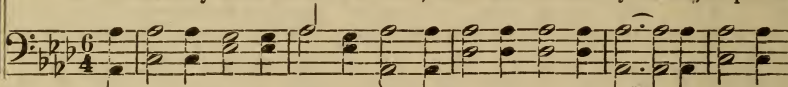
WILLIAM COWPER.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

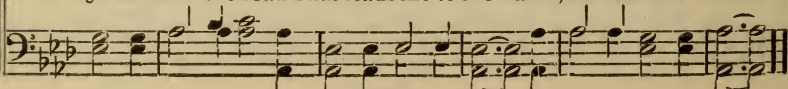
THOS. HASTINGS.



1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have
4. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the
5. The dear-est i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be, Help me to
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer

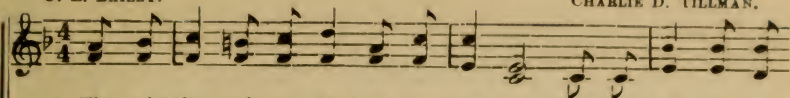


1. shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
2. soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word, Of Je-sus and His word?
3. left an ach-ing void The world can never fill, The world can never fill.
4. sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.
5. tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee, And worship only Thee.
6. light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads to the Lamb.

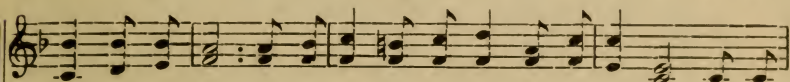
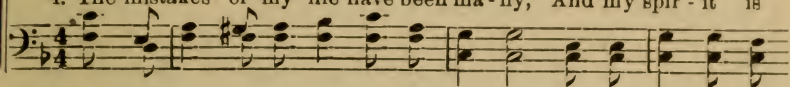


U. L. BAILEY.

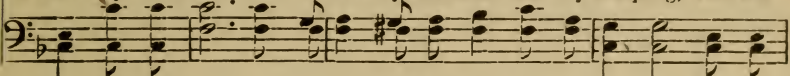
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



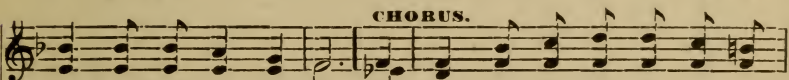
1. The mistakes of my life have been ma-ny, But the sins of my
 2. I am low-est of those who would love Him; I am weak-est of
 3. My mistakes His free grace now will cov-er, And my sins He will
 4. The mistakes of my life have been ma-ny, And my spir-it is



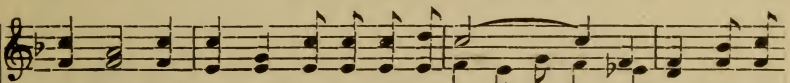
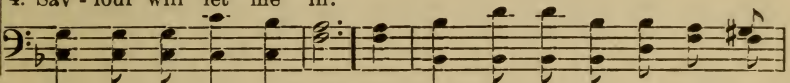
1. heart have been more; And I scarce-ly can see for my weeping, But I'll
 2. those who would pray; But I come to Him as He has bid-den, And I
 3. wash all a-way; And the feet that now stumble and fal-ter, Soon may
 4. wea-ry with sin; Tho' I scarce-ly can see for my weeping, Yet the



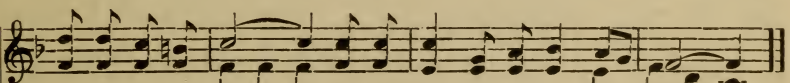
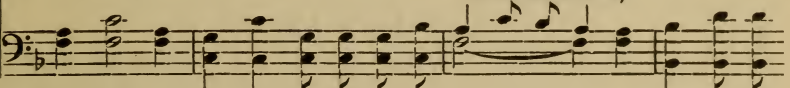
CHORUS.



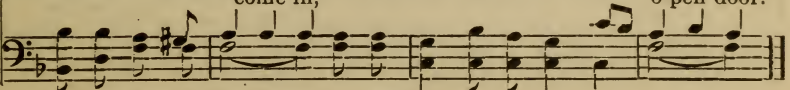
1. knock at the o-pen door.
 2. know He'll not say me nay. I know I am sin-ful and un-
 3. en-ter the gate of day.
 4. Sav-iour will let me in.



wor-thy, And now I feel it more and more,..... But Je-sus in-
 more and more,



vites me to come in, I will en-ter the o-pen door...
 come in, o-pen door.



Prayer and Faith.

	No.		No.		No.
My Faith Looks Up.....	132	I Am Coming to the Cross.....	136	Arise, My Soul.....	140
Just As I Am.....	133	Pass Me Not.....	137	Alas, and Did.....	141
Father, I Stretch My Hands.....	134	Take Me As I Am.....	138	What a Fellowship.....	142
Jesus Paid It All.....	135	Jesus Breaks Every.....	139		
See these numbers: 215, 217,			224, 239, 240, 271, 272,	283, 285, 290, 291, 319, 328, 331, 333,	
334, 337, 361, 362, 365, 366.					

132 My Faith Looks Up To Thee.

RAY PALMER.

OLIVET. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream

1. Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 2. My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 3. Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to - day, Wipe sor - row's
 4. Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

1. guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 2. love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 3. tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 4. trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul!

133 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Just As I Am. Concluded.

And that Thou biddst me come Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fightings within, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

134 Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

1. If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
 2. What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death?
 3. And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 4. O let me now re - ceive that gift! My soul with - out it dies.

CHORUS.

I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

And thro' His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free!

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone Can change the
 3. For noth-ing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
 4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

1. watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
 2. lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 3. garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
 4. trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earth - ly store;
 4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
 5. Glad-ly I ac - cept Thy grace: Gladly I o - bey Thy word;

CHO.—I - am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I Am Coming To the Cross. Concluded.

D. C. for Chorus.

I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol-ly Thine for ev - er - more.
 I am pros-trate in the dust: I with-Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 All Thy prom-is - es em-brace, O my Sav-iour and my Lord!

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

137

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer - it Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have

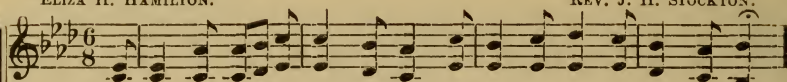
CHORUS.

1. oth - ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
2. there in deep con - tri-tion, Help my un - be-lief. Saviour, Sav - iour,
3. wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
4. I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

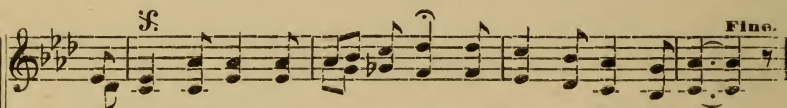
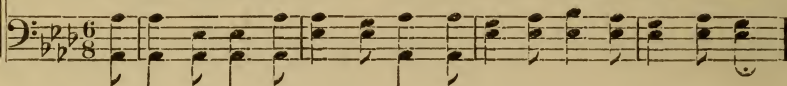
Hear my humble cry; While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

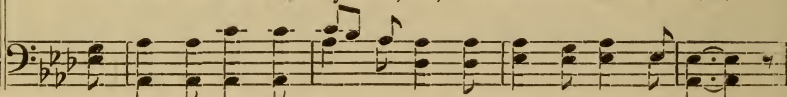
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



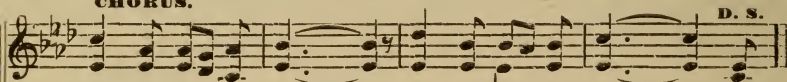
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new,



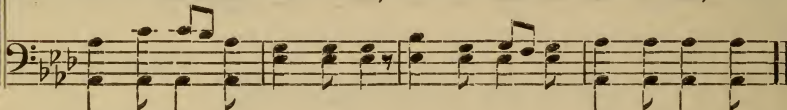
1. O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
2. And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
3. But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
4. And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!



D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

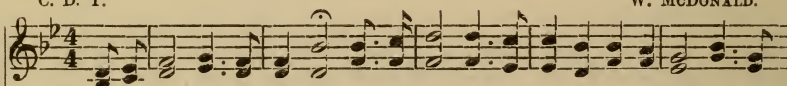
CHORUS.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;..... O
take me as I am, take me as I am;

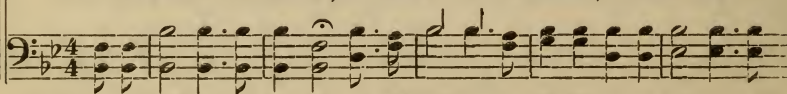


C. D. T.

W. McDONALD.

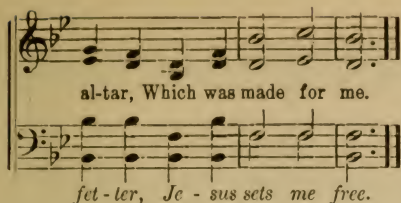


1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the



CHO.—Je-sus breaks ev-'ry fet - ter, Je-sus breaks ev-'ry fet - ter, Je-sus breaks ev-'ry

Jesus Breaks Every Fetter. Concluded.



- 2 ||: He accepts all I've brought Him; :||
And that's even me.
- 3 ||: I will never more doubt Him; :||
For He cleanses me.
- 4 ||: I will rest on His promise; :||
Which was made for me.
- 5 ||: Hallelujah! I'll praise Him; :||
For He sets me free.

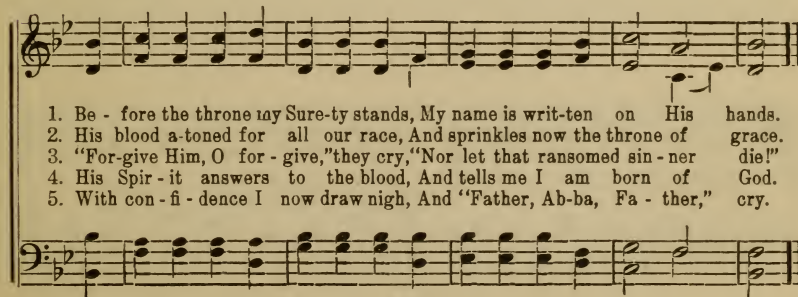
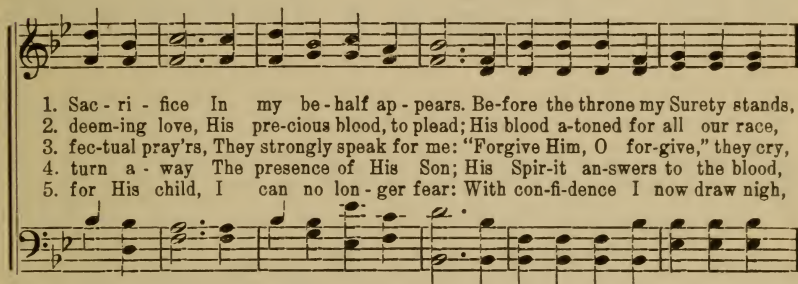
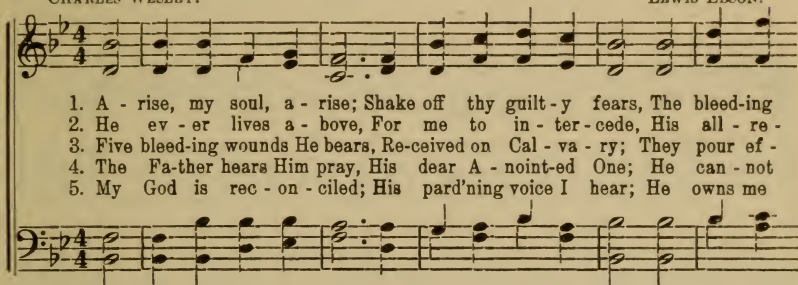
140

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

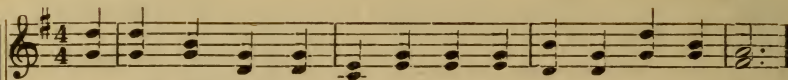
LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.

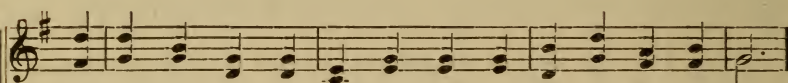
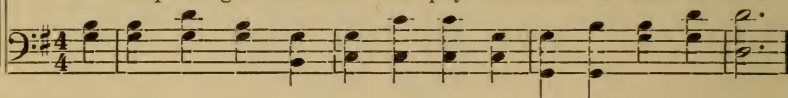


ISAAC WATTS.

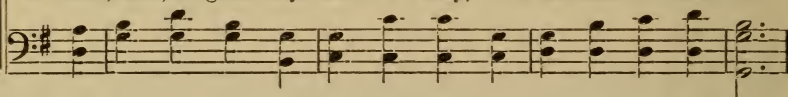
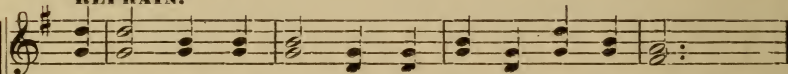
Arr.



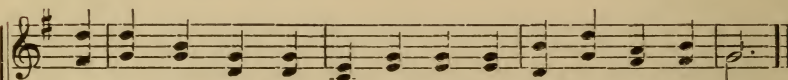
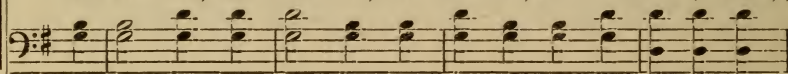
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:



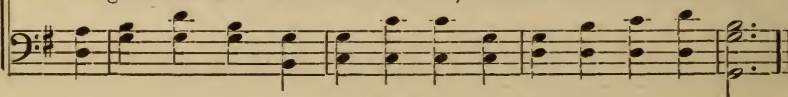
1. Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
3. When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died, For man, the creature's sin.
4. Dis-solve my heart—in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

**REFRAIN.**

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know);



He gave Him-self to die for me, Be-cause He loved me so.



Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

A. J. Showalter.

[illegible]

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-

A musical score for the bass part of "The Rose Tree". It features a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 4/4. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. There are several slurs over groups of notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

last-ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

The bass line of 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a half note G2, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A2, a quarter note B2, and a half note C3. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a half note D3, a quarter note E3, and a half note F#3. The melody continues with a quarter rest, then a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a half note C4, a quarter note D4, and a half note E4. The melody concludes with a quarter rest, then a half note F#4, a quarter note G4, and a half note A4.

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.

The musical notation for the Refrain is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half), C4 (half). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,

Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;

lean - ing on Je - sus,

A single line of musical notation for the bass part of the song. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms

Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

[illegible]

Consecration and Sanctification.

	No.		No.		No.
Jesus, I My Cross.....	143	Lead Me On To.....	151	Is not this the Land.....	159
Footsteps of Jesus.....	144	O for a Perfect, Finished.....	152	Beulah Land.....	160
Love Divine.....	145	O for a Heart to Praise.....	153	Take My Life and Let It.....	161
Lord, I Believe a Rest.....	146	Jesus Hath Died.....	154	Have Thy Way.....	162
Give Me a New.....	147	O that in Me.....	155	At any Cost.....	163
Forever Here.....	148	Our Calling.....	156	Are Your Garments.....	164
The Sacred Fire.....	149	Give Me a Heart Like.....	157	With Every Passing Day.....	165
Let Me Die.....	150	Lord, I am Thine.....	158	Canaan.....	166

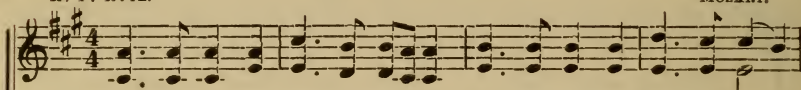
The following numbers suited to this subject: 220, 279, 280, 301, 304.

143 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

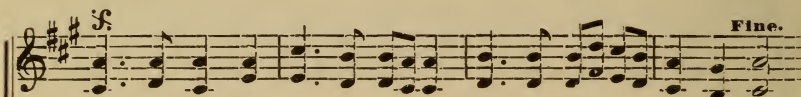
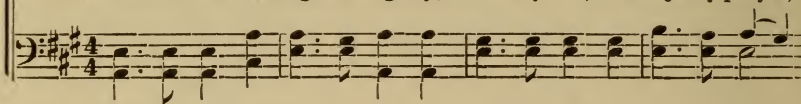
H. F. LYTE.

ELLESLIDE. 8s, 7s.

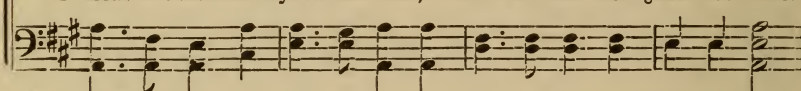
MOZART.



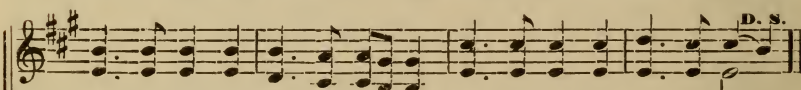
1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure; Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;



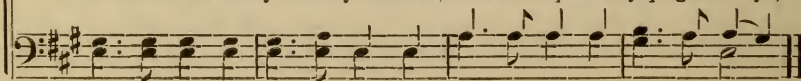
1. Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
2. Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true;
3. In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleasure; With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.
4. Heav'n's eternal days before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



- D. S. - Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
2. Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 3. Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me!
 4. Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

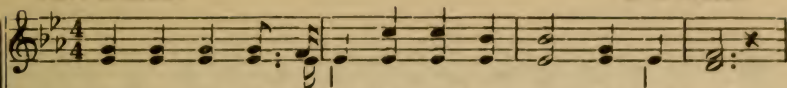


1. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped or known;
2. And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
3. I have called Thee, Abba, Father, I have set my heart on Thee;
4. Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;

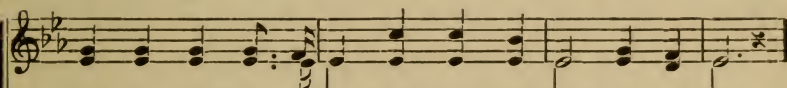


MARY B. SLADE.

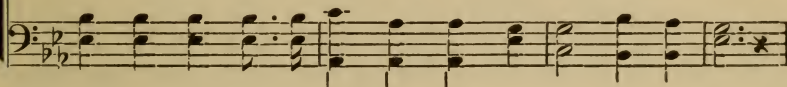
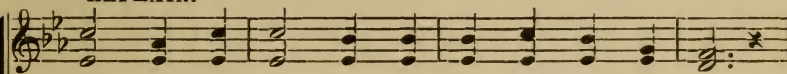
A. B. EVERETT.



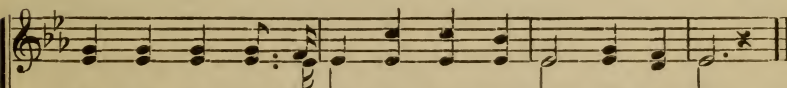
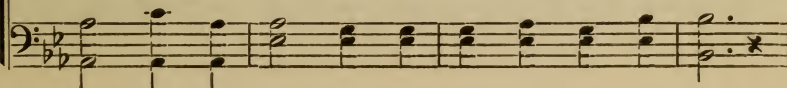
1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word;
4. Tho' dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping, We fol - low Thee;
5. If Thy way and its sor-rows bear-ing, We go a - gain,
6. By and by, thro' the shin-ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet,
7. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done,



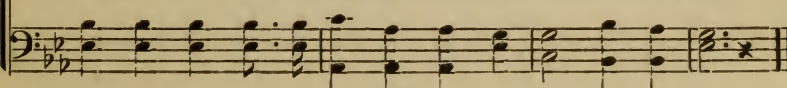
1. And we see where Thy foot-prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee.
2. Or a - long by Si - lo - am's foun-tains, Helping the weak.
3. Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
4. Thro' the gloom of that place of weep-ing, Geth-sem - a - ne!
5. Up the slope of the hill - side, bear-ing Our cross of pain.
6. We shall walk with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
7. We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

**REFRAIN.**

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

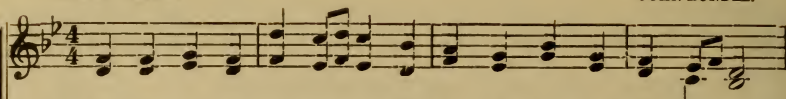


We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

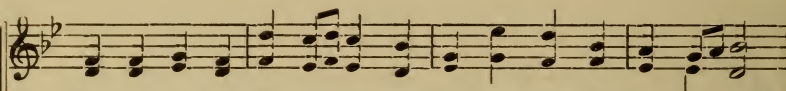
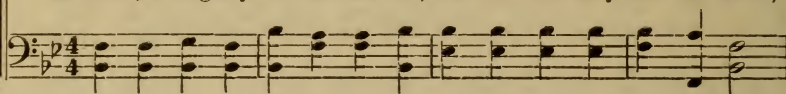


CHARLES WESLEY.

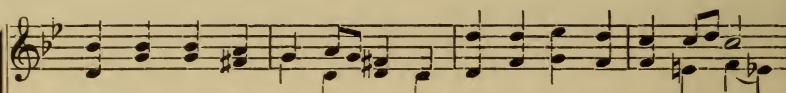
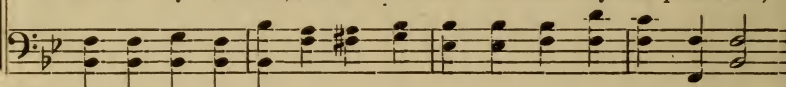
JOHN ZUNDEL.



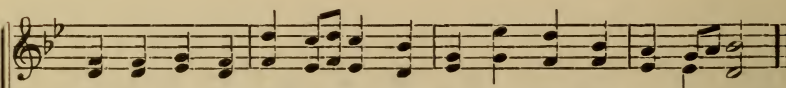
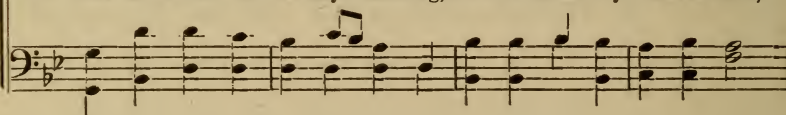
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;



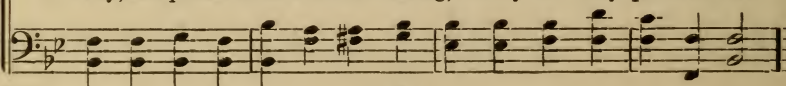
1. Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown;
2. Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec-ond rest;
3. Sud-den - ly re-turn, and nev - er, Nev - er-more Thy tem-ples leave;



1. Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
2. Take a - way our bent to sin-nig; Al-pa and O - me - ga be;
3. Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,



1. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
2. End of faith, as its be - gin - ing, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
3. Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.

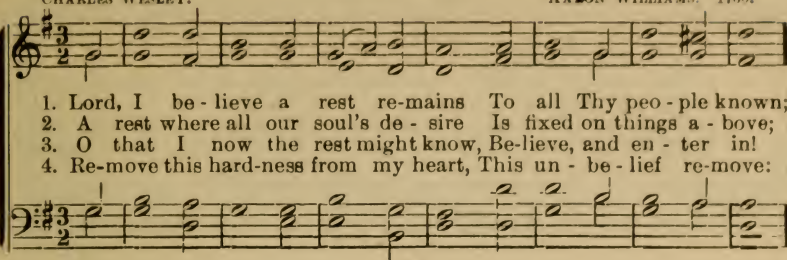


Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.

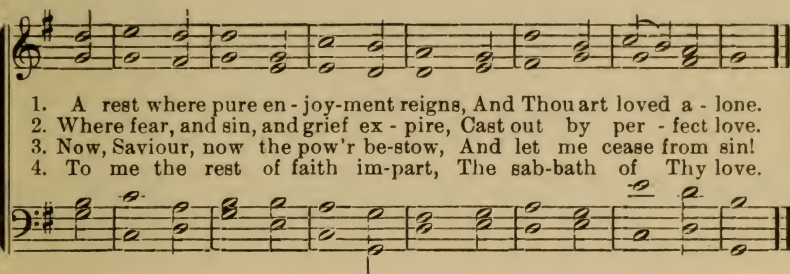
CHARLES WESLEY.

MEAR. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS. 1760.



1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy peo-ple known;
 2. A rest where all our soul's de-sire Is fixed on things a-bove;
 3. O that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en-ter in!
 4. Re-move this hard-ness from my heart, This un-be-lief re-move:



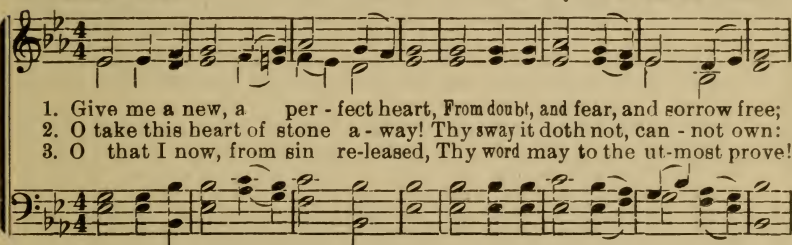
1. A rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a-lone.
 2. Where fear, and sin, and grief ex-pire, Cast out by per-fect love.
 3. Now, Saviour, now the pow'r be-stow, And let me cease from sin!
 4. To me the rest of faith im-part, The sab-bath of Thy love.

147 Give Me a New, a Perfect Heart.

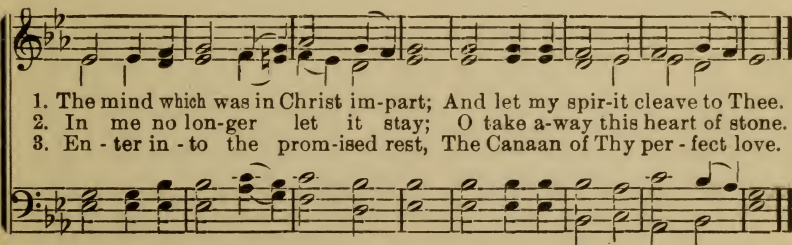
CHARLES WESLEY.

HAMBURG. C. M.

Arr. by DR. L. MASON. 1825.



1. Give me a new, a per-fect heart, From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
 2. O take this heart of stone a-way! Thy sway it doth not, can-not own:
 3. O that I now, from sin re-leased, Thy word may to the ut-most prove!



1. The mind which was in Christ im-part; And let my spir-it cleave to Thee.
 2. In me no lon-ger let it stay; O take a-way this heart of stone.
 3. En-ter in-to the prom-ised rest, The Canaan of Thy per-fect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HUGH WILSON.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side;
 2. My dy - ing Sav-iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 4. Th' a-tonement of Thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight im-prove;

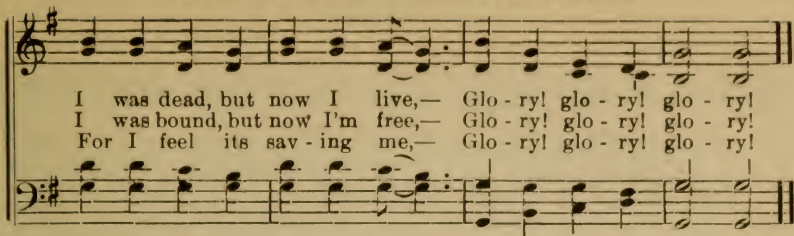
1. This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.
 2. Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 3. Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 4. Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

Arranged for this work.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow-ing, }
 { High-er still, and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; }
 2. { Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev -'ry bond is riv - en; }
 { Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en; }
 3. { Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll, Roll thro' ev - 'ry na - tion; }
 { Wit-nessing from soul to soul This immense sal - va - tion; }

1. Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive, — O the wondrous sto - ry!
 2. 'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty, — O the wondrous sto - ry!
 3. Now I know its full and free, — O the wondrous sto - ry!

The Sacred Fire. Concluded.

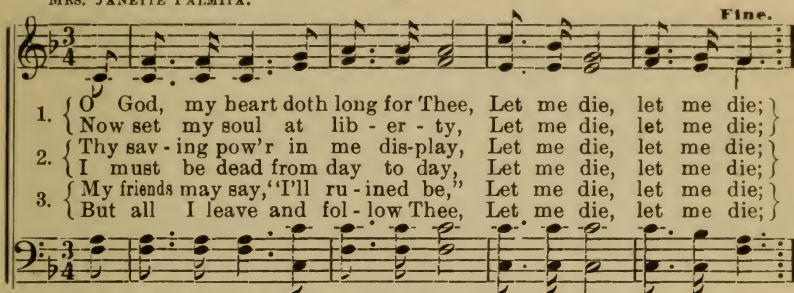


I was dead, but now I live,— Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 I was bound, but now I'm free,— Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 For I feel its sav - ing me,— Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

150

Let Me Die.

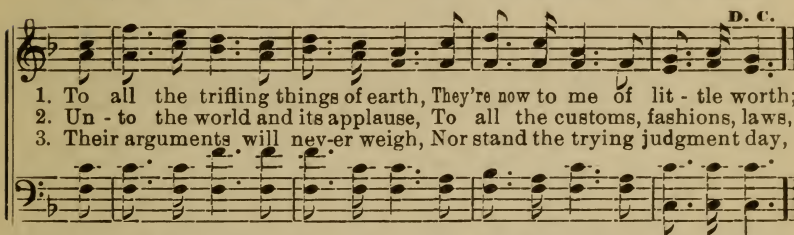
MRS. JANETTE PALMITA.



Fine.

1. { O God, my heart doth long for Thee, Let me die, let me die; }
 { Now set my soul at lib - er - ty, Let me die, let me die; }
2. { Thy sav - ing pow'r in me dis - play, Let me die, let me die; }
 { I must be dead from day to day, Let me die, let me die; }
3. { My friends may say, 'I'll ru - ined be,' Let me die, let me die; }
 { But all I leave and fol - low Thee, Let me die, let me die; }

D. C.—*My Sav - iour calls, I'm go - ing forth, Let me die, let me die.*
Of those who hate the humbling cross, Let me die, let me die.
Help me to cast them ail a - way, Let me die, let me die.



D. C.

1. To all the trifling things of earth, They're now to me of lit - tle worth;
2. Un - to the world and its applause, To all the customs, fashions, laws,
3. Their arguments will nev - er weigh, Nor stand the trying judgment day,

4 O I must die to scoffs and jeers,
 Let me die, let me die;
 I must be freed from slavish fears,
 Let me die, let me die;
 So dead that no desire shall rise
 To pass for good, or great, or wise,
 In any but my Saviour's eyes:
 Let me die, let me die.

5 If Christ would live and reign in me,
 I must die, I must die;
 Like Him I crucified must be,
 I must die, I must die;
 Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,
 My flesh may writhe and make its moans,
 But in this way and this alone,
 I must die, I must die.

6 Begin at once to drive the nails,
 Let me die, let me die;
 O suffer not my heart to fail,
 Let me die, let me die;
 Jesus, I look to Thee for power,
 To help me to endure the hour,
 When crucified by sovereign power
 I shall die, I shall die.

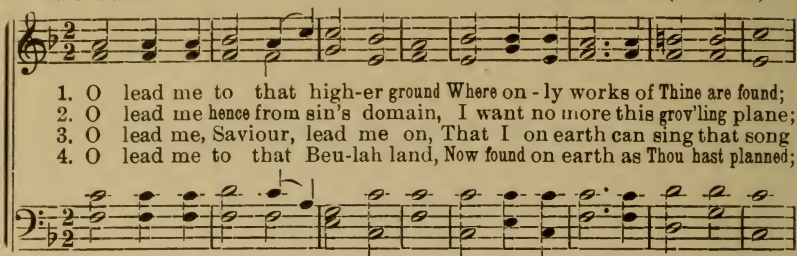
7 When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee,
 I shall live, I shall live;
 My time, my strength, my all to Thee,
 Will I give, will I give;
 O may the Son now make me free!
 Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee,
 For time and for eternity
 I will live, I will live.

151 O Lead Me to That Higher Ground.

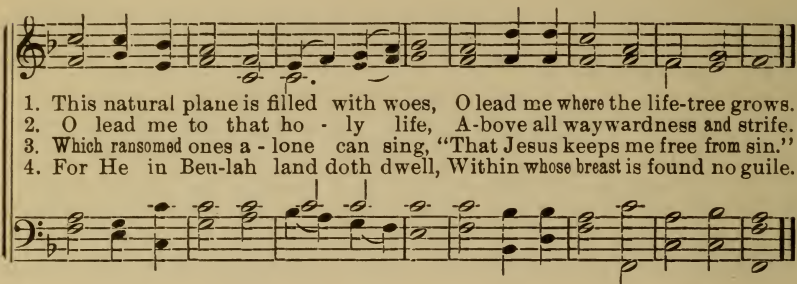
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

R. J. LORD.

H. K. OLIVER. (1800-1885.)



1. O lead me to that high-er ground Where on - ly works of Thine are found;
2. O lead me hence from sin's domain, I want no more this grov'ling plane;
3. O lead me, Saviour, lead me on, That I on earth can sing that song
4. O lead me to that Beu-lah land, Now found on earth as Thou hast planned;



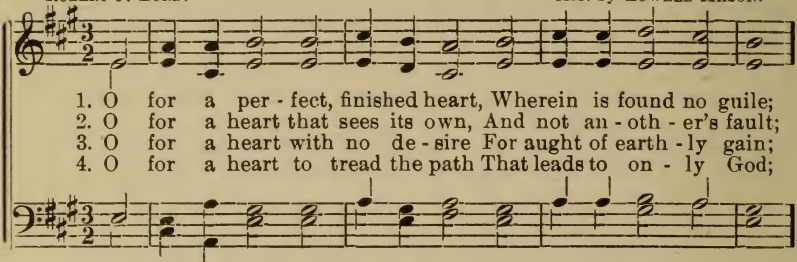
1. This natural plane is filled with woes, O lead me where the life-tree grows.
2. O lead me to that ho - ly life, A - bove all waywardness and strife.
3. Which ransomed ones a - lone can sing, "That Jesus keeps me free from sin."
4. For He in Beu-lah land doth dwell, Within whose breast is found no guile.

152 O For a Perfect Finished Heart.

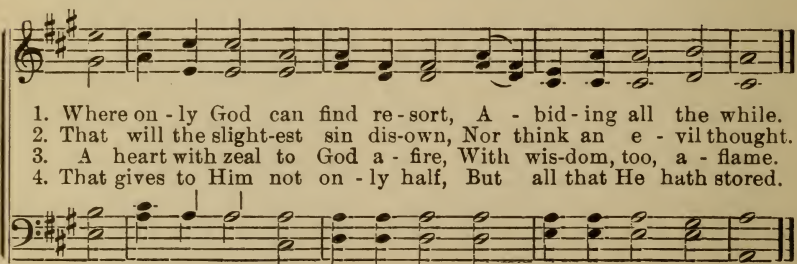
AZMON. C. M.

ROBERT J. LORD.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. O for a per - fect, finished heart, Wherein is found no guile;
2. O for a heart that sees its own, And not an - oth - er's fault;
3. O for a heart with no de - sire For aught of earth - ly gain;
4. O for a heart to tread the path That leads to on - ly God;



1. Where on - ly God can find re - sort, A - bid - ing all the while.
2. That will the slight - est sin dis - own, Nor think an e - vil thought.
3. A heart with zeal to God a - fire, With wis - dom, too, a - flame.
4. That gives to Him not on - ly half, But all that He hath stored.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

THOMAS ARNE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
 3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true and clean,
 4. A heart in ev-'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di-vine;

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
 Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine!

CHARLES WESLEY.

(BALERMA. C. M.)

Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON.

1. Je-sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a-lone;
 2. Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace, The gift un-speak-a-ble;
 3. My soul breaks out in strong de-sire The per-fect bliss to prove;
 4. Give me Thyself; from ev-'ry boast, From ev-'ry wish set free;
 5. Thy gifts, a-las! can-not suf-fice, Un-less Thy-self be giv'n;

In Him e-ter-nal life re-ceive, And be in spir-it one.
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace, And all Thy love to feel.
 My long-ing heart is all on fire, To be dis-solved in love.
 Let all I am in Thee be lost; But give Thy-self to me.
 Thy presence makes my par-a-dise, And where Thou art is heav'n.

CHARLES WESLEY.

EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

1. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
 2. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins consume!
 3. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - mi - nate my soul;
 4. No lon - ger then my heart shall mourn, While, pu - ri - fied by grace,

1. Burn up the dross of base de - sire, And make the mountains flow.
 2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call; Spir - it of burn - ing, come.
 3. Scat - ter Thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.
 4. I on - ly for His glo - ry burn, And al - ways see His face.

CHARLES WESLEY.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. What is our call - ing's glo - rious hope But in - ward ho - li - ness?
 2. I wait, till He shall touch me clean, Shall life and pow'r im - part,
 3. When Je - sus makes my heart His home, My sin shall all de - part;
 4. Be it ac - cord - ing to Thy word, Re - deem me from all sin;

1. For this to Je - sus I look up; I calm - ly wait for this.
 2. Give me the faith that casts out sin, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
 3. And lo! He saith, "I quick - ly come, To fill and rule thy heart!"
 4. My heart would now receive Thee, Lord; Come in, my Lord, come in!

JOSHUA GILL.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine; By Thy
 2. Help me to live like Thee, Help me to live like Thee; By Thy
 3. Help me to love like Thee, Help me to love like Thee; By Thy

1. wonderful power, By Thy grace ev'ry hour: Give me a heart like Thine.
 2. wonderful power, By Thy grace ev'ry hour: Help me to live like Thee.
 3. wonderful power, By Thy grace ev'ry hour: Help me to love like Thee.

4 Help me to pray like Thee.
 5 Help me to give like Thee.

6 Help me to speak like Thee
 7 Help me to work like Thee.

Copyright, 1883, by Joshua Gill.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, 1790.

1. Lord, I am Thine, en - tire - ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 2. Grant one poor sinner more a place Among the children of Thy grace;
 3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty;
 4. Here, at the cross, where flows the blood That bought my guilty soul for God,

1. With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sovereign right in me.
 2. A wretched sin - ner, lost to God, But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
 3. The vow is past be - yond re - peal, And now I set the solemn seal.
 4. Thee, my new Master, now I call, And con - se - crate to Thee my all.

Anon.

Arranged.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
 4. Tell me not of heav - y cross-es, Nor of bur-dens hard to bear,
 5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glo-ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;

1. O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
 2. Oft - en hind-ered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 3. For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
 4. For I've found this great sal - va-tion Makes each burden light ap-pear;
 5. When I'm in the way so nar-row, I can see a pathway thro';

1. Where the air is pure, e - the-real, La-den with the breath of flowers,
 2. Bro-ken vows and dis-ap-point-ments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 3. There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing, rich and gay,
 4. And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,
 5. And how sweetly Je - sus whispers: "Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO.-Is not this the land of Beu-lah? Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,

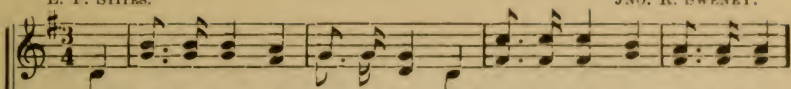
D. S. Chorus.

1. They are bloom-ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a-ran-thine bow'rs.
 2. But the Spir - it led, un-err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
 3. For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
 4. Worldly hon - ors all for-sak - ing For the glo - ry of the Cross.
 5. "For I've tried the way be-fore thee, And the glo - ry lin-gers near."

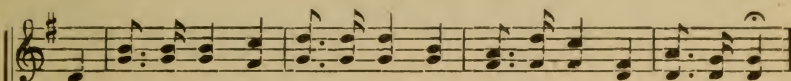
Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

E. P. STILES.

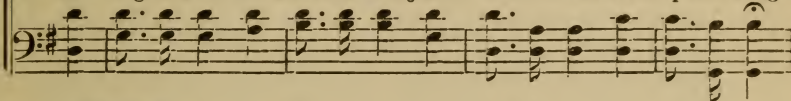
JNO. R. SWENEY.



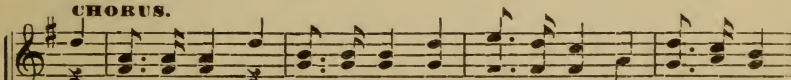
1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy,



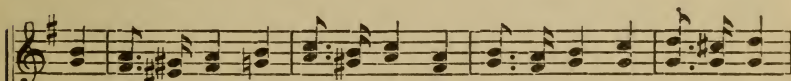
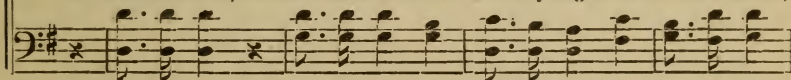
1. Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed away.
2. He gen - tly leads me by the hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
3. And flow'rs that never fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
4. As angels with the white robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.



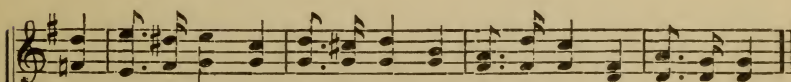
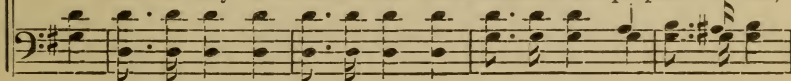
CHORUS.



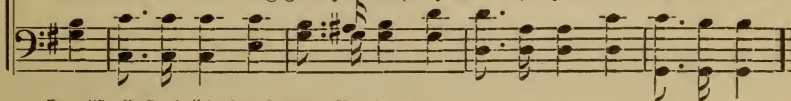
O Beu - lah land, sweet Beulah land! As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea Where mansions are prepared for me,

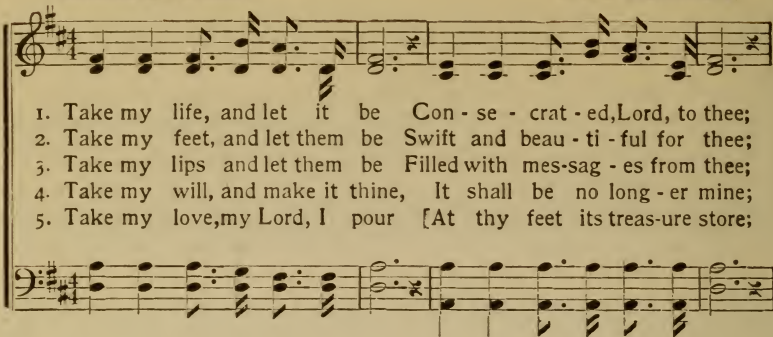


And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more.

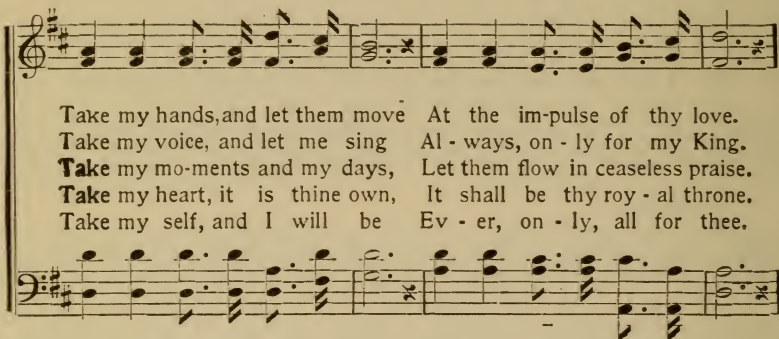


FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

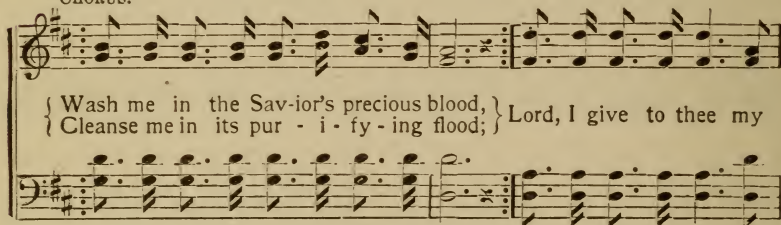


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
 3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from thee;
 4. Take my will, and make it thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
 5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour [At thy feet its treas - ure store;

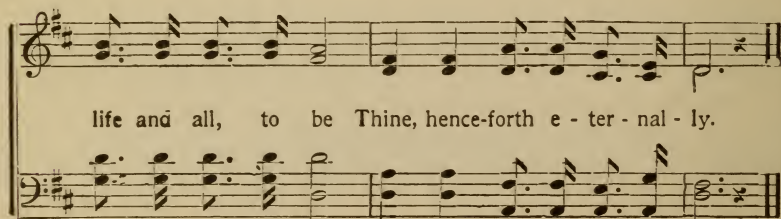


Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
 Take my self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Sav - ior's precious blood, } Lord, I give to thee my
 { Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood; }



life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.

Effective as a Soprano and Alto Duet.

1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, With my sac - ri - fice complete;
 2. O how pa - tient Thou hast been With my pride and in - bred sin!
 3. Lord, I loathe my - self and sin, En - ter now and make me clean;
 4. Lord, Thy love has won my all, Let Thy Spir - it on me fall;
 5. Praise the Lord, the work is done! Praise the Lord, the vic - t'ry's won!

1. I am bring - ing all to Thee, Thine a - lone I'll be.
 2. O what mer - cy Thou hast shown, Grace and love un-known!
 3. Make my heart just like Thine own; Come, Lord, take Thy throne.
 4. Burn up ev - 'ry trace of sin; Make me pure with-in.
 5. Now the blood is cleans-ing me, From all sin I'm free.

CHORUS.

Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way, This with all my heart I say;

I'll o - bey Thee, come what may; Dear Lord, have Thy way.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. At a - ny cost make my life right, I pray; Work out in me Thy
 2. At a - ny cost Thy cleansing pow'r make known; At a - ny cost now
 3. Redemption's price was Je - sus' precious blood; I could not ev - er

1. ho - ly will each day; Re - move al - loy and take all dross a - way;
 2. make my heart Thy throne; At a - ny cost Thy will my law I own;
 3. make my peace with God; But I must crown my Saviour, King and Lord;

rit. **CHORUS.**
 1. At a - ny cost, I would be right.
 2. At a - ny cost, I would be right. O fill me with the
 3. To be just right, to be just right.

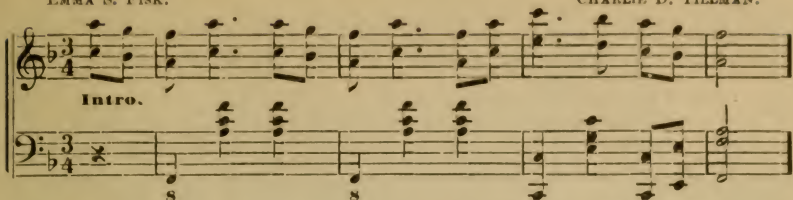
mighty Holy Ghost, Make my heart right, . . . O Lord, at a - ny cost;
 Make my heart right,

rit.
 In Je - sus' cross for ev - er - more I boast: At a - ny cost, I would be right.

164 Are Your Garments Always Spotless?

EMMA S. FISK.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



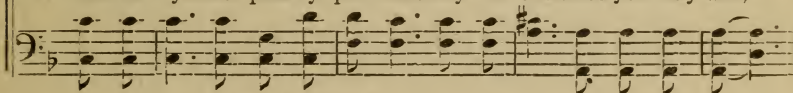
1. Are your garments always spotless, Are they washed in Je-sus' blood?
2. Let no an-ger soil their beauty, Let no bit-ter-ness re-main,
3. Let all pride and love of glo-ry, Gold and fame be washed a-way;
4. Oh, then ev-er keep your garments Whit-er than the driv-en snow;



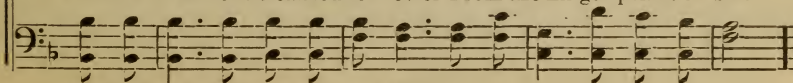
1. Do they al-ways keep the cleansing In the pur-i-fy-ing flood?
2. Oh, be sure no trace of en-vy Leaves up-on your robes a stain,
3. Trembling heart, your fears and doubtings 'Neath the pool of cleansing lay,
4. Wear the roy-al robes of heav-en While you tar-ry here be-low,



1. Do they nev-er show their soiling Of your sins up-on their white?
2. Let no love of world-ly pleasures Cast un-ho-ly shad-ows there,
3. Nev-er aft-er try to find them, They are lost beneath the tide,
4. That thro' yonder pearl-y por-tals Joy-ful entrance you may win,

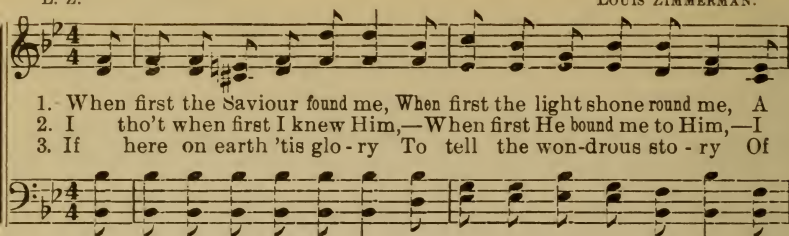


1. Will they al-ways bear the searching Of the Ho-ly Spir-it's light?
2. Free-ly cleanse them from the mildews Of anx-i-e-ty and care.
3. Christ would have you all your shrinking In this precious fountain hide.
4. Clothed in raiment cleansed for-ev-er From the fin-ger prints of sin.

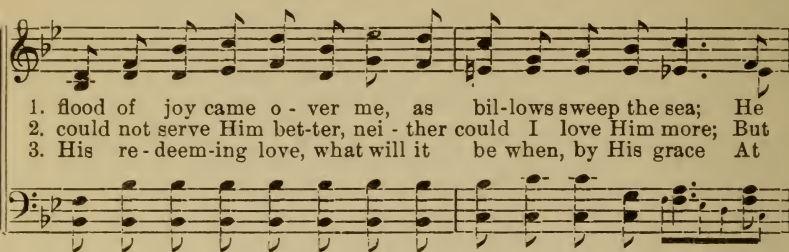


L. Z.

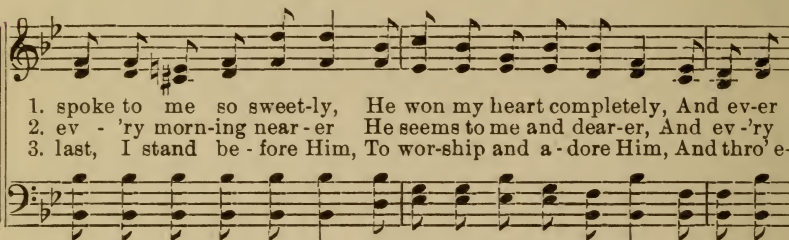
LOUIS ZIMMERMAN.



1. When first the Saviour found me, When first the light shone round me, A
 2. I tho't when first I knew Him,—When first He bound me to Him,—I
 3. If here on earth 'tis glo-ry To tell the won-drous sto-ry Of

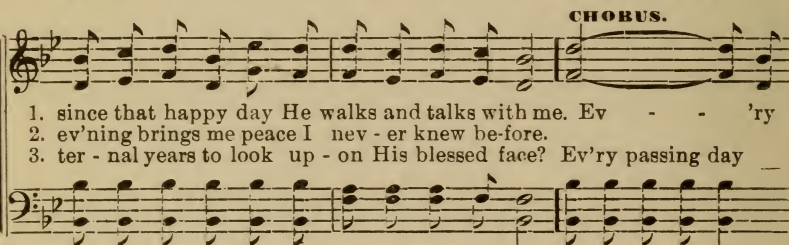


1. flood of joy came o-ver me, as bil-lows sweep the sea; He
 2. could not serve Him bet-ter, nei-ther could I love Him more; But
 3. His re-deem-ing love, what will it be when, by His grace At

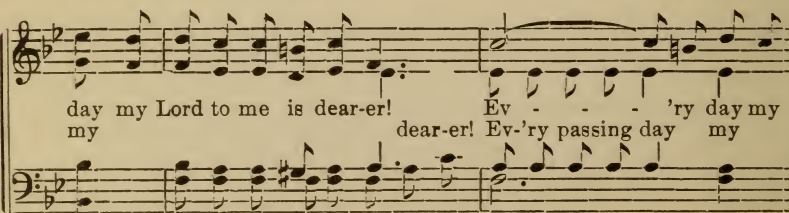


1. spoke to me so sweet-ly, He won my heart completely, And ev-er
 2. ev-'ry morn-ing near-er He seems to me and dear-er, And ev-'ry
 3. last, I stand be-fore Him, To wor-ship and a-dore Him, And thro'e-

CHORUS.



1. since that happy day He walks and talks with me. Ev - - 'ry
 2. ev'ning brings me peace I nev-er knew be-fore.
 3. ter-nal years to look up-on His blessed face? Ev'ry passing day



day my Lord to me is dear-er! Ev - - 'ry day my
 my dear-er! Ev'ry passing day my

With Every Passing Day. Concluded.

faith is grow-ing clear-er! Ev - - - 'ry day to Him I'm
Ev - 'ry pass-ing day to

draw-ing near-er, Nearer with ev - 'ry pass-ing day.....
Nearer, near-er ev - 'ry pass-ing day.

166

Canaan.

(A good dismissal song.)

CHAS. CONWAY.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

AD. HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Thou land of Ca - naan free;
2. Let ho - ly voic - es raise To chant Im - man - uel's praise,

1. Of thee I'll sing! Land where my Sav - iour died, Land of the
2. Who died to save! Praise Him from shore to shore! Praise Him till

1. Christian's pride, Land where we shall a - bide; Praise Him, our King!
2. time's no more! Praise Him for ev - er-more! Who Ca - naan gave.

Activity and Zeal.

	No.		No.		No.
Hark! the Voice.....	167	We'll Work Till Jesus.....	171	To the Work.....	175
Work, for the Night.....	168	Stand Up For Jesus.....	172	Rescue the Perishing.....	176
Onward, Christian.....	169	I Want to Be a Worker.....	173	Bringing in the Sheaves.....	177
Throw Out the.....	170	Ready To Go.....	174	Save One Soul for Jesus.....	178

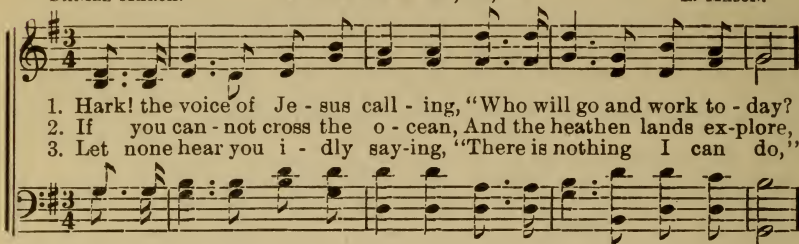
Other numbers suited to this subject: 221, 241, 294, 295, 299, 320, 323, 341, 342, 347, 372, 386.

167 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

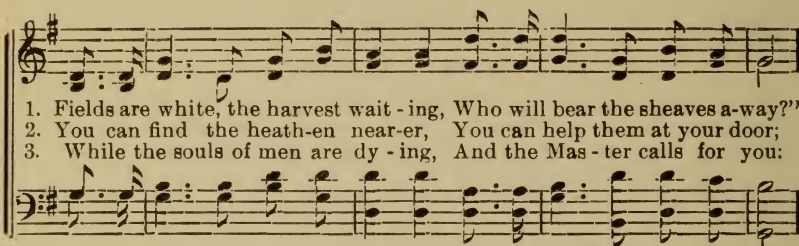
DANIEL MARCH.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s, D.

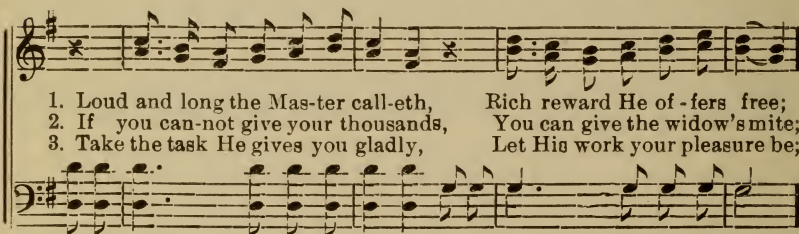
L. MASON.



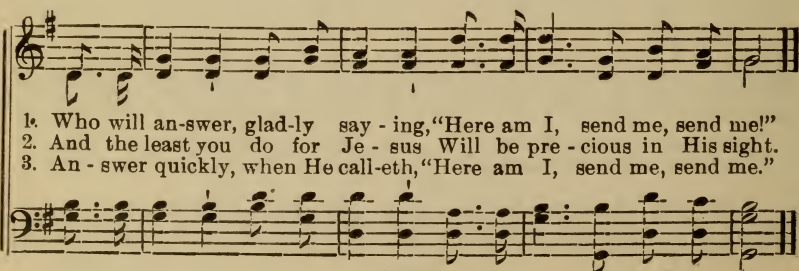
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
 2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex - plore,
 3. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is nothing I can do,"



1. Fields are white, the harvest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
 2. You can find the heath - en near - er, You can help them at your door;
 3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you:



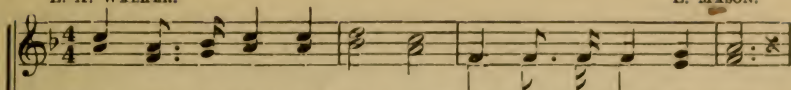
1. Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich reward He of - fers free;
 2. If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite;
 3. Take the task He gives you gladly, Let His work your pleasure be;



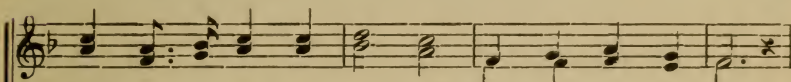
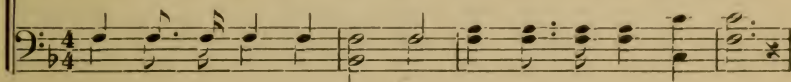
1. Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me!"
 2. And the least you do for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
 3. An - swer quickly, when He call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

L. A. WALKER.

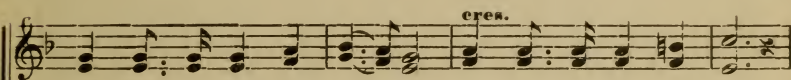
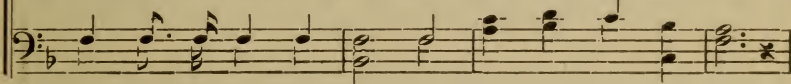
L. MASON.



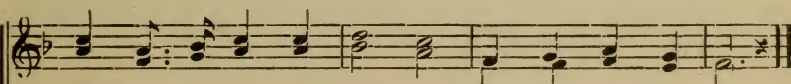
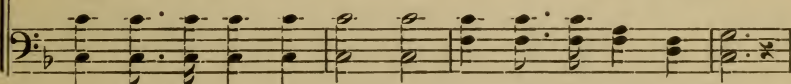
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



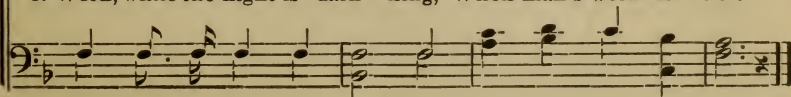
1. Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
2. Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
3. While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;



1. Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun,
2. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;
3. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

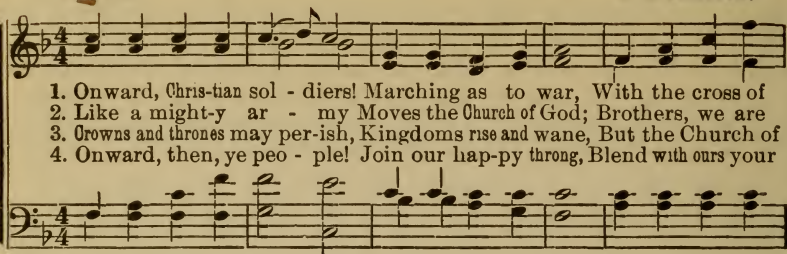


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
3. Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

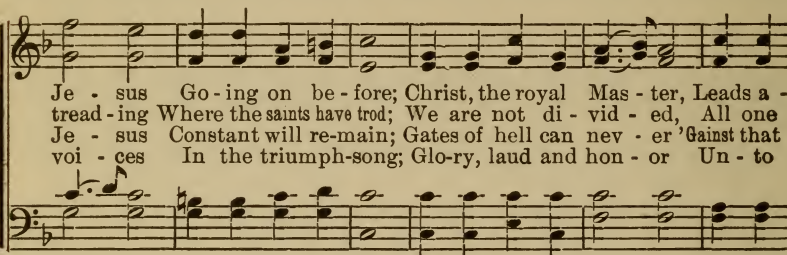


S. B. GOULD.

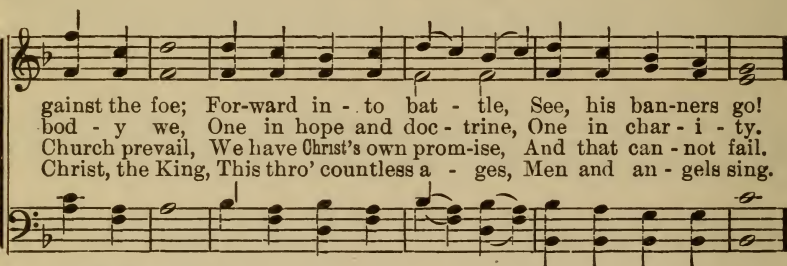
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

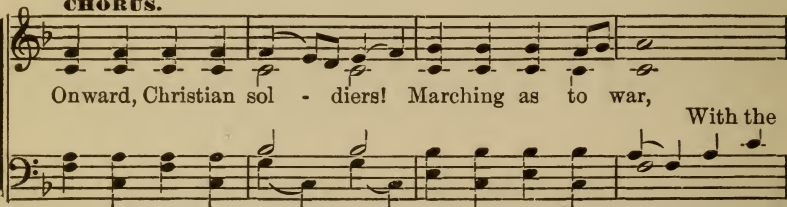


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a -
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
 Je - sus Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that
 voi - ces In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon - or Un - to

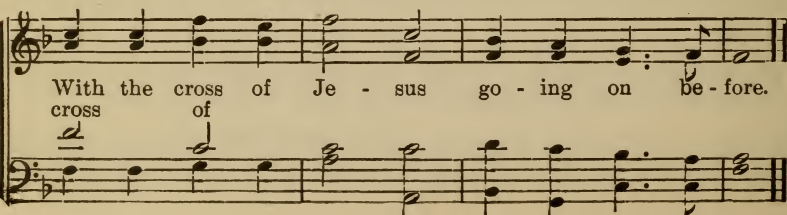


gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!
 bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Church prevail, We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the



With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.
 cross of

Rev. E. A. UFFORD.

E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in an-
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift

er whom some one should save: Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh,
 ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing, oh,
 quish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and
 to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no

who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
 hast - en to - day And out with the Life-Boat, away, then, a - way!
 bil - lows of woe, Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
 time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting away;

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31: 16.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

DR. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome,
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam,

1. When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 2. This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 3. And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
 4. With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
 We'll work We'll work

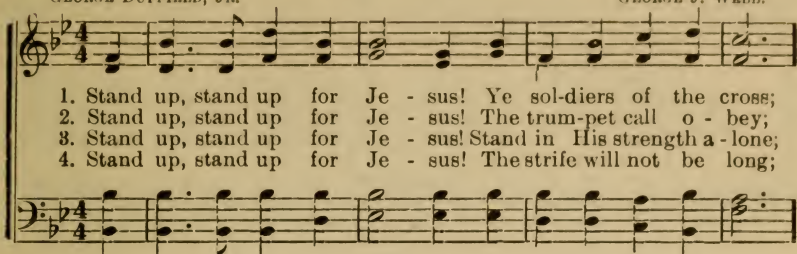
work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
 We'll work

Stand Up For Jesus.

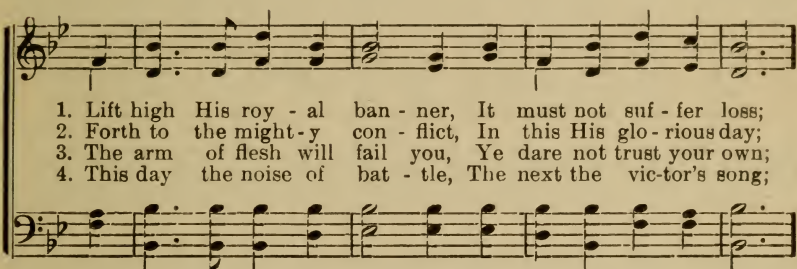
GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.

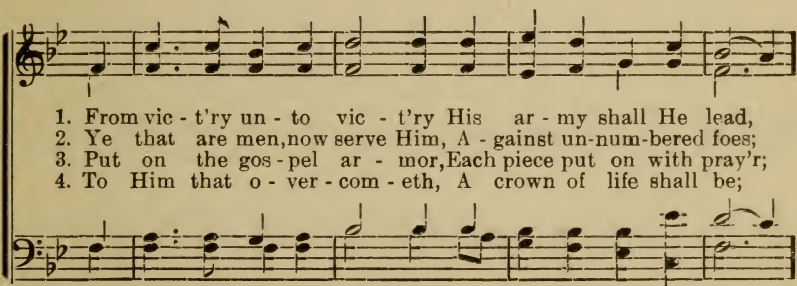
GEORGE J. WEBB.



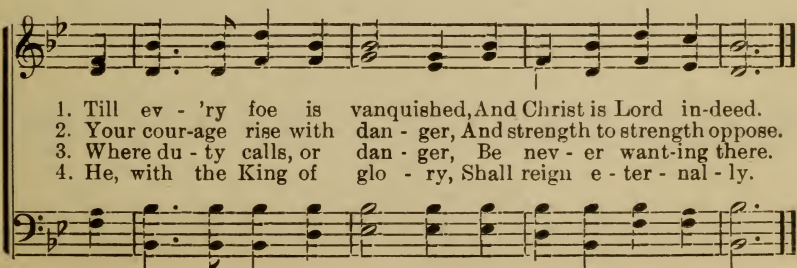
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a-lone;
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



1. Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
 2. Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day;
 3. The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;
 4. This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song;

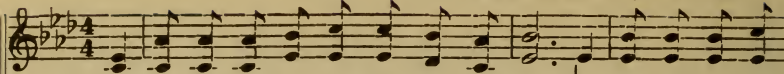


1. From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 2. Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un-num-bered foes;
 3. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;
 4. To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

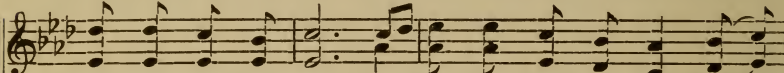


1. Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
 2. Your cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 3. Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
 4. He, with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

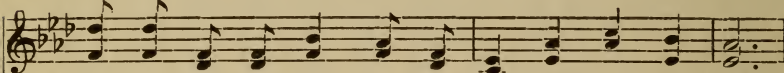
Words and music by I. BALTZELL.



1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

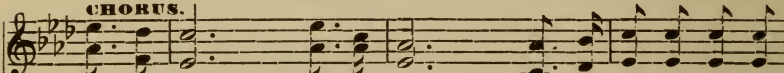


1. trust His ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
 2. err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where
 3. Je - sus' pow'r to save, All who will tru - ly come shall
 4. err - ing to Thy word That points to joys on high, where

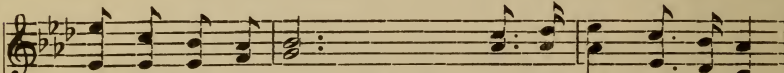


1. bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the vine - yard of the Lord.
 2. all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.
 3. find a hap - py home In the king - dom of the Lord.
 4. pleasures nev - er die, In the king - dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.



I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



vine-yard of the Lord (of the Lord), I will work, I will pray,

I Want To Be a Worker. Concluded.

I will la-bor ev-'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.

174

Ready.

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—2 SAM. 15: 15. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Ready to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
2. Ready to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
3. Ready to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
4. Ready to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

1. Ready to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.
2. Ready to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
3. Ready fo stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
4. Ready in life, read-y in death, Read-for His re - turn.

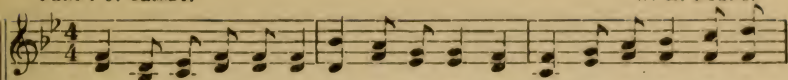
CHORUS.

Ready to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;

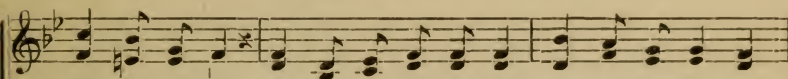
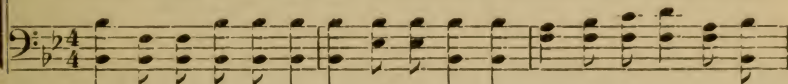
Read-y for service, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

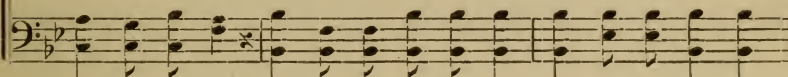
W. H. DOANE.



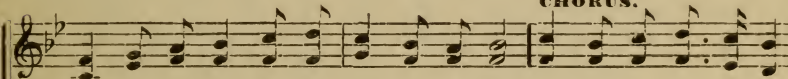
1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



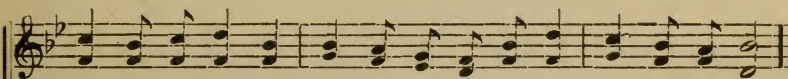
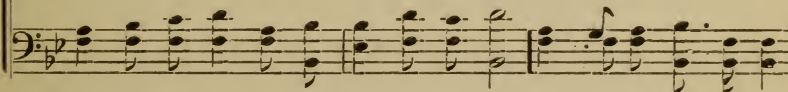
1. sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
2. child to re-ceive, Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
3. grace can re-store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
4. Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



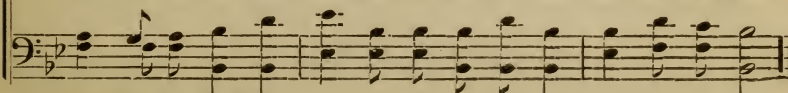
CHORUS.



1. Tell them of Je-sus, the might-y to save.
2. He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
3. Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
4. Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav-iour has come.

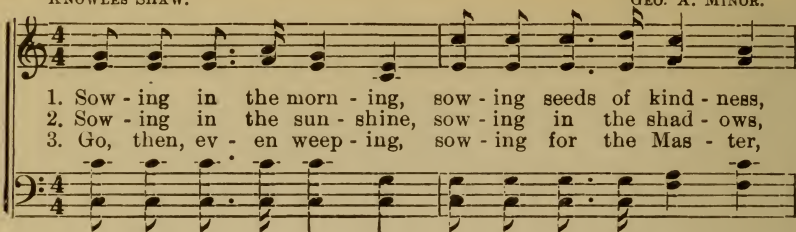


care for the dy-ing: Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

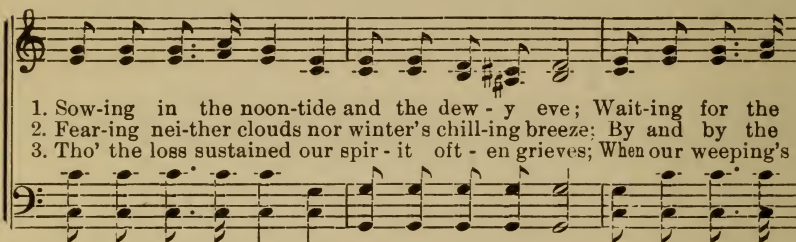


KNOWLES SHAW.

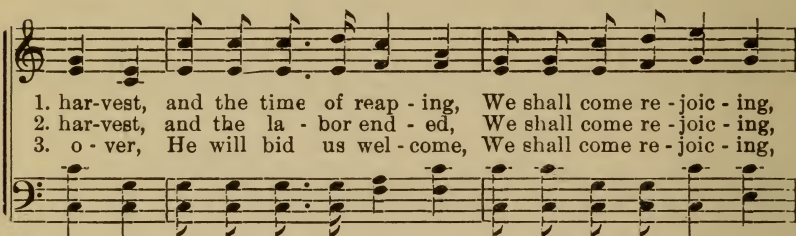
GEO. A. MINOR.



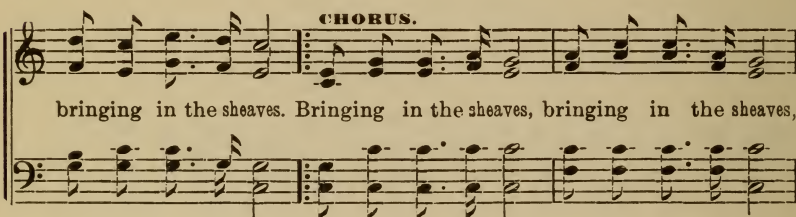
1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
 3. Go, then, ev - en weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,



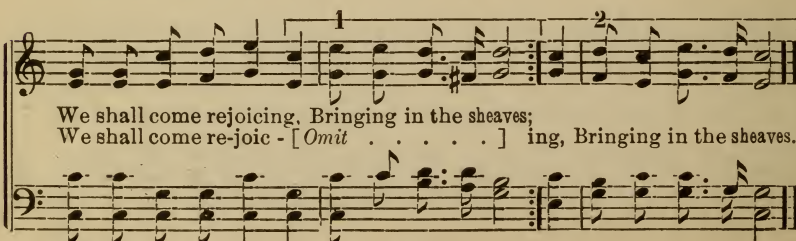
1. Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the
 2. Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the
 3. Tho' the loss sustained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's



1. har-vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 2. har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
 3. o - ver, He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,



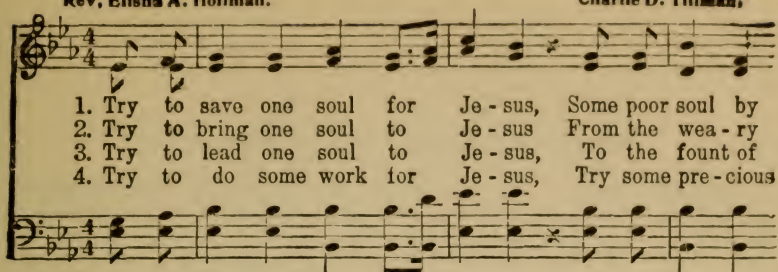
CHORUS.
 bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,



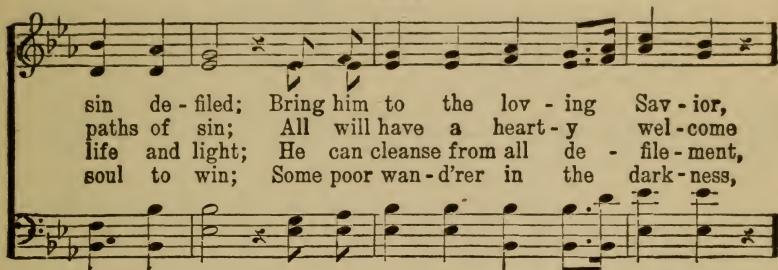
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves;
 We shall come re-joic - [Omit . . .] ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman.

Charlie D. Tillman,

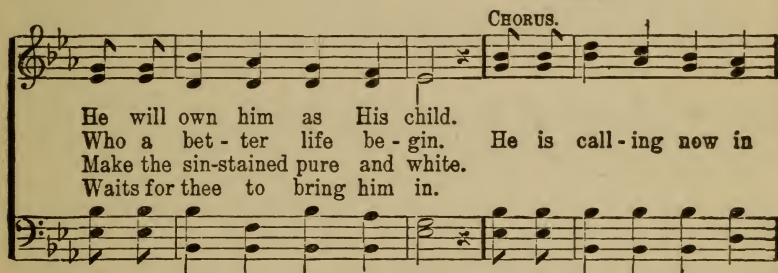


1. Try to save one soul for Je - sus, Some poor soul by
 2. Try to bring one soul to Je - sus From the wea - ry
 3. Try to lead one soul to Je - sus, To the fount of
 4. Try to do some work for Je - sus, Try some pre - cious

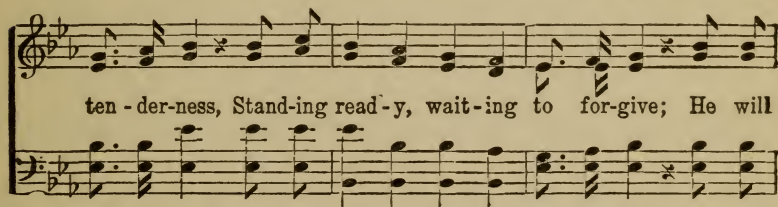


sin de - filed; Bring him to the lov - ing Sav - ior,
 paths of sin; All will have a heart - y wel - come
 life and light; He can cleanse from all de - file - ment,
 soul to win; Some poor wan - d'rer in the dark - ness,

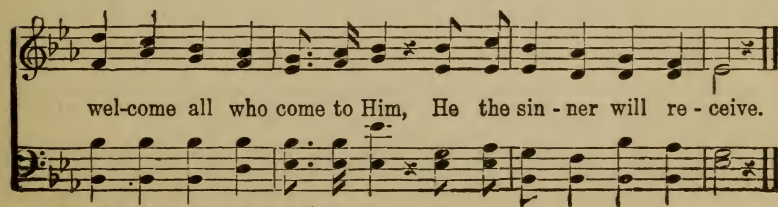
CHORUS.



He will own him as His child.
 Who a bet - ter life be - gin. He is call - ing now in
 Make the sin - stained pure and white.
 Waits for thee to bring him in.



ten - der - ness, Stand - ing read - y, wait - ing to for - give; He will



wel - come all who come to Him, He the sin - ner will re - ceive.

Missions.

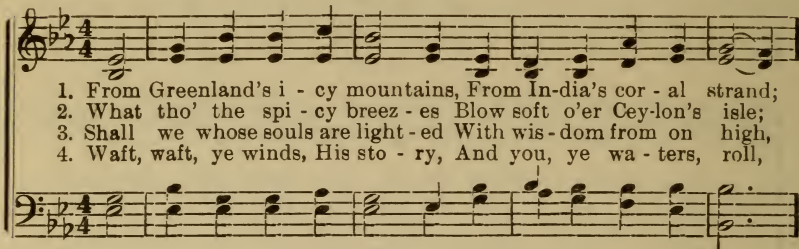
From Greenland's.....179	No.	Watchman, Tell Us.....183	No.	Missionary's Farewell.....187	No.
The Kingdom Coming.....180		Praise the Saviour.....184		The Whole Wide World.....188	
Tell It Out.....181		Jesus shall Reign.....185		Brethren, Go.....189	
The Morning Light.....182		The Coming Millions.....186		See also 167, 174, 176.	

179 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER.

7s, 6s. D.

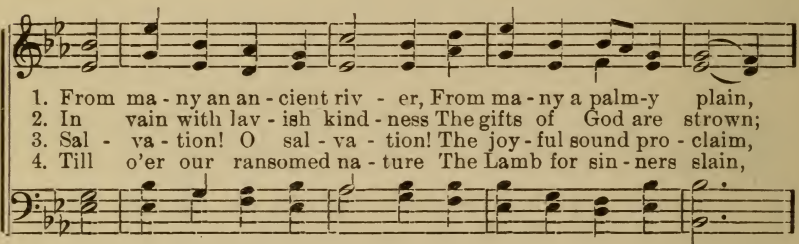
LOWELL MASON.



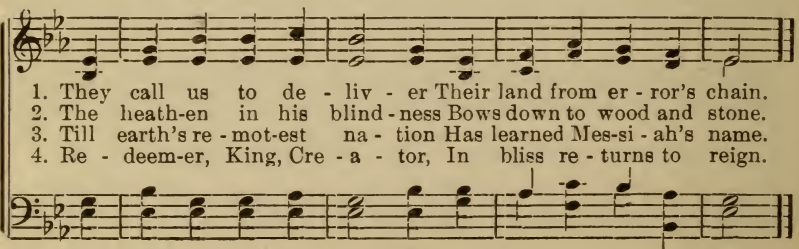
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
 3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



1. Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their golden sand;
 2. Tho' ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
 3. Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 4. Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



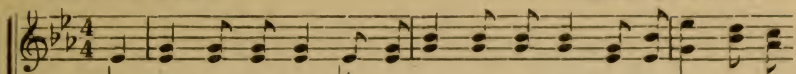
1. From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm-y plain,
 2. In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
 3. Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 4. Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



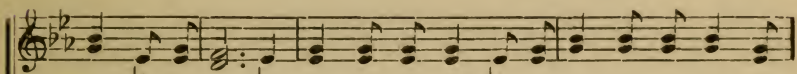
1. They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 2. The heath-en in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 3. Till earth's re - mot-est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
 4. Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

MARY E. C. SLADE.

ROBERT M. MCINTOSH.

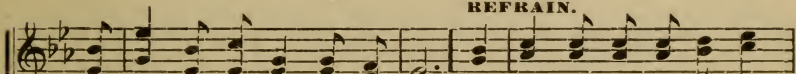


1. From all the dark plac-es Of earth's heathen rac-es, O see how the
 2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar-mies ad-vanc-ing To con-quer the
 3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ju-bi-lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-

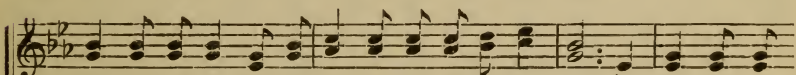


1. thick shadows fly! The voice of sal-va-tion Awakes ev-'ry na-tion,
 2. king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
 3. bel-lion cast down; At last ev-'ry na-tion, The Lord of sal-va-tion

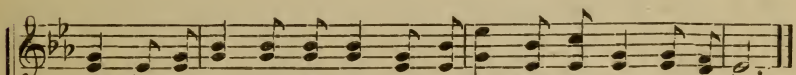
REFRAIN.



1. "Come o-ver and help us," they cry.
 2. His beau-ty shall en-ter them in. The king-dom is com-ing, O
 3. Their King and Re-deem-er shall crown!



tell ye the sto-ry, God's banner exalted shall be! The earth shall be



full of His knowledge and glo-ry, As wa-ters that cov-er the sea!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King; Tell it
 2. Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns; Tell it
 3. Tell it out among the heathen, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it

1. out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
 2. out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
 3. out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that His

1. shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o -
 2. break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the
 3. reign is love; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the

1. ra - tion that He shall in - crease, That the might - y King of
 2. weep - ing ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it out a-mong the
 3. high-ways and the lanes at home, Let it ring, a - cross the

1. glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it out with ju - bi -
 2. wea - ry ones what rest He gives, Tell it out a-mong the
 3. mountains and the o - cean's foam, Like the sound of ma - ny

Tell It Out. Concluded.

1. la - tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!
 2. sin - ners that He still re - ceives; Tell it out! Tell it out!
 3. wa - ters, let our glad shout come! Tell it out! Tell it out!

182 The Morning Light Is Breaking.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
 2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;

1. The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears:
 2. And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove:
 3. Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay:

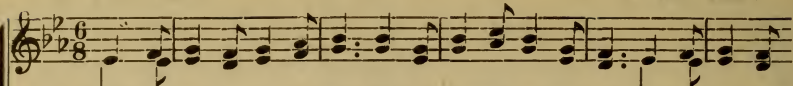
1. Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,
 2. While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
 3. Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home:

1. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
 2. And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
 3. Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come!"

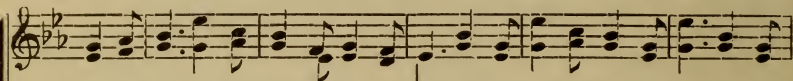
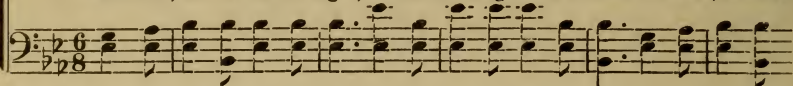
SIR JOHN BOWRING.

WATCHMAN. 7s. D.

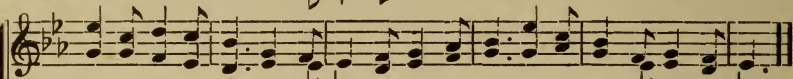
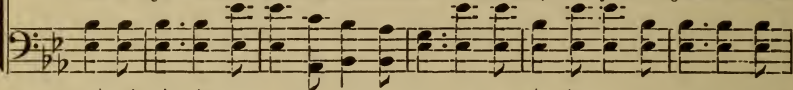
LOWELL MASON.



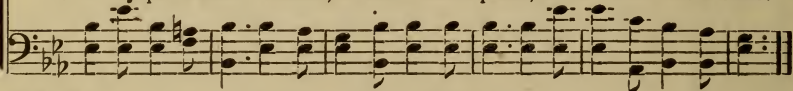
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveler, o'er yon
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet the star ascends. Traveler, bless-ed -
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Traveler, darkness



1. mountain's height See that glo-ry-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
2. ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends! Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the
3. takes its flight; Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee



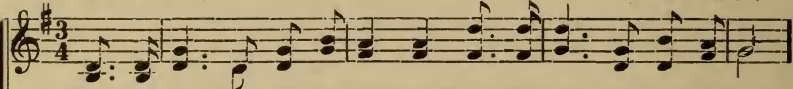
1. hope or joy foretell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
2. spot that gave them birth? Traveler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
3. to thy qui-et home! Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!



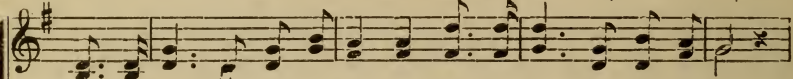
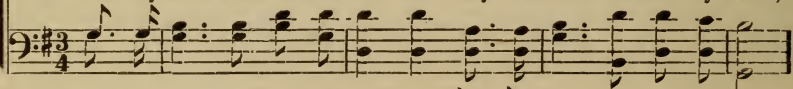
BENJAMIN FRANCIS.

HARWELL. 8s. 7s. D.

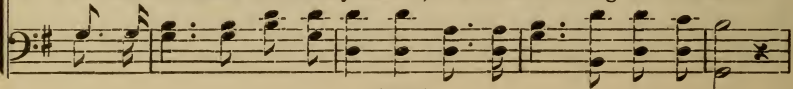
LOWELL MASON.



1. Praise the Sav-iour, all ye na-tions, Praise Him, all ye hosts a-bove;
2. See how beauteous on the mountains Are their feet whose grand de-sign
3. With my substance I will hon - or My Re-deem - er and my Lord;



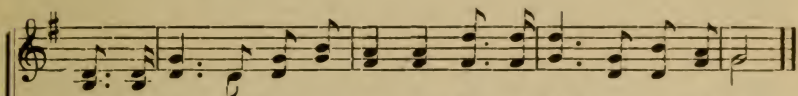
1. Shout, with joy - ful ac - cla-ma-tions, His di-vine, vic - to-rious love;
2. Is to guide us to the fountains That o'erflow with bliss di - vine;
3. Were ten thousand worlds my manor, All were noth-ing to His word:



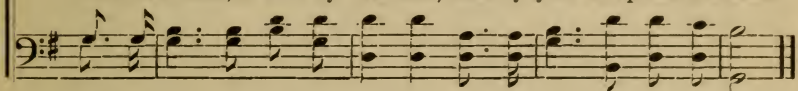
Praise the Saviour. Concluded.



Be His kingdom now pro-mot-ed, Let the earth her monarch know;
Who proclaim the joy-ful tid-ings Of sal - va-tion all a - round,
While the heralds of sal - va-tion His abounding grace pro-claim,



Be my all to Him de - vot - ed, To my Lord my all I owe.
Dis - re-gard the world's de-rid-ings, And in works of love abound.
Let His friends, of ev - 'ry sta-tion, Glad-ly join to spread His fame.



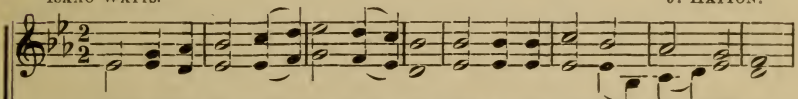
185

Jesus Shall Reign.

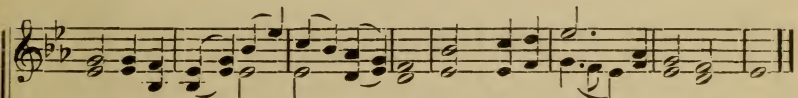
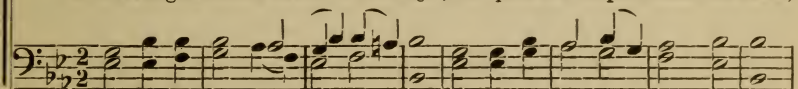
ISAAC WATTS.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

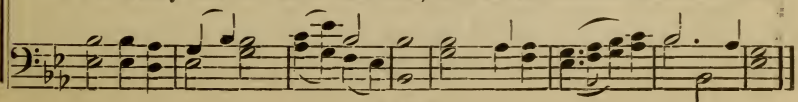
J. HATTON.



1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His successive jour-neys run;
2. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns, The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,



1. His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
3. And infant voic-es shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.
4. The weary find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.



W. C. A.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Hark the tread of com - ing millions Marching on—the hosts of God;
 2. God His pro-mise is ful-fil - ing To His well be - lov - ed Son:
 3. Christ is see-ing of the tra - vail Of His loving, wait - ing soul,
 4. Sol - diers of the cross, long waiting For the com - ing of this day—
 5. When the long re-treat has sounded, And our Chieftain leads the way,
 6. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Coming from the isles and na - tions, Ransom'd by the Sav - ior's blood.
 Heathen nations to Him giv - ing, For a her - i - tage, His own.
 In the tri-umphs of the gos - pel O - ver men, from pole to pole,
 Toil-ing, weeping, watching, praying—Courage take and march a - way.
 By His conqu'ring hosts surrounded, To the realms of end - less day;
 All in earth and all in heav - en Sound the prais - es of His name!

Hear them shouting! Hear them shouting! "He hath wash'd us in His blood!"
 See them com-ing! See them com-ing! All to wor - ship at His throne,
 Hear their prais-es! Hear their prais-es! Like the voice of wa - ters roll,
 "We have triumphed!" "We have triumphed!" Soon you'll hear our Captain say,
 Then, how bless-ed! Oh, how bless-ed! To have fought to win the day,
 Might - y Sav - ior! Might - y Sav - ior! We will con-quer in Thy name,

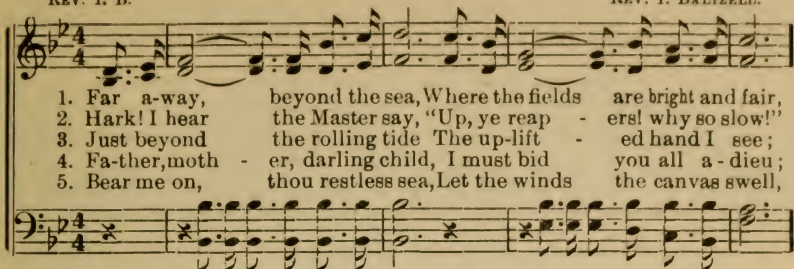
Hear them shouting! Hear them shouting! "He hath wash'd us in His blood!"
 See them com-ing! See them com-ing! All to wor - ship at His throne.
 Hear their prais-es! Hear their prais-es! Like the voice of wa - ters roll.
 "We have triumphed!" "We have triumphed!" Soon you'll hear our Captain say.
 Then, how bless-ed! Oh, how bless-ed! To have fought to win the day.
 Might - y Sav - ior! Might - y Sav - ior! We will con-quer in Thy name.

Missionary's Farewell.

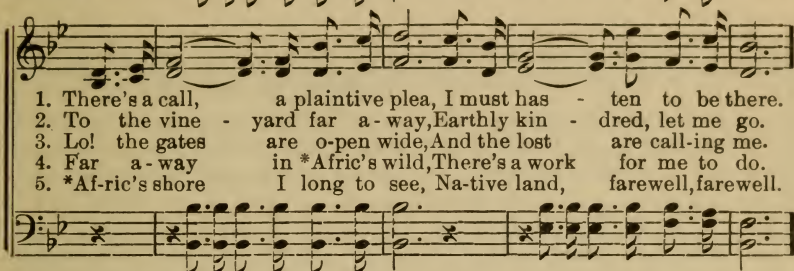
Dedicated to Mrs. M. B. Hadley, Missionary to Africa.

REV. I. B.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

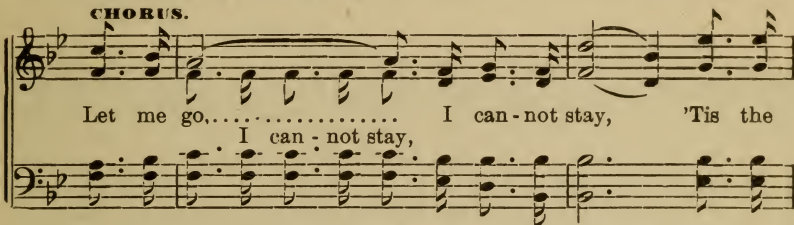


1. Far a-way, beyond the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair,
 2. Hark! I hear the Master say, "Up, ye reap - ers! why so slow!"
 3. Just beyond the rolling tide The up-lift - ed hand I see;
 4. Fa-ther, moth - er, darling child, I must bid you all a - dieu;
 5. Bear me on, thou restless sea, Let the winds the canvas swell,

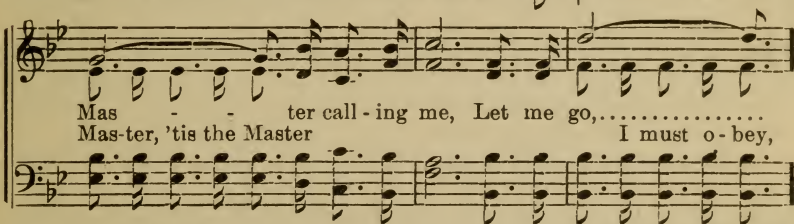


1. There's a call, a plaintive plea, I must has - ten to be there.
 2. To the vine - yard far a-way, Earthly kin - dred, let me go.
 3. Lo! the gates are o - pen wide, And the lost are call - ing me.
 4. Far a-way in *Afric's wild, There's a work for me to do.
 5. *Af-ric's shore I long to see, Na-tive land, farewell, farewell.

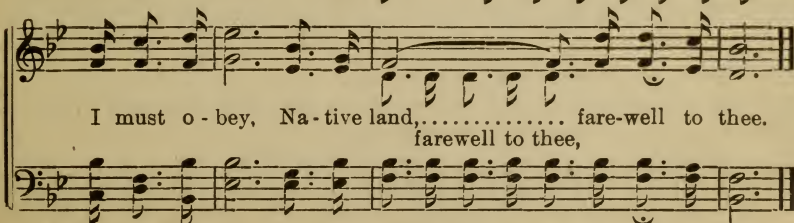
CHORUS.



Let me go,..... I can - not stay, 'Tis the
 I can - not stay,

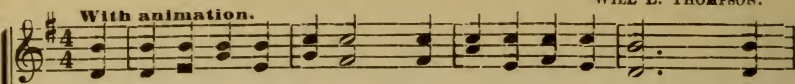


Mas - ter call - ing me, Let me go,.....
 Mas-ter, 'tis the Master I must o - bey,

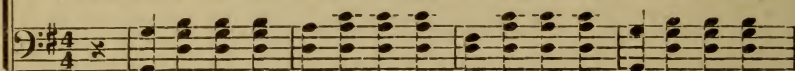
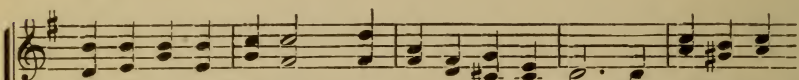


I must o - bey, Na-tive land,..... fare-well to thee.
 farewell to thee,

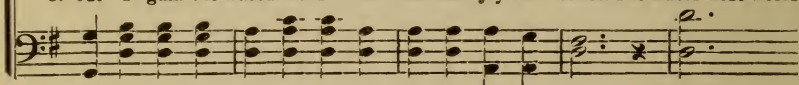
With animation.



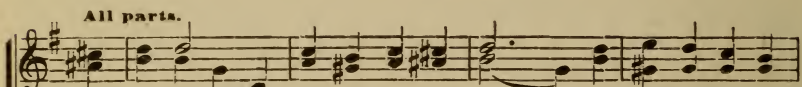
1. The whole wide world for Je-sus! Once more be-fore we part, Ring
2. The whole wide world for Je-sus! From out the Gold-en Gate, Thro'
3. The whole wide world for Je-sus! Its hearts and homes and thrones, Ring

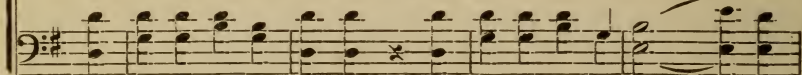
1. out the joy-ful watch-word From ev-'ry grateful heart. The whole wide world
2. all the South Sea Is-lands, To Chi-na's princely state; From In-dia's vales
3. out a-gain the watch-word In loud and joy-ful tones. The whold wide world



All parts.

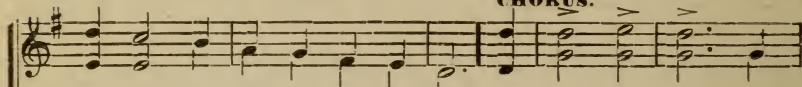


1. for Je-sus! Be this our bat-tle cry;..... The Cru-ci-fied shall
2. and mountains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom,.... To sto-ried Pal-es-
3. for Je-sus! With pray'r the song we'll wing;.... And speed the pray'r with

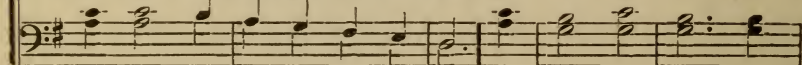


1. The whole wide world for Je-sus! Be this our bat-tle cry;..... shall
2. From In-dia's vales and mountains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom... Pal-es-
3. The whole wide world for Je-sus! With pray'r the song we'll wing; with

CHORUS.



1. con-quer, And vic-to-ry is nigh.
2. ti-na, And Af-ric's des-ert gloom. The whole wide world For
3. la-bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.



The Whole Wide World for Jesus. Concluded.

Je - sus! for Je - sus! This whole wide world For Jesus Christ our Lord!

189

Brethren, Go!

S. F. S.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Breth-ren, go! the Lord be with you; He who sends will surely guide;
2. Breth-ren, go! the Mas - ter calls you Forth to reap His precious grain;
3. Breth-ren, go! the world is wait - ing For the com - ing of our King,
4. Breth-ren, go! the day-dawn breaketh, Of its glo - ry go and tell.

1. Rest-ing in His care while sleeping, Rest-ing in His love while
2. Fear not, tho' wild storms a-wake you, Fear not, tho' the rough winds
3. Be it yours to spread the sto - ry Of His shame! and then His
4. In the Fa-ther's name we send you, To His ten - der love com -

1. weep-ing, Keep you ev - er by His side, Keep you ev - er by His side.
2. shake you, Glo-ry com-eth aft - er pain, Glo - ry com-eth aft-er pain.
3. glo - ry Till the whole cre-a-tion sings, Till the whole cre-a-tion sings.
4. mend you, God be with you; fare you well. God be with you; fare you well.

Dedication of Churches.

190

Crown This Temple.

LISCHER. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS.

FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.

1. Great King of glo - ry, come, And with Thy favor crown This temple as Thy home,
 2. Here may Thine ears at-tend Our in - ter-ced-ing cries, And grateful praise ascend,
 3. Here may our un-born sons And daughters sound Thy praise, And shine, like polished stones,
 4. Here may the listening throng Receive Thy truth in love; Here Christians join the song

1. This peo - ple as Thine own: Be-neath this roof, O deign to show How God can
 2. Like in - cense to the skies: Here may Thy word me - lo-dious sound, And spread ce-
 3. Thro' long-suc-ceed-ing days: Here, Lord, dis-play Thy sav-ing pow'r, While temples
 4. Of ser - a - phim a - bove, Till all, who hum - bly seek Thy face, Re-joice in

1. dwell with men be - low, How God can dwell with men be - low.
 2. les - tial joys a-round, And spread ce - les - tial joys a - round.
 3. stand and men a - dore, While tem - ples stand and men a - dore.
 4. Thy a - bounding grace, Re - joice in Thy a - bound-ing grace.

191

Dwell In This Holy Place.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

WILLIAM E. EVANS.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, O Thou God of grace, Dwell in this ho - ly place,
 2. Be in each song of praise Which here Thy peo - ple raise,
 3. Speak, O e - ter - nal Lord, Out of Thy liv - ing word,
 4. To the great One and Three Glo - ry and prais - es be

Dwell In This Holy Place. Concluded.

E'en now de-scend! This tem-ple, reared to Thee, O may it
With hearts a-flame! Let ev-'ry an-them rise Like in-cense
O give suc-cess! Do Thou the truth im-part Un-to each
In love now giv'n! Glad songs to Thee we sing, Glad hearts to

ev-er be Filled with Thy maj-es-ty, Till time shall end!
to the skies, A joy-ful sac-ri-fice To Thy blest name!
wait-ing heart; Source of all strength Thou art, Thy gos-pel bless.
Thee we bring, Till we our God and King Shall praise in heav'n!

192

Accept This Temple.

AZMON. C. M.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

C. G. GLASER.

1. Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands, Built o-ver earth and sea,
2. Lord, from Thine in-most glo-ry send With-in these courts to bide,
3. May err-ing minds that wor-ship here Be taught the bet-ter way;
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure de-vo-tion rise,

1. Ac-cept the walls that human hands Have raised, O God, to Thee!
2. The peace that dwelleth with-out end Se-re-ne-ly by Thy side!
3. And they who mourn, and they who fear, Be strengthened as they pray.
4. While round these hallowed walls the storm Of earth-born pas-sion dies.

193

Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE.

EVENTIDE. 10s.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the

1. deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bid! When other help - ers fail, and
 2. dim, its glo-ries pass a - way; Change and decay in all a -
 3. grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thyself, my Guide and
 4. gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain

1. com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bid with me!
 2. round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me!
 3. stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bid with me!
 4. shad-ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!

194

He Takes the Lambs.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON. 1768.

1. Thy life I read, my gra - cious Lord, With transport all divine;
 2. Methinks I see a thousand charms, Spread o'er Thy lovely face.
 3. "I take these lit - tle lambs," said He, "And lay them at my breast;
 4. "Death may the bands of life un-loose, But can't dissolve my love;

He Takes the Lambs. Concluded.

Thine im-age trace in ev - 'ry word, Thy love in ev - 'ry line.
 While infants in Thy ten - der arms Re-ceive the smil-ing grace.
 Pro - tec - tion they shall find in Me, In Me be ev - er blest.
 Mil-lions of in - fant souls compose The fam - i - ly a-bove."

195 Youth Is Snatched Away.

NAOMI. C. M.

STEELE.

LOWELL MASON.

1. When blooming youth is snatched away By death's re - sist - less hand,
2. While pit-y prompts the ris - ing sigh, O may this truth, im - prest
3. Let this vain world de-lude no more: Be-hold the gap - ing tomb!
4. The voice of this a-larm-ing scene Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey:

1. Our hearts the mournful tribute pay Which pit - y must de-mand.
2. With aw-ful pow'r—I too must die—Sink deep in ev - 'ry breast!
3. It bids us seize the pres-ent hour, To-mor-row death may come.
4. Nor be the heav'nly warn-ing vain, Which calls to watch and pray.

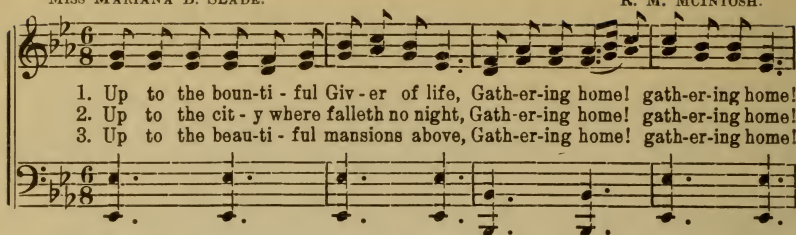
196 Why Should We Weep?

(Sung to the above music, or "Avon," opposite page.) C. M.

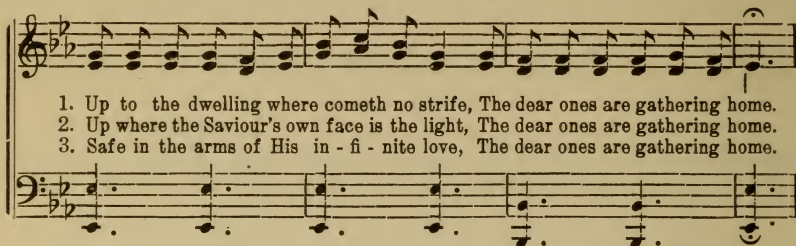
- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown? | 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They've fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest. |
| 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven. | 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!" |

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE.

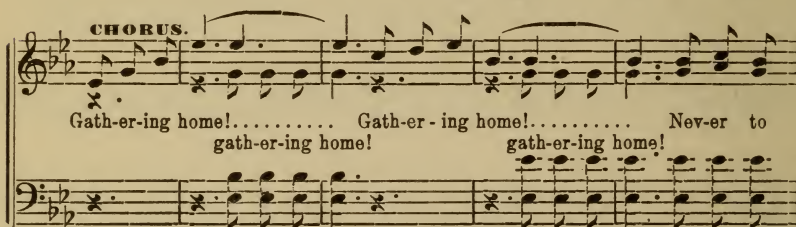
R. M. MCINTOSH.



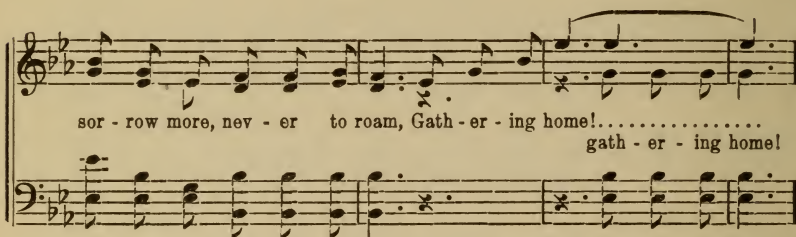
1. Up to the boun-ti - ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 2. Up to the cit-y where falleth no night, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 3. Up to the beau-ti - ful mansions above, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!



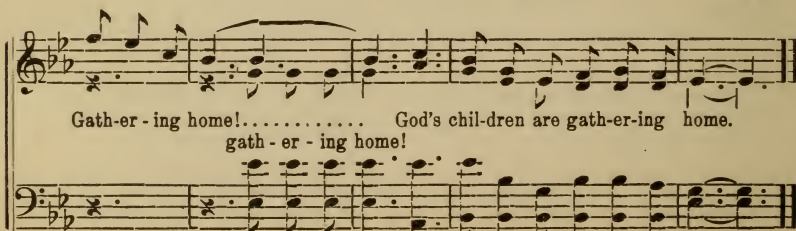
1. Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 2. Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 3. Safe in the arms of His in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.



CHORUS.
 Gath-er-ing home!..... Gath-er-ing home!..... Nev-er to
 gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!



sor - row more, nev - er to roam, Gath - er - ing home!.....
 gath - er - ing home!



Gath-er-ing home!..... God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER. By per. *

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me-lo - di-ous songs of the
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of

1. far, For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a
 2. blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
 3. praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that

CHORUS.

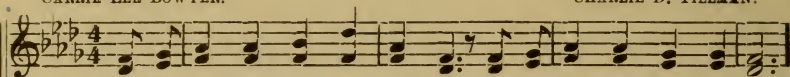
1. dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by We shall
 2. bless-ing of rest.
 3. hal-low our days. In the sweet by and by

meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and
 by and by, by and by,

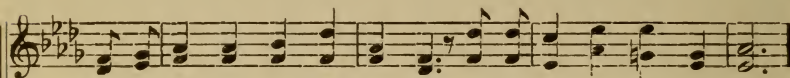
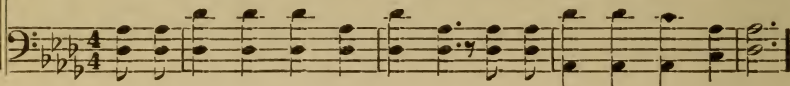
by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 by and by,

CARRIE LEE BOWYER.

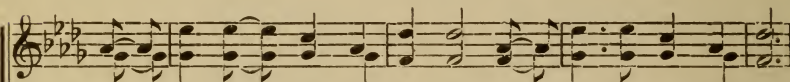
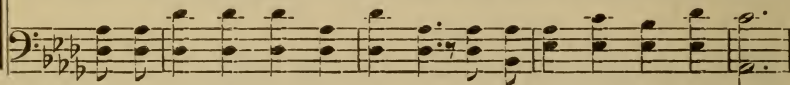
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



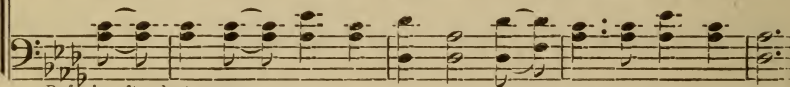
1. There's a house of ma - ny mansions, Where the streets are all of gold,
2. There no touch of pain or sor - row, Comes to mar this home so bright,
3. In this house of ma - ny mansions There is room for you and me,



1. Where the walls of pearl and jas - per Are most wondrous to be - hold ;
2. There no dawn of sad to - mor - row In that land of pure de - light ;
3. There is peace and joy e - ter - nal Just beyond life's stormy sea ;

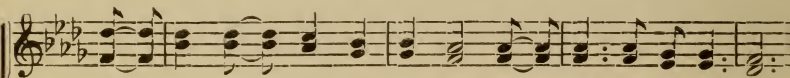


1. There a riv - er clear as crys - tal Ripples thro' the streets so wide,
2. For the beau - ty of our Sav - iour Sheds a radiance ev - 'ry - where,
3. And the Sav - iour bids us welcome To that home so bright and fair,

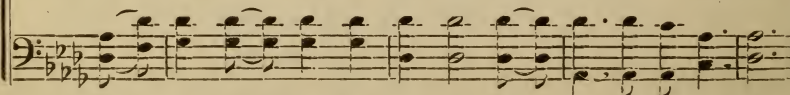


Refrain after last verse.

Then let not your heart be trou - bled, Neither let it be a - fraid,



1. While bright fac - es smile a welcome O - ver on the oth - er side,
2. And the glo - ry of His pres - ence Beams on all who en - ter there,
3. In this house of ma - ny mansions He is wait - ing o - ver there,

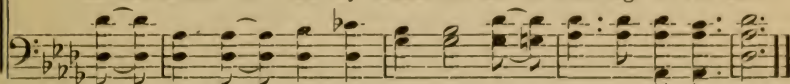


I go to pre - pare a man - sion For you, the Sav - iour said.

The House of Many Mansions. Concluded.



While bright fac - es smile a wel - come O - ver on the oth - er side.
And the glo - ry of His pres - ence Beams on all who en - ter there.
In this house of ma - ny man - sions He is wait - ing o - ver there.



"I go to pre - pare a man - sion For you," the Sav - iour said.

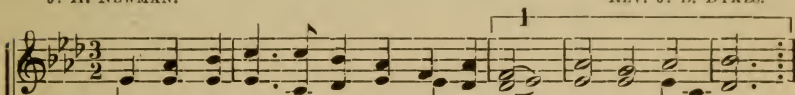
200

Lead, Kindly Light!

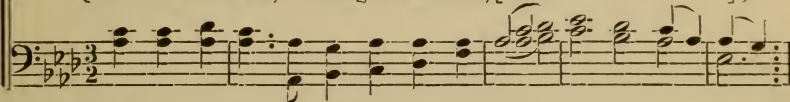
J. H. NEWMAN.

LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s.

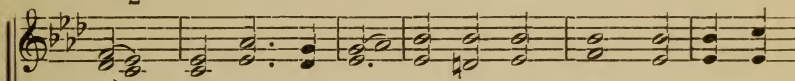
REV. J. B. DYKES.



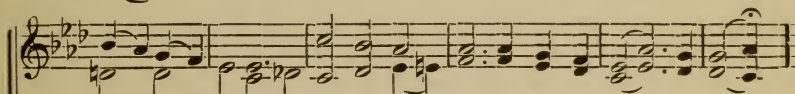
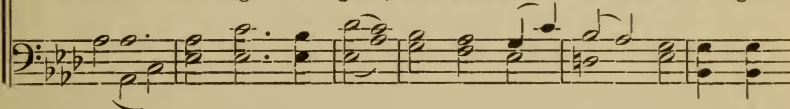
1. { Lead, kindly Light! a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; }
The night is dark, and I am far from [Omit.]
2. { I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; }
I loved to choose and see my path; but [Omit.]
3. { So long Thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on }
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, [Omit.]



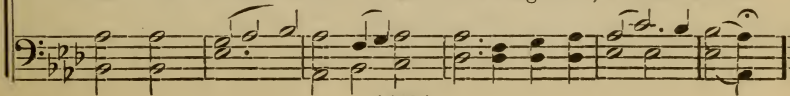
— 2 —



1. home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not
2. now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day, and
3. till The night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel

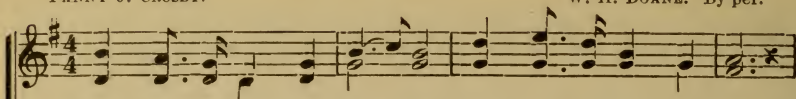


1. ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.
2. spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
3. fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!

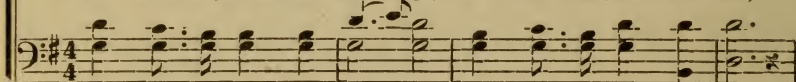


FANNY J. CROSBY.

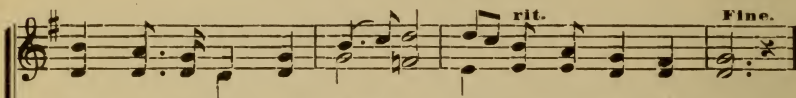
W. H. DOANE. By per.



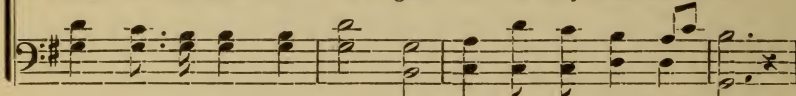
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear Ref-uge, Je - sus has died for me;



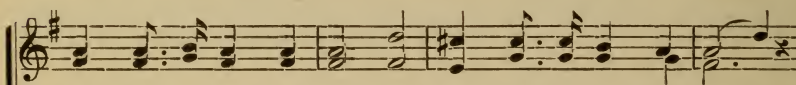
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,



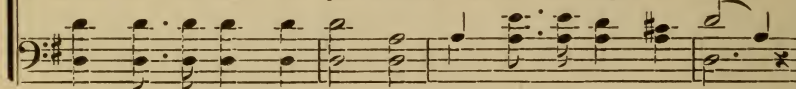
1. There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
2. Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
3. Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.



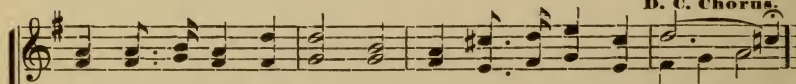
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



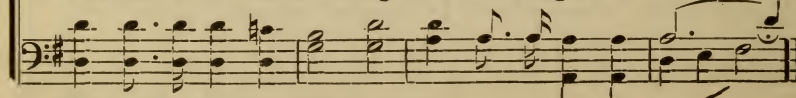
1. Hark, 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me;
2. Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
3. Here let me wait in pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;



D. C. Chorus.



1. O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....
2. On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!.....
3. Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.....



L. B. B.

L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. Some day I'll cross the mystic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows foam,

Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 Some day I'll see my Savi-our's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.

Some day I'll reach the gol-den shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For - get the strug-gles of long years,
 If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
 O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

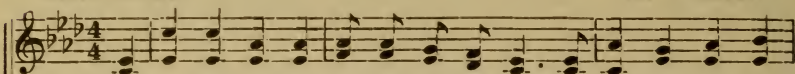
I'll meet the ones who've gone before, It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a - glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 Till heaven's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

Sing after last verse. Fine. D. C.
 There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,
 D. C. There'll be no sorrow there.

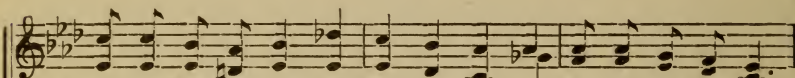
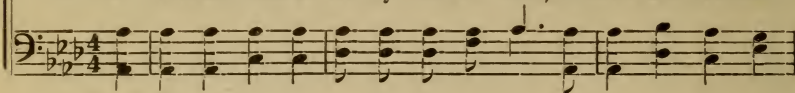
It is said the early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends good night, so sure were they of their awakening on the resurrection morning.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

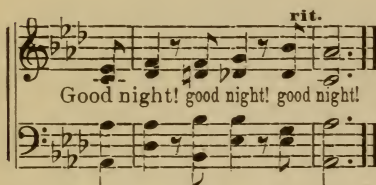
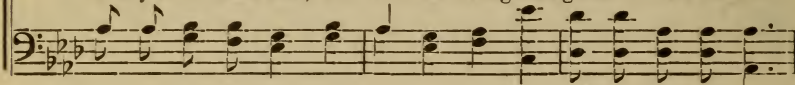
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Sleep on, be - lov-ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head up -
2. Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep; But thou shalt wake no
3. Un - til the shadows from this earth are cast, Un - til He gath - ers
4. Un - til the Eas - ter glo - ry lights the skies, Un - til the dead in
5. Un - til made beau-ti - ful by love di - vine, Thou in the like-ness



1. on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but Je-sus loves thee best—
2. more to toil and weep: Thine is a per - fect rest, se-cure and deep—
3. in His sheaves at last, Un - til the twi-light gloom be o - ver - past—
4. Je-sus shall a - rise, And He shall come, but not in low - ly guise—
5. of thy Lord shalt shine, And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—



Good night! good night! good night!

- 6 Only "good night," beloved, not "farewell!"
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good night!

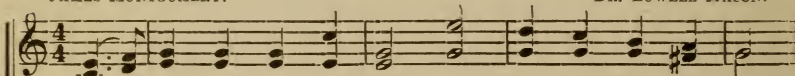
- 7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good night!

Copyright, 1884, by Ira D. Sankey.

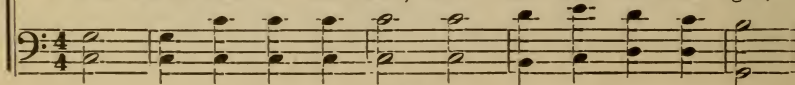
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LABAN. S. M.

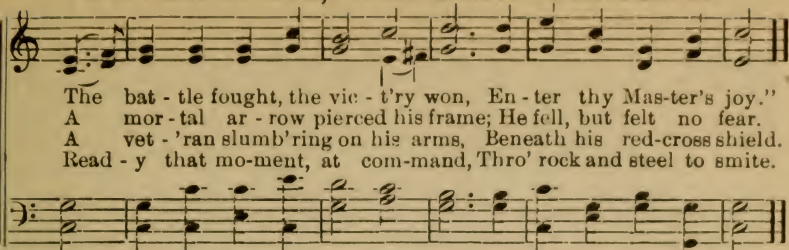
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. "Serv - ant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy;
2. The voice at mid-night came; He start - ed up to hear;
3. Tran - quil a - mid a - larms, It found him on the field,
4. His sword was in his hand, Still warm with re - cent fight,



Servant of God, Well Done. Concluded.



The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy."
 A mor - tal ar - row pierced his frame; He fell, but felt no fear.
 A vet - 'ran slumb'ring on his arms, Beneath his red-cross shield.
 Read - y that mo - ment, at com - mand, Thro' rock and steel to smite.

5 Bent on such glorious toils
 The world to him was loss,
 Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
 He hung upon the cross.

6 His spirit, with a bound,
 Left its encumb'ring clay;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.

7 The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

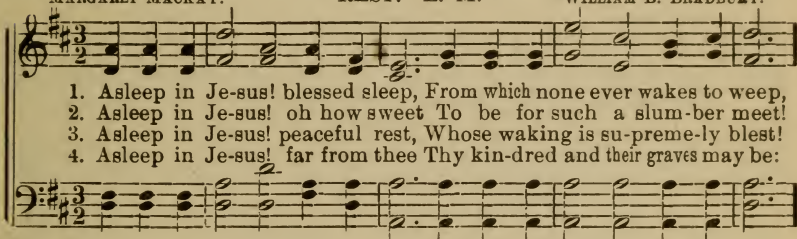
8 Soldier of Christ, well done!
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

205 Asleep In Jesus.

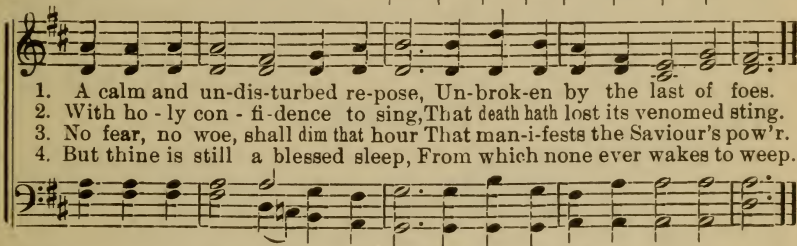
MARGARET MACKAY.

REST. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Asleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep,
 2. Asleep in Je - sus! oh how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet!
 3. Asleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest!
 4. Asleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin - dred and their graves may be:



1. A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
 2. With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death hath lost its venom - ed sting.
 3. No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
 4. But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.

206 Rest For the Toiling Hand.

(Sung to either 204, opp. page, or 125. DENNIS. S. M.)

1 Rest for the toiling hand,
 Rest for the anxious brow,
 Rest for the weary, way - sore feet,
 Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
 Rest for the throbbing eye;
 Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
 Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
 Give out the welcome sound,

That shakes thy silent chamber - walls,
 And breaks the turf - sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
 Awake! come forth and sing;
 Sharp has your frost of winter been,
 But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here;
 'Twill then be raised in power;
 That which was sown an earthly seed,
 Shall rise a heavenly flower!

MECHLENBERG.

1. { I would not live al - way ; I ask not to stay,
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the (Omit.) way ;

2. { I would not live al - way : no, wel - come the tomb ;
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its (Omit.) gloom ;

{ The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here,
Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its (Omit.) cheer.
{ There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a - rise
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the (Omit.) skies.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me dear Sav-iour for heav - en my home.

- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, [reigns.
And the noontide of glory eternally
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, [of the soul.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast

MECHLENBERG.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 22 15.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a city that looks o'er the valley of death, And its glories can
 2. There the King, our Redeemer, the Lord whom we love, All the faithful with
 3. Ev'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev'ry lamb we have

nev - er be told; There the sun never sets, and the leaves never fade,
 rapture behold; There the righteous forever shall shine as the stars,
 brought to the fold, Shall be kept as bright jewels our crowns to a-dorn,

D. S.—And the eyes of the faithful our Saviour behold,

CHORUS.

FINE.

In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of Gold. There the sun, nev-er
 In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of Gold. there the sun,

In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of Gold.

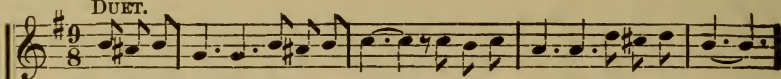
D. S.

sets, and the leaves nev-er fade;
 never sets, and the leaves nev-er fade.

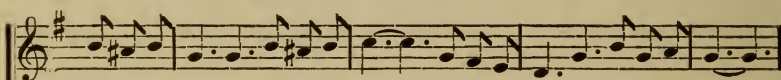
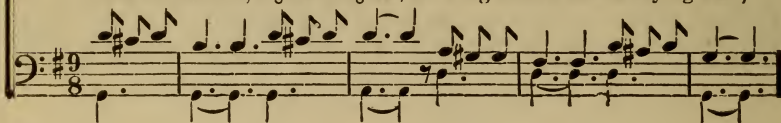
J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

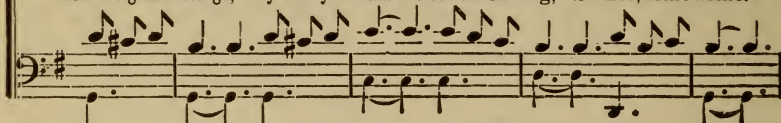
DUET.



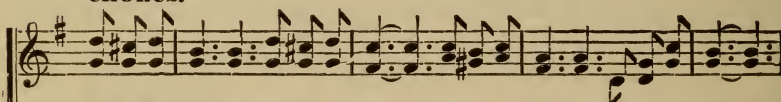
1. Over the riv - er faces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me ;
2. Father and mothers safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sister gone to that clime, Wait for the others coming sometime ;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come ;
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying afar ;



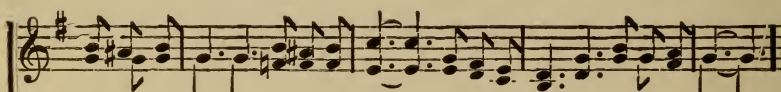
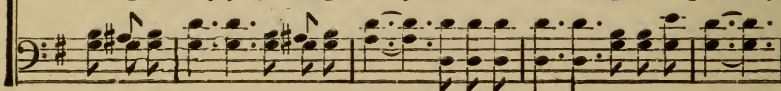
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
 Bearing the loved ones over the tide Into the harbor, near to their side.
 Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
 Hear the glad message, why will you roam ? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."



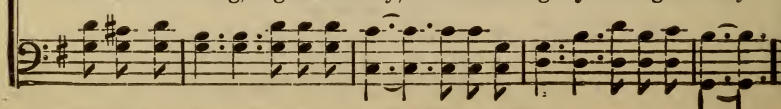
CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way ;




Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glory looking this way.

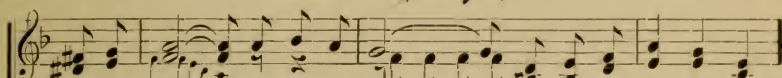


C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

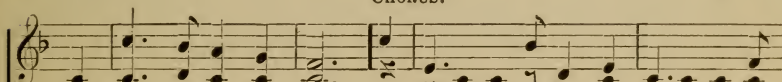


1. Just why it was the path He chose for me Led thro' the des-ert's
 2. Just why the flow'r's I lov'd and cher-ish'd so Seem'd rude-ly ta-ken
 3. What tho' the yoke He gives seems hard to wear, 'Twas fashioned by a
 4. It mat-ters not, for thro' the flame or flood I'll go, if He shall
 5. I'll bear the cross He gives for His dear sake, Whose love my ev-ry

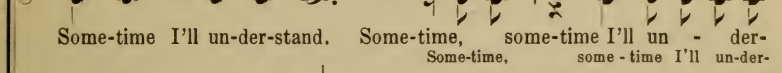


burn-ing sand,.... I know not now,.....but His all-wise de-cree,
 from my hand,.... I question not,..... nor do I ask to know-
 Mas-ter-hand,.... And why 'tis best,..... that I its weight should bear,
 so com-mand,.... And why it was,..... for me He shed His blood,
 step hath planned, For when, thro' grace,..... in Heav-en I a-wake,

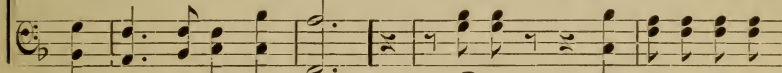
CHORUS.



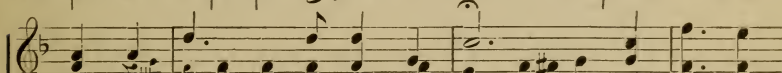
Some-time I'll un-der-stand. Some-time, some-time I'll un-der-
 Some-time, some-time I'll un-der-



stand, Some-time I'll un-der-stand, Tho' now I
 stand, Some-time



can-not grasp the mean-ing, yet, Some-time I'll un-der-stand.



SAMUEL Y. HARMER.

Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest:
 2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
 3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
 4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry—Shout your triumphs as ye go;

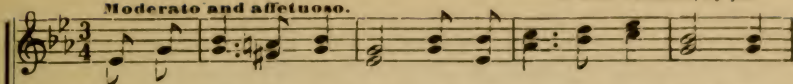
1. There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
 2. For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 3. But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
 4. Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an entrance thro'.

CHORUS.

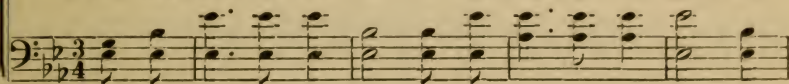
{ There is rest for the wea - ry— There is rest for the wea - ry—
 { On the oth - er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry— There is rest for you. }
 Where the tree of life is bloom-ing— There is rest for you. }

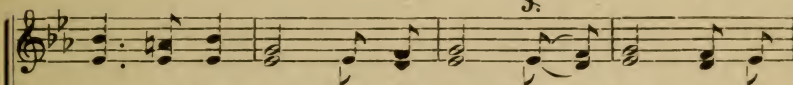
PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

Moderato and affetuoso.

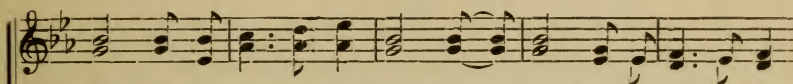
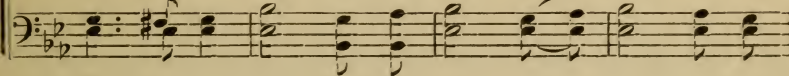
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my vi-sions and dreams, Its
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So



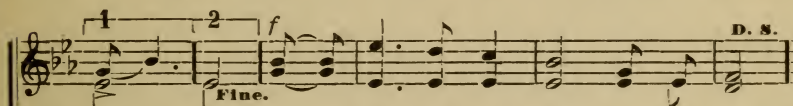
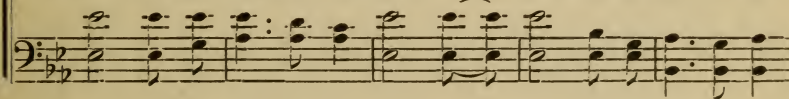
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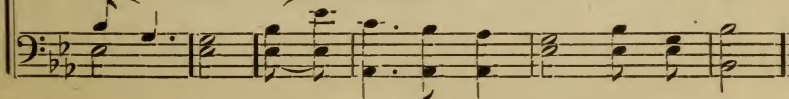
1. far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er
2. bright jas-per walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but
3. Je-sus of Naz-a-reth stands; The King of all
4. free from all sor-row and pain! With songs on our



1. beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty
2. thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and
3. king-doms for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our crowns in His
4. lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-



1. roll, roll. While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
2. me, me. Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
3. hands, hands. And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands.
4. gain, gain. To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.



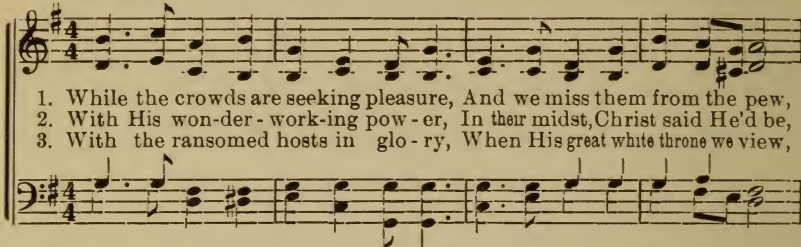
Experience and Mid-Week Services.

	No.		No.		No.
Where Two Or Three.....	214	How Tedious and.....	224	Close to Thee	235
What a Friend	215	Draw Me Nearer	225	Take the Name	236
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me	216	When I Can Read.....	226, 227	I Gave My Life for Thee.....	237
Thou Thinkest, Lord	217	Step Out on the.....	228	The Child of a King.....	238
Sweet Hour of Prayer	218	Where Jesus Is	229	Blessed Assurance	239
Wrestling Jacob.....	219	Deeper Yet.....	230	Standing on the.....	240
Whiter Than Snow.....	220	Every Day, Every Hour.....	231	Will There Be Any Stars?.....	241
Must Jesus Bear the	221	O Happy Day	232	I Love to Tell the Story.....	242
Near the Cross	222	Jesus, My All.....	233	At the Cross.....	243
Blessed Be the Name.....	223	Love Found Me.....	234		

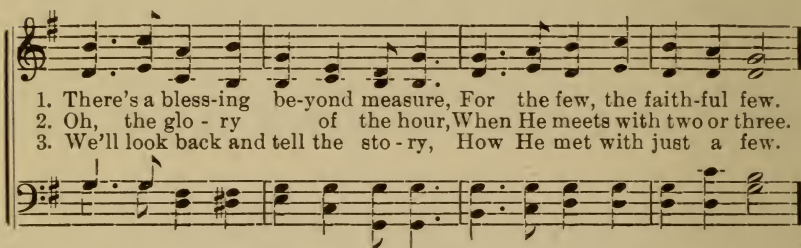
214 Where Two Or Three Are Gathered.

J. E. WARNER.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

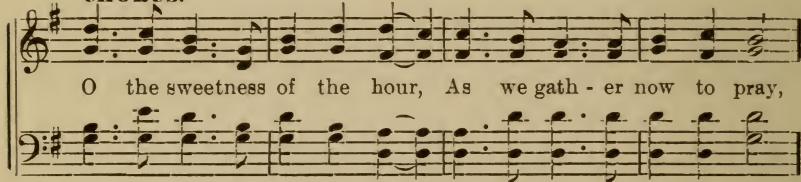


1. While the crowds are seeking pleasure, And we miss them from the pew,
 2. With His won - der - work - ing pow - er, In their midst, Christ said He'd be,
 3. With the ransomed hosts in glo - ry, When His great white throne we view,

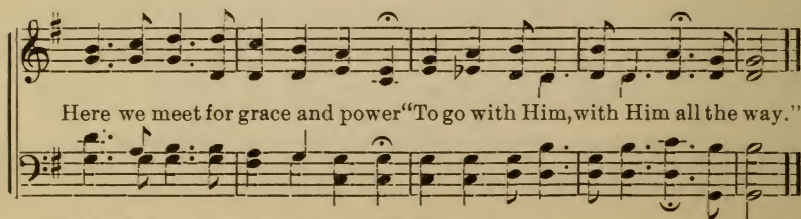


1. There's a bless - ing be - yond measure, For the few, the faith - ful few.
 2. Oh, the glo - ry of the hour, When He meets with two or three.
 3. We'll look back and tell the sto - ry, How He met with just a few.

CHORUS.



O the sweetness of the hour, As we gath - er now to pray,



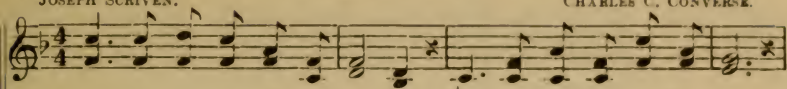
Here we meet for grace and power "To go with Him, with Him all the way."

215 What a Friend We Have In Jesus.

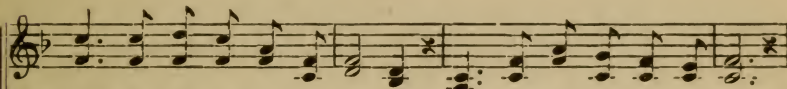
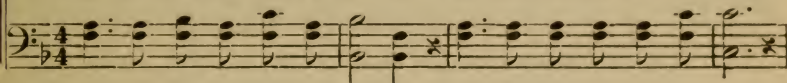
CONVERSE. 8s. 7s. 1D.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

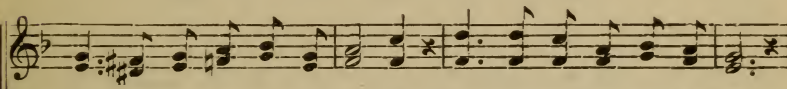
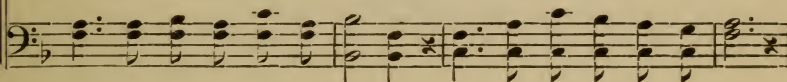
CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



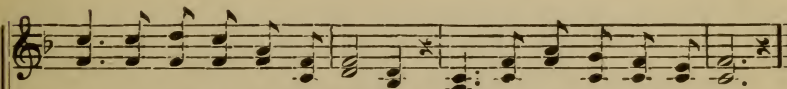
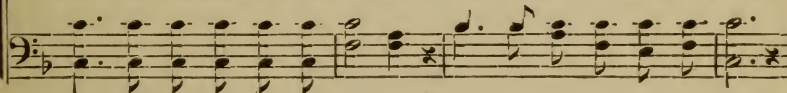
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions, Is there trouble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



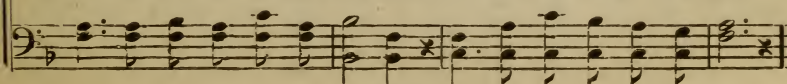
1. What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
2. We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
3. Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



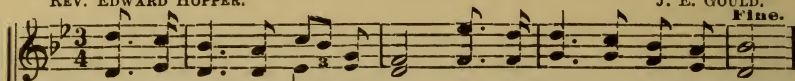
1. O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
2. Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
3. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



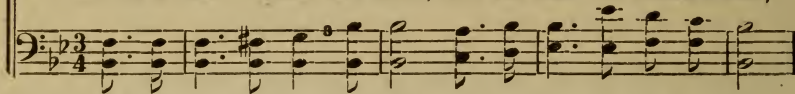
1. All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
2. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
3. In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



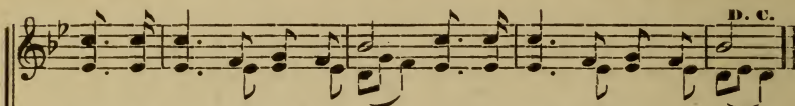
REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.
Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea ;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild ;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,



D. C. — Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Wondrous sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

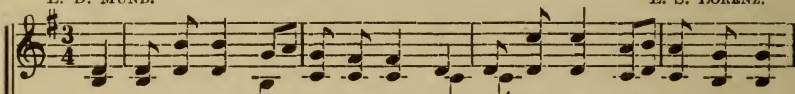


1. Unknown waves a-round me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal ;
2. Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to "Peace, be still!"
3. 'Twixt me and my peace-ful rest; Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

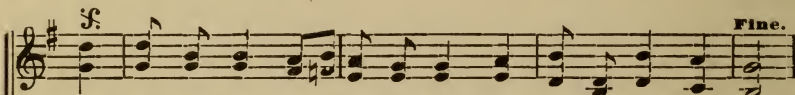
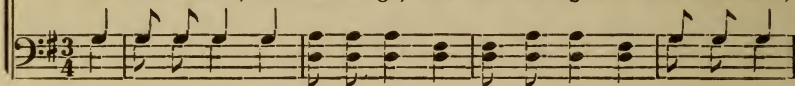


E. D. MUND.

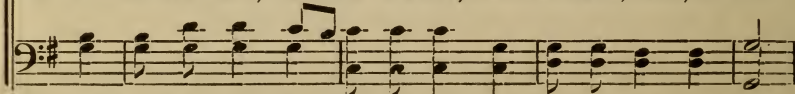
E. S. LORENZ.



1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns which pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Upon my soul their shad-ow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



1. One thought remains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
2. Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
3. I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!



D.S.—What need I fear, when Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me?

Thou Thinkest, Lord, Of Me. Concluded.

CHORUS.

D. N.

Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me;
 of me, of me;

218

Sweet Hour Of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

§

Fine.

1. And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!
2. To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:
3. Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

D.S.—*And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.*

D. S.

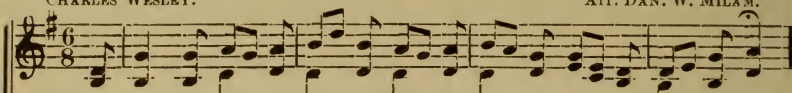
1. In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
2. And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
3. This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

Tune, "Bonnie Doon."

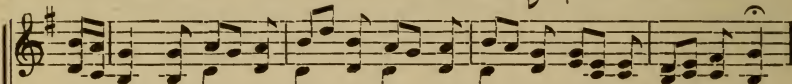
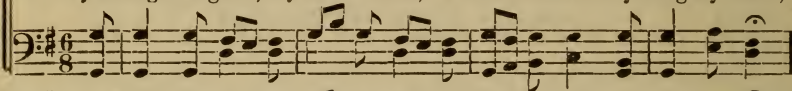
(As sung by Bishop Warren A. Candler.)

CHARLES WESLEY.

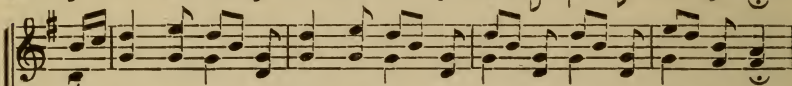
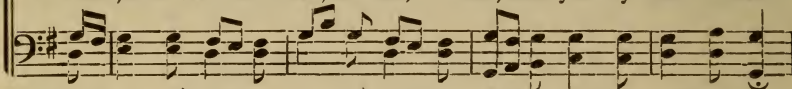
ATT. DAN. W. MILAM.



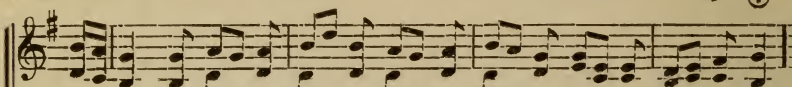
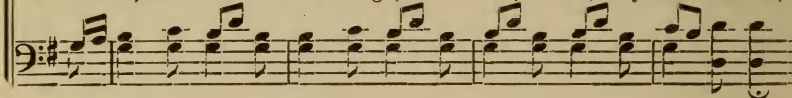
1. Come, O thou trav-el-er unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
2. I need not tell Thee who I am; My sin and mis-er-y de-clare;
3. In vain Thou strugglest to get free, I nev-er will un-loose my hold;
4. Wilt Thou not yet to me re-veal Thy new, un-ut-ter-a-ble name?
5. What tho' my shrinking flesh complain, And murmur to con-tend so long?
6. My strength is gone, my nature dies, I sink beneath Thy weighty hand;



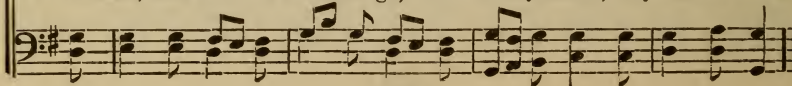
1. My com-pa-ny be-fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with Thee;
2. Thy-self hast called me by my name, Look on Thy hands and read it there;
3. Art Thou the man who died for me? The se-cret of Thy love un-fold;
4. Tell me, I still be-seech Thee, tell; To know it now re-solved I am;
5. I rise su-pe-rior to my pain; When I am weak, then I am strong;
6. Faint, to re-vive—and fall, to rise; I fall, and yet by faith I stand:



1. With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day;
2. But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou? Tell me Thy name, and tell me now;
3. Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy nature know;
4. Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy nature know;
5. And when my all of strength shall fail, I shall with the God-man pre-vail;
6. I stand, and will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy nature know;



1. With Thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
2. But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou? Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
3. Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
4. Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
5. And when my all of strength shall fail, I shall with the God-man pre-vail.
6. I stand, and will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.



JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait:

I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
 And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
 I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet;
 Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
 I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: O
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: O
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No;" O

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
 3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

1. No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry - one, And there's a cross for me.
 2. But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
 3. And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. { Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain }
 { Free to all — a healing stream, Flows from Cal. [Omit. . .] } v'ry's moun-tain.
 2. { Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; }
 { There the bright and morning star Shed its beams [Omit. . .] } around me.
 3. { Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; }
 { Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-[Omit. . .] } ows o'er me.
 4. { Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever, }
 { Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond [Omit. . .] } the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Near the Cross. Concluded.

Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

223

Blessed Be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr by WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

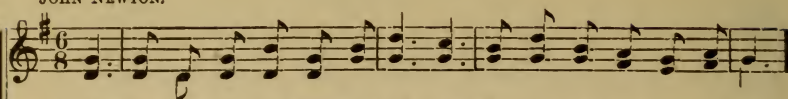
1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex-alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem-er, Sav-iour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name should be the Coun-sel-lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,

1. Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
2. At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.
3. Thou hast de-vised sal - va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
4. Of all earth's kingdoms, conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

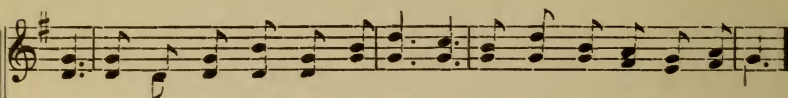
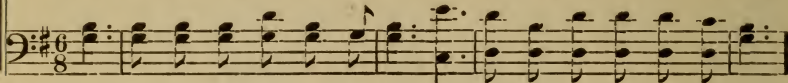
CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

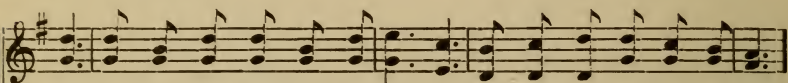
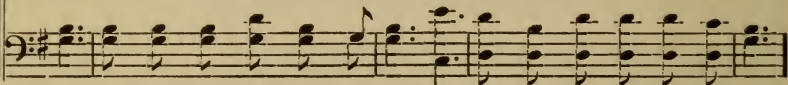
JOHN NEWTON.



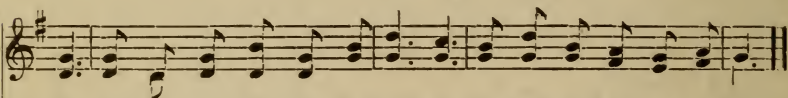
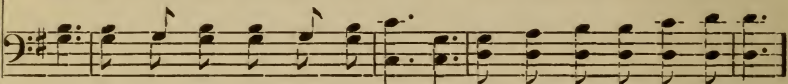
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see,
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleasure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



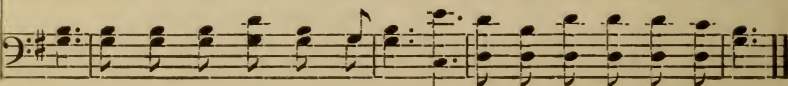
1. Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
2. His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice,
3. No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make a-ny change in my mind:
4. Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?



1. The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
2. I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
3. While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap-pear,
4. O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore,



1. But when I am hap - py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
2. No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.
3. And pris-ons would pal-a-ces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.
4. Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the

1. love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 2. grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
 3. throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
 4. nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN.

1. And be clos-er drawn to Thee. Draw me near-er,
 2. And my will be lost in Thine.
 3. I commune as friend with friend.
 4. Till I rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

ISAAC WATTS.

PISGAH. C. M.

Arr. by DR. J. M. BONNELL.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
 2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fier-y darts be hurled,
 3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sorrow fall,
 4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,

Fine.
D.S.-I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
D.S.-Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
D.S.-So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
D.S.-And not a wave of trou-ble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

D.S.-Re-mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, Then Lord remember me.

D. S.
 1. And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weep-ing eyes,
 2. And face a frown-ing world, And face a frown-ing world,
 3. My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all,
 4. A - cross my peace-ful breast, A-cross my peace-ful breast,

Ref.-Dear Lord, remember me, Dear Lord, re-memb-er me.

SECOND TUNE.

ISAAC WATTS.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

When I Can Read MY Title Clear. Concluded.

I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to
 ev - 'ry fear, And wipe..... my weep - ing eyes.

228 Step Out On the Promise.

The Highway.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how bless-ed art Thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y, re - joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O poor troubled
 4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

1. wait - ing to com - fort you now; Fear not to re - ly on the
 2. filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 3. soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, wea - ry one, in the
 4. un - der, that cleanses us thro': It cleans - es me now, hal - le -

1. word of thy God, Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
 2. ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
 3. bo - som of God; Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
 4. lu - jah to God! I rest on the promise,—I'm un - der the blood.

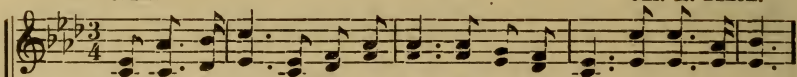
From "Shout of Victory," by per Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller

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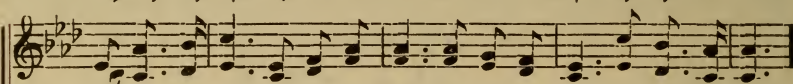
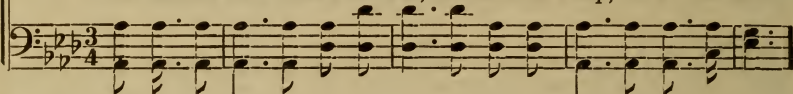
Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

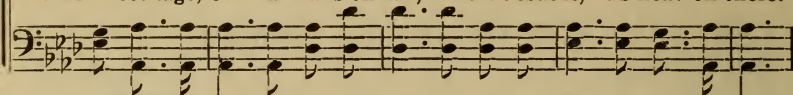
JAS. M. BLACK.



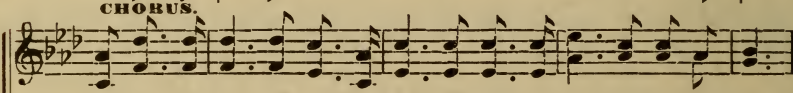
1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell, On mountain top, or in the dell?



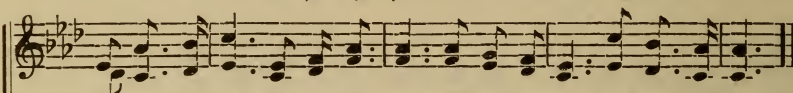
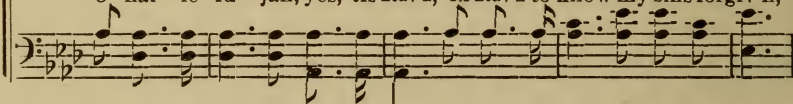
1. And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woes, 'Tis heav'n my Jesus here to know.
2. Now it's begun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.
3. In cot-tage, or a mansion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.



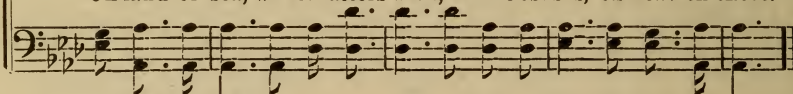
CHORUS.



O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;



On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.



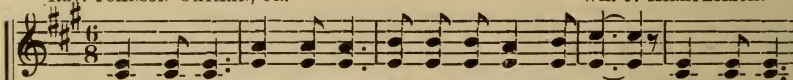
Copyright, 1893, by Jas. M. Black.

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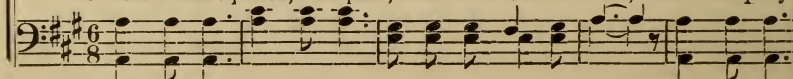
Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Following Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray



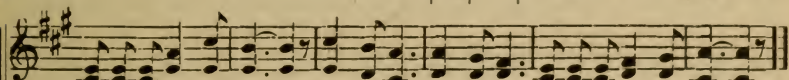
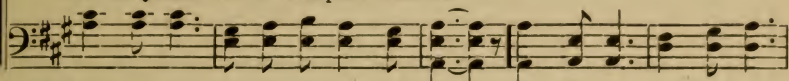
Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Deeper Yet. Concluded.

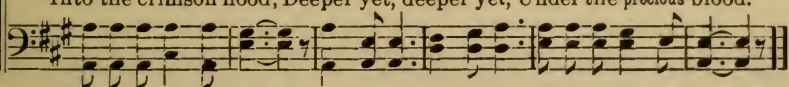
CHORUS.



free from dross, Still I would en-ter in.
of His pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be. Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
He will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.



Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

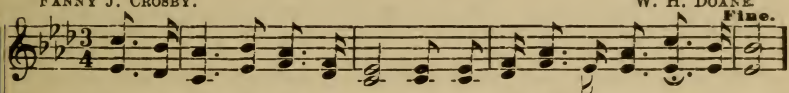


231

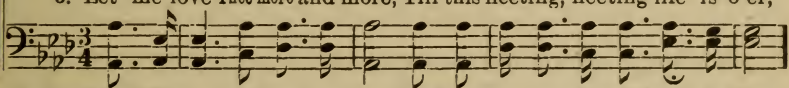
Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

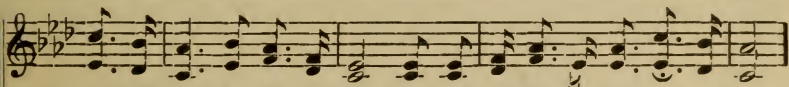
W. H. DOANE.
Fine.



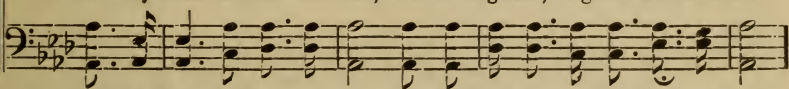
1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;



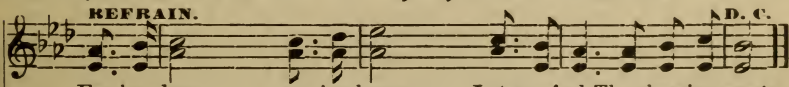
D. C.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.



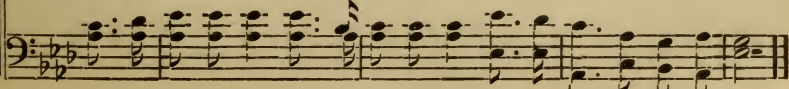
1. Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
2. Trusting Thee I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
3. Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.



REFRAIN.



Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r,
Ev'ry day and hour, ev'ry day and hour,



PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! }
 2. { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }
 3. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! }
 4. { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
 5. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }
 6. { He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }
 7. { Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this blissful cen-ter, rest; }
 8. { Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed. }

CHORUS. **Fine.**

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

D.S.—Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

233 Jesus, My All, to Heaven Is Gone.

JOHN CENNICK.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Je-sus, my all, to heav'n has gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on;
 2. The way the ho-ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,
 3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not;
 4. The more I strove against its pow'r, I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 5. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
 6. Then will I tell to sinners round What a dear Sav-iour I have found;

Jesus, My All, To Heaven Is Gone. Concluded.

His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, till Him I view.
 The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
 My grief a bur-den long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.
 Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the Way."
 Noth-ing but sin have I to give, Noth-ing but love shall I re-ceive.
 I'll point to Thy re-deeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

234

Love Found Me.

H. L. G.

Arr. by H. L. GILMOUR.

1. { When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me, My fainting soul was
 { I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me, Come, weary, heavy
 2. { The Spir-it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
 { Although I long withstood His grace, Love found me, He wooed me to His
 3. { I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me, For sav-ing from an
 { Christ is my ad-vo-cate a-bove, Love found me, I'm yoked to Him in
 4. { And when I reach the gold-paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a-dor-ing
 { And sing ho-san-nas round the throne, Love found me, Where I shall know as

1. { tempest tossed, Love found me; } Oh, 'twas love
 { la-den, rest, [Omit . . .] } Love found me.
 2. { strong and deep, Love found me; }
 { kind em-brace, [Omit . . .] } Love found me.
 3. { end-less death, Love found me; }
 { per-fect love, [Omit . . .] } Love found me.
 4. { at His feet, Love found me; }
 { I am known, [Omit . . .] } Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas

love, Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.
 wondrous love,

235

Close To Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

1. All a - long my pil - grim jour - ey, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 2. Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 3. Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

D. S. - All a - long my pil - grim jour - ey, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 Gladly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord with Thee.

REFRAIN. **D. S.**
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

236

The Precious Name.

MISS LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;

1. It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then wher - e'er you go.
 2. If temp - ta - tions round you gather, Breathe that holy name in pray'r.

The Precious Name. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, how sweet!

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet;
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him
When our journey is complete.

237 I Gave My Life For Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. { I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, }
That thou mightst ransom'd be, And [Omit. . . .] quicken'd from the dead;
2. { My Father's house of light, My glo-ry-circled throne, }
I left for earthly night, For [Omit. . . .] wanderings sad and lone.

1. I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou done for me.
2. I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?

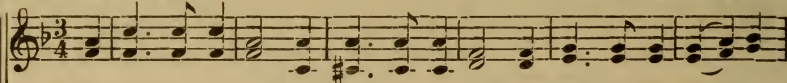
3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

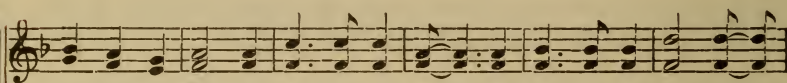
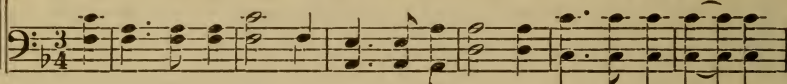
"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

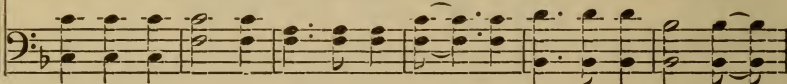
JOHN B. SUMNER. Arr.



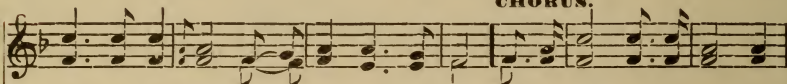
1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast, stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a pal-ace for



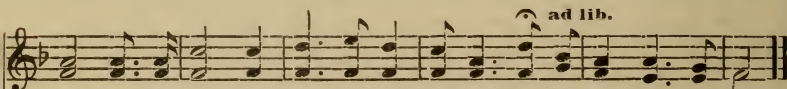
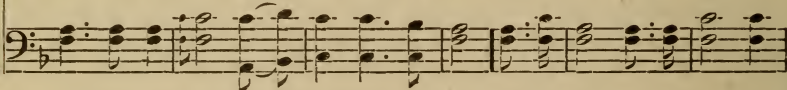
1. world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
2. poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for-ev-er on high, And will
3. a-lien by birth! But I've been a-do-pt-ed, my name's written down,—An
4. me o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All



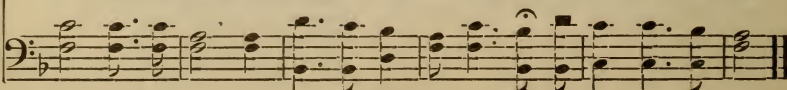
CHORUS.



1. cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
2. give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King! The
3. heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown!
4. glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!



child of a King! With Je-sus my Sav-iour, I'm the child of a King!



F. J. Crosby.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Perfect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rapt - ure now
 3. Perfect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

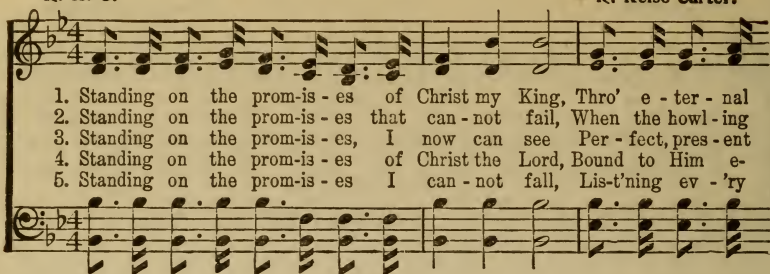
CHORUS.
 Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
 Mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 good - ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

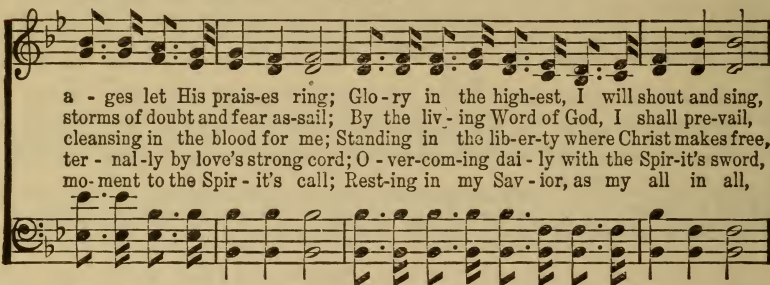
sto - ry this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

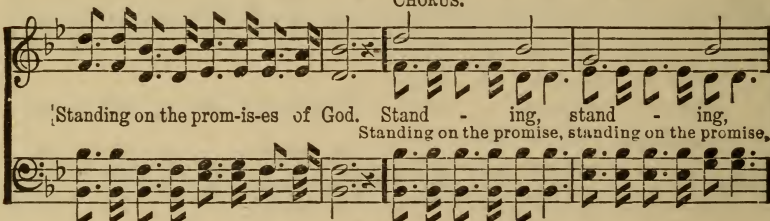


1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es, I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
 5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry

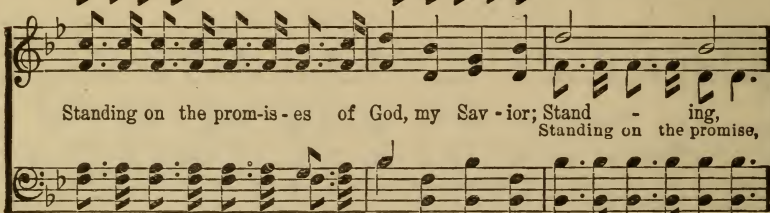


a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv-ing Word of God, I shall pre-vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord; O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 mo-ment to the Spir-it's call; Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

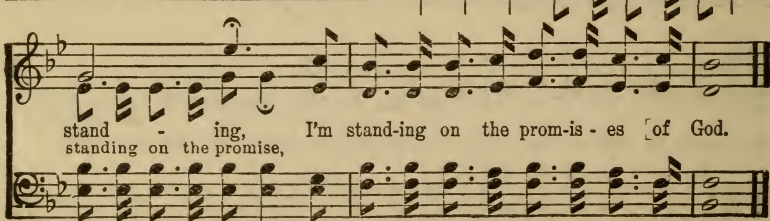
CHORUS.



'Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,
 Standing on the promise, standing on the promise.



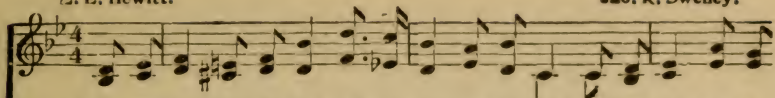
Standing on the prom-is-es of God, my Sav-ior; Stand-ing,
 Standing on the promise,



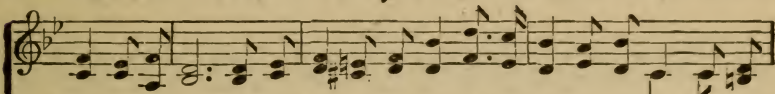
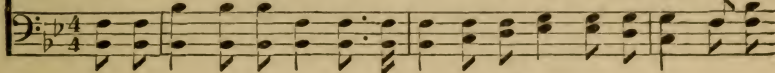
stand-ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es [of God.
 standing on the promise,

E. E. Hewitt.

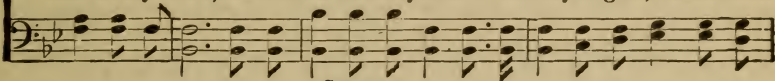
Jao. K. Sweney.



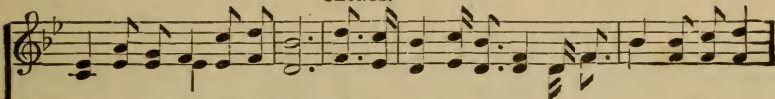
1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy will it be when His face I behold, Liv-ing gems at His



sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, Will there
winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there



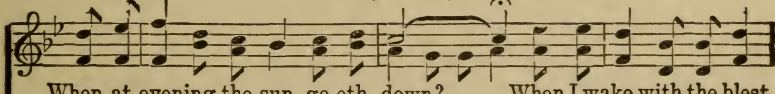
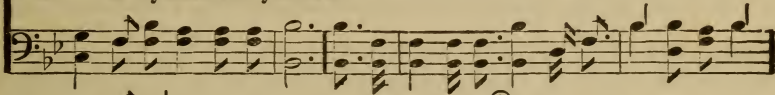
CHORUS.



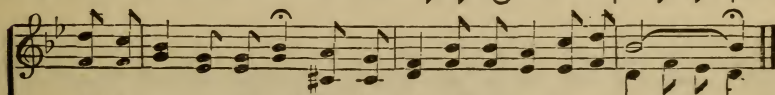
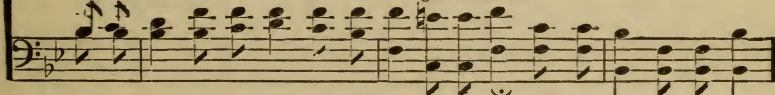
be a - ny stars in my crown?

praise like the sea-billows roll Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?

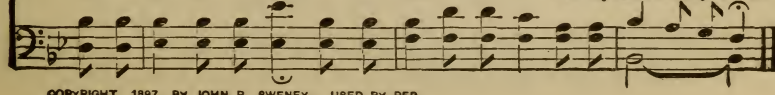
be a - ny stars in my crown?



When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest,
go-eth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown? . . .
a - ny stars in my crown?



MISS KATE HANKEY.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things above, Of Je - sus
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -

1. and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry,
 2. gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
 3. time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry,
 4. ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,

1. Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
 2. It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 3. For some have never heard The message of sal - va - tion From God's own holy word.
 4. I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
 Here Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.
 At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled away— It was there by faith
 rolled a - way,

I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Old-Time Favorites Our Fathers Sang.

The resurrection and preservation of these old time hymns and tunes will strike in many a heart a chord that is always vibrant to the touch of tender memories and deathless love.

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Don't Forget the Old Folks.

(OLD HOME FRIENDS.)

"Honor thy father and mother."—EPH. 6:2.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

Slow, with expression.

1. { Don't for-get the old folks, Love them more and more, }
 { As they turn their long-ing eyes T'ward the gold-en shore; } Let your words be ten-der,
 2. { Don't for-get poor fa-ther, With his fail-ing sight, }
 { With his locks once thick and brown, Scanty now and white; } Tho' he may be childish,
 3. { Don't for-get dear mother, With her furrowed brow, }
 { All the light of oth-er years, Time has fad-ed now; } Mem-o-ry is wan-ing,

Cres.

Lov-ing, soft and low, Let their last days be the best They have known below.
 Still do you be kind, Think of him as years a-go With his mas-ter mind.
 Soon its light will fail, Guide her gent-ly till she stands Safe within the vale.

REFRAIN.

Cres.

Dim.

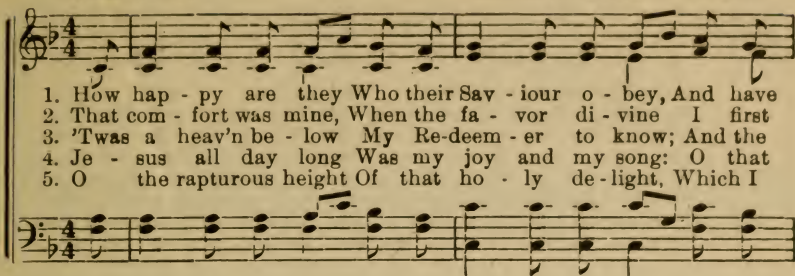
Don't for-get the old folks, Life will soon be o'er,

Guide them till their wea-ry feet Tread the gold-en shore.

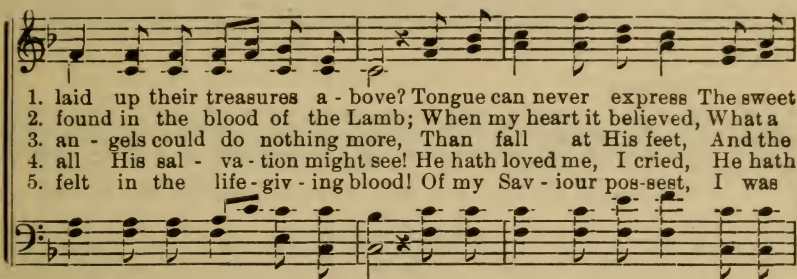
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CHARLES WESLEY.

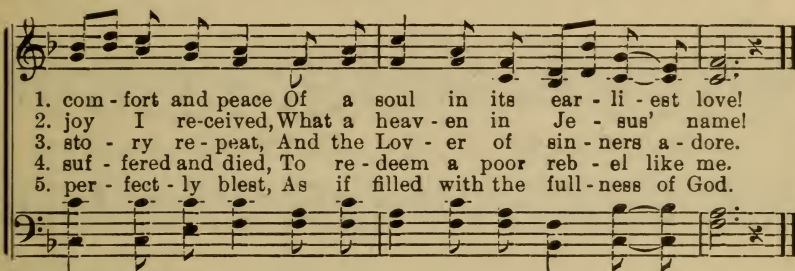
Revived by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. How hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey, And have
 2. That com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first
 3. 'Twas a heav'n be - low My Re-deem - er to know; And the
 4. Je - sus all day long Was my joy and my song: O that
 5. O the rapturous height Of that ho - ly de-light, Which I

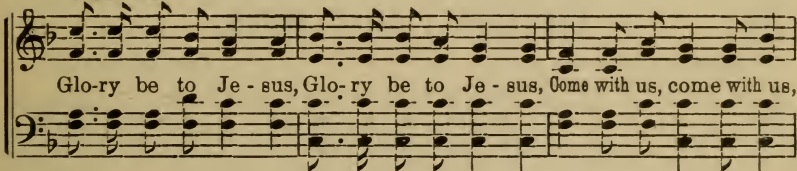


1. laid up their treasures a - bove? Tongue can never express The sweet
 2. found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it believed, What a
 3. an - gels could do nothing more, Than fall at His feet, And the
 4. all His sal - va - tion might see! He hath loved me, I cried, He hath
 5. felt in the life-giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - iour pos-sess, I was

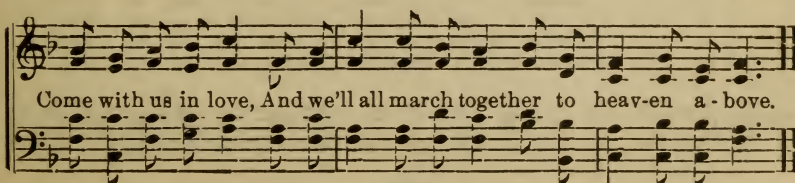


1. com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!
 2. joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' name!
 3. sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
 4. suf - fered and died, To re - deem a poor reb - el like me.
 5. per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the full - ness of God.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Come with us, come with us,



Come with us in love, And we'll all march together to heav - en a - bove.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Revived by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. { And let this fee-ble bod - y fail, And let it droop and die: }
 2. { My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high. }
 3. { I suf-fer out my threescore years, Till my De-liv-er come, }
 4. { And wipe a-way His servant's tears, And take His ex-ile home. }
 5. { O what are all my suff'rings here, If, Lord, Thou count me meet }
 6. { With that en-rap-tured host t'appear, And wor-ship at Thy feet! }
 7. { Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a-way, }
 8. { I come to find them all a-gain In that e-ter-nal day. }

CHORUS.

And I'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, And you'll sing hal-le-lu-jah,

And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah, When we ar-rive at home.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

American Spiritual.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day;
 4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deepest woe,

Oh, How I Love Jesus. Concluded.

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
 It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's per - fect plea.
 And tho' I tread a dark-some path, Yields sunshine all the way.
 Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Jesus! Oh, how I love Jesus! sus, Because He first loved me.

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Holy Manna.

8s, 7s.

REV. GEO. ATKINS.

Arr.
Fine.

1. { Brethren, we have met to worship, And a - dore the Lord our God; }
 { Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word? }
 2. { Brethren, see poor sinners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe; }
 { Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go? }
 3. { Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ter aid - ed him; }
 { Will you help the trembling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin? }

D. C.—Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.
 Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.
 Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.

1. All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
 2. See our fa - thers and our mothers, And our children sink - ing down;
 3. Tell them all a - bout the Sav - iour, Tell them that He will be found;

SAMUEL STENNETT.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

Fine.

1. To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 2. There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 3. Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 4. When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bos-om rest.

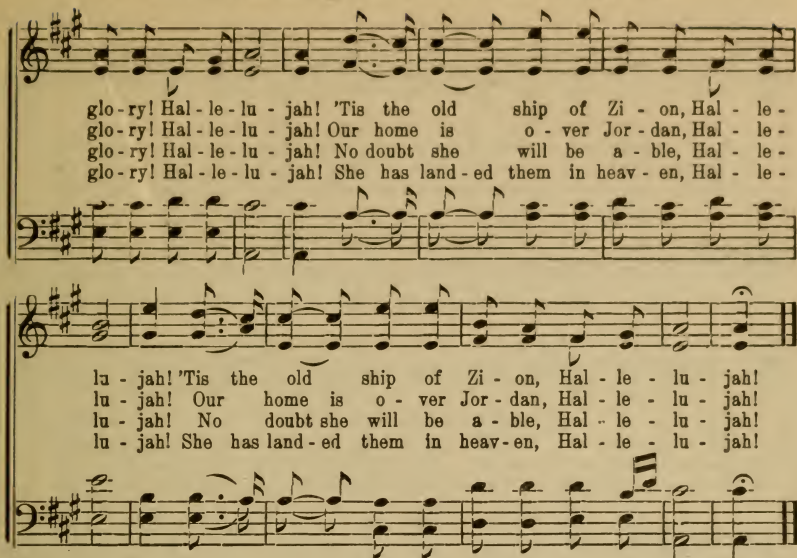
REFRAIN. **D. S.**

I am bound for the promised land,..... I am bound for the promised land;
 promised land,

Arr.

1. O what ship is this that will take us all home? O
 2. Come a-long, come a-long, and let us go home! O
 3. Do you think she will be a-ble to take us all home? O
 4. She has landed ma-ny thousands and can land as many more, O

The Old Ship Of Zion. Concluded.



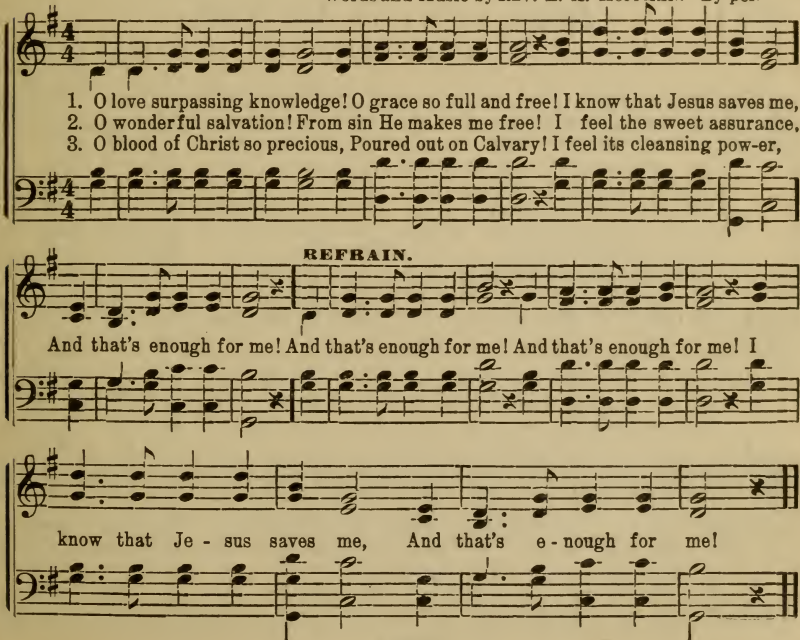
glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi-on, Hal-le-
 glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! Our home is o-ver Jor-dan, Hal-le-
 glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! No doubt she will be a-ble, Hal-le-
 glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! She has land-ed them in heav-en, Hal-le-

lu-jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi-on, Hal-le-lu-jah!
 lu-jah! Our home is o-ver Jor-dan, Hal-le-lu-jah!
 lu-jah! No doubt she will be a-ble, Hal-le-lu-jah!
 lu-jah! She has land-ed them in heav-en, Hal-le-lu-jah!

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Enough For Me.

Words and Music by REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me,
 2. O wonderful salvation! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet assurance,
 3. O blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Calvary! I feel its cleansing pow-er,

REFRAIN.

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! I
 know that Je-sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!

ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
 3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

CHO. — I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

1. Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne.
 2. But servants of the heav-'nly King May speak their joys a-broad.
 3. There, from the riv-ers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
 4. We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

Sal - va-tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va-tion's free.

LYON. 7s. D.

G. W. LYON.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; }
 { Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me! }
 3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find; }
 { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind! }

D. C. — Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace!

D. C.

1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 2. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 3. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous-ness;

Old Southern Melody. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul, What
 2. When I was sinking down, Sink-ing down, sinking down, When
 3. Ye wing-ed ser-aphs fly! Bear the news! bear the news! Ye
 4. Come, friends of Zi-on's King, Join the praise, join the praise, Come,
 5. And when from death we're free We'll sing on, we'll sing on, And
 6. Yes, when to that bright world We a-rise, we a-rise, Yes,

1. wondrous love is this, O my soul, What wondrous love is this,
 2. I was sink-ing down, sinking down, When I was sinking down,
 3. wing-ed ser-aphs fly! bear the news! Ye wing-ed seraphs fly,
 4. friends of Zi-on's King, join the praise! Come, friends of Zi-on's King,
 5. when from death we're free we'll sing on, And when from death we're free
 6. when to that bright world we a-rise, When to that world we go,

1. That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse,
 2. Be-neath God's righteous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown,
 3. Like com-ets thro' the sky, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty
 4. With hearts and voic-es sing, And strike each tuneful string
 5. We'll sing and joy-ful be, And thro'e-ter-ni-ty
 6. Free from all pain and woe, We'll join the hap-py throng

1. For my soul, for my soul, To bear the dreadful curse for my soul?
 2. For my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul.
 3. With the news, with the news, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty with the news!
 4. In His praise, in His praise, And strike each tuneful string in His praise!
 5. We'll sing on, we'll sing on, And thro'e-ter-ni-ty we'll sing on.
 6. And sing on, and sing on, We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.

The Parting Hand.

"A farewell hymn."—1 THESS. 4: 9.

JEREMIAH INGALS, 1805.

1. My dearest friends, in bonds of love, Our hearts in sweetest union prove;
2. How sweet the hours have passed away, When we have met to sing and pray;
3. And since it is God's ho - ly will We must be part-ed for a while,
4. How oft I've seen the flowing tears, And heard you tell your hopes and fears,

1. Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.
2. How loath I've been to leave the place Where Je-sus shows His smiling face.
3. In sweet sub-mis-sion all in one, We'll say, "Our Father's will be done."
4. Your hearts with love have seemed to flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

D. S.—And when I see that we must part, You draw like chords around my heart.
 But du-ty makes me un - der-stand That we must take the part-ing hand.
 Fight on, you'll win the hap-py shore, Where parting hands are known no more.
 O taste His grief, in all that land We'll no more take the part-ing hand.

1. Your presence sweet, your union dear, Your words de-light-ful to my ear,
2. O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my struggling mind!
3. Dear fel-low-youth in Christian ties, Who seek the mansions in the skies,
4. Ye mourningsouls, in sad surprise, Je - sus re-mem-bers all your cries;

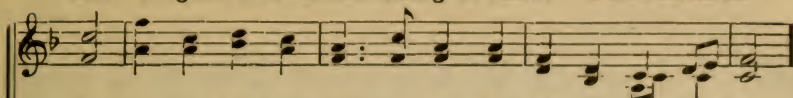
The Righteous Marching Home.

REV. W. P. RIVERS.

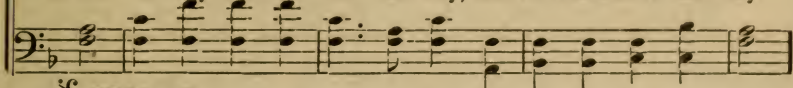
Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. As Zi - on's pil-grims in ac - cord, The sol-diers of our King,
2. In fel - low-ship of joys, and woes, We'll bear the common strife,
3. With faith and pray'r we'll urge the fray, Nor will we fear and fly;

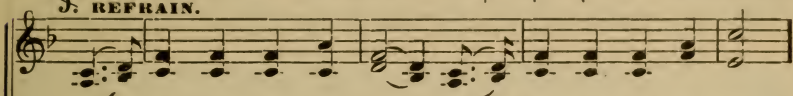
The Righteous Marching Home. Concluded.



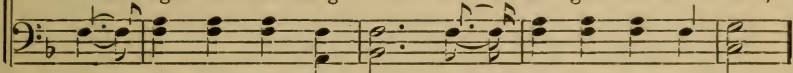
1. In cov'nant bonds we'll serve the Lord, And all His praise sing.
2. And on-ward press thro' all our foes, And win e - ter - nal life.
3. For vic - t'ry waits us on the way, And crowns a - bove the sky.



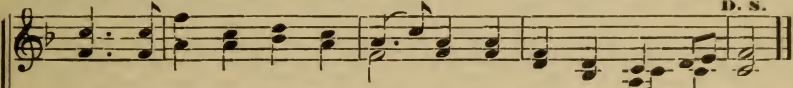
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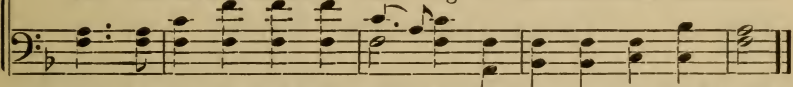
See the righteous marching on! And the an - gels bid them come;



D. S.—To wel - come trav - 'lers home, To wel - come trav - 'lers home, D. S.



And the Saviour stands a - wait - ing To wel - come trav - 'lers home.



And the Sav - iour stands a - wait - ing To wel - come trav - 'lers home.

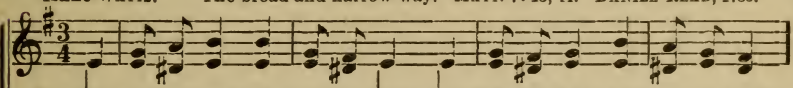
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Broad Is the Road.

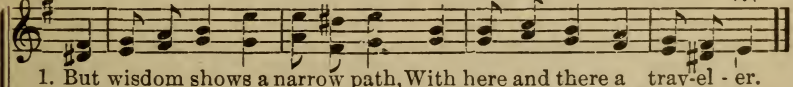
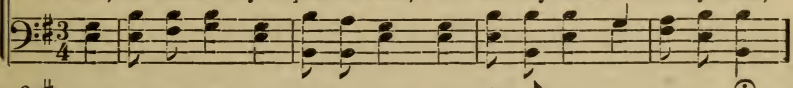
WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

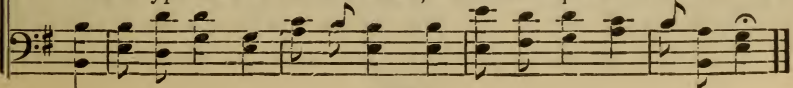
The broad and narrow way.—MATT. 7: 13, 14. DANIEL READ, 1785.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there,
2. "De - ny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new,

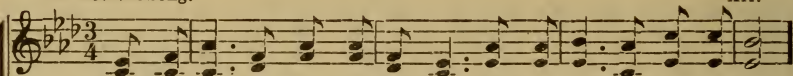


1. But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
2. Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
3. Is but esteemed al - most a saint, And makes His own destruction sure.
4. Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false apostates nev - er knew.

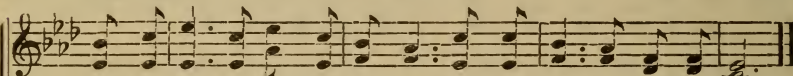
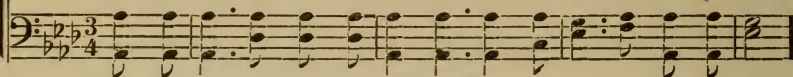


Old Revival Song.

Arr.



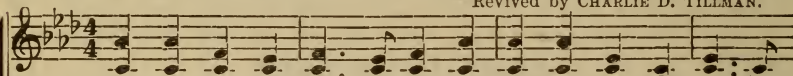
1. Is it wrong to wish to meet them, Who were dear to us in life?
2. I've a moth-er up in heav-en, And, O tell me, if you will,
3. Does she watch me from those win-dows While I'm on this distant shore,
4. I've a fa-ther, too, in glo-ry, And, O tell me, if you know,
5. In that land are saint-ly chil-dren, Who are happy now and free;



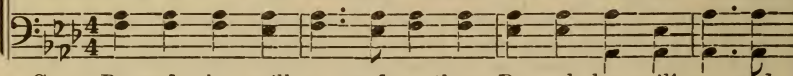
1. Shall we check the ris-ing sad-ness, Since they're freed from toil and strife?
2. Will my mother know her children? Will she rec-ol-lect them still?
3. Will she know when I am go-ing? Will she meet me at the door?
4. Will my fa-ther know his children, When we meet on Canaan's shore?
5. Shall we ev-er reach those man-sions, All those darling ones to see?



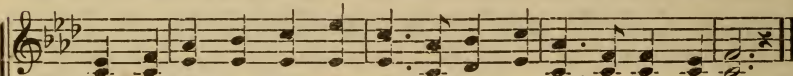
Revived by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



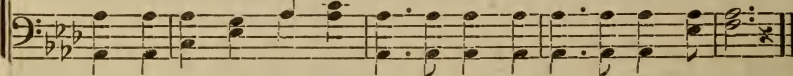
1. We have fa-thers o-ver yon-der, We have fa-thers o-ver
2. We have moth-ers o-ver yon-der, We have moth-ers o-ver
3. We have sis-ters o-ver yon-der, We have sis-ters o-ver
4. We have chil-dren o-ver yon-der, We have chil-dren o-ver
5. We have loved ones o-ver yon-der, We have loved ones o-ver
6. Won't that be a hap-py meet-ing, Won't that be a hap-py



CHO.—By and by we'll go and see them, By and by we'll go and



1. yon-der, We have fa-thers o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
2. yon-der, We have moth-ers o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
3. yon-der, We have sis-ters o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
4. yon-der, We have chil-dren o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
5. yon-der, We have loved ones o-ver yon-der On the oth-er shore.
6. meet-ing, Won't that be a hap-py meet-ing On the oth-er shore?



see them, By and by we'll go and see them, On the oth-er shore.

C. D. T.

Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
 2. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
 3. It has sav - ed our fathers, It has sav - ed our fa - thers,
 CHO. - 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion,

Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It's good e - nough for me.
 It was good for our moth - ers, It's good e - nough for me.
 It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It's good e - nough for me.
 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, It's good e - nough for me.

- 4 It will save our children, etc. 6 It will do when I am dying, etc.
 5 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc. 7 It will take us all to heaven, etc.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }
 Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }
 2. { My Father's house is built on high: Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky, }
 When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }
 3. { Let oth-ers seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, }
 Be mine a happier lot to own, A heav'nly mansion near the throne. }
 4. { Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine, }
 All na-ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly mansion stands for me. }

REFRAIN.
 I'm go - ing home to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.
 To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

English. Arr.

1. { Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb, }
 { And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }
 2. { Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease, }
 { While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? }
 3. { Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? }
 { Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? }
 4. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my cour - age, Lord; }
 { I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word. }

CHORUS.

And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's

Fine.

o - ver we shall wear a crown in the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

D. S.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown.
 Wear a crown, wear a crown,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Whether it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

1. noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 2. one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 3. do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
 4. they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

rit. **REFRAIN.**

1. With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 2. Will He an - swer thee "Well done?" O can we say we are
 3. We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 4. Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

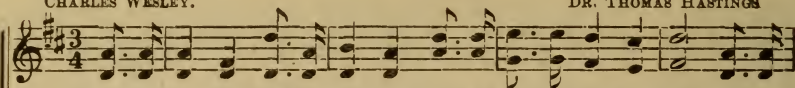
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

264 Lo! He Comes With Clouds Descending.

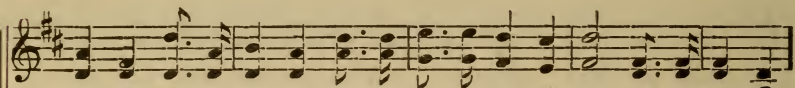
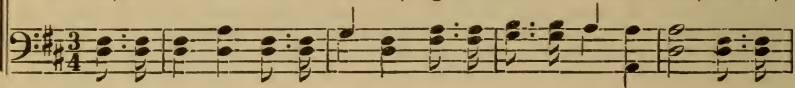
CHARLES WESLEY.

ZION. 8s, 7s, 4s.

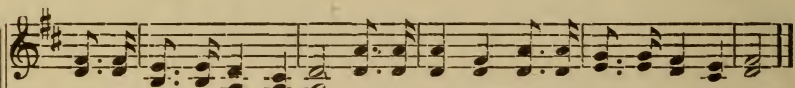
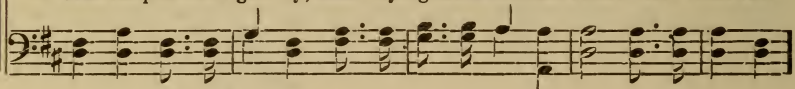
DR. THOMAS HASTINGS



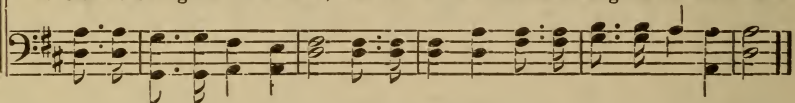
1. Lo! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sin-ners slain; Thousand
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be-hold Him Robed in dreadful maj - es - ty; Those who
3. All the to - kens of His pas - sion, Still His dazzling bod - y bears; Cause of
4. Yea, a - men! let all a-dore Thee, High on Thine e - ter-nal throne; Saviour,



1. thousand saints, at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree; Deep-ly wail-ing,
3. end-less ex-ul-ta-tion To His ransomed wor-ship-ers; With what rap-ture
4. take the pow'r and glo-ry; Make Thy righteous sentence known: Jah! Je-ho-vah!



1. God appears on earth to reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.
2. Shall the true Mes-si - ah see; Deeply wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si - ah see.
3. Gaze we on those glorious scars; With what rapture Gaze we on those glorious scars.
4. Claim the kingdom for Thine own; Jah! Je - ho-vah! Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

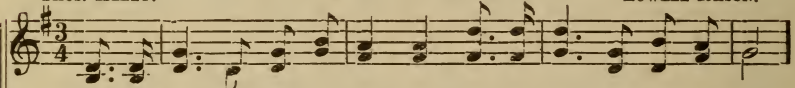


265 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

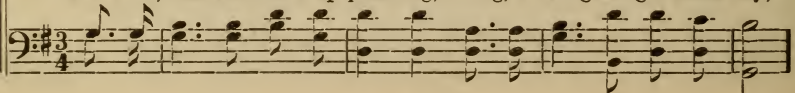
THOS. KEELY.

HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove!
2. Je - sus hail! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
3. Sav - iour, has-ten Thine ap-pear-ing, Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,



Hark! Ten Thousand Voices. Concluded.

F.

1. Je - sus reigns and heav'n re-joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
 2. Lord of life, thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
 2. When the aw-ful summons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

D. S.—Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu jah! A - men.

D. S.

1. See, He sits on yon-der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 2. When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it, love di - vine.
 3. Then with golden harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

266 Look, Ye Saints, the Sight Is Glorious.

INVITATION. 8s, 7s, 4s.

THOMAS KELLY.

Fine.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of sor-rows now;
 2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him, Rich the trophies Je - sus brings;
 3. Sin - ners in de - ri-sion crowned Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma-tion! Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

D. C. Crown Him crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crowns become the Victor's brow.
 Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Saviour King of kings.
 Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
 Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, King of kings and Lord of lords.

D. C.

1. From the fight returned vic - to-rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow;
 2. In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings;
 3. Saints and an-gels crowd around Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name;
 4. Je - sus takes the high-est sta - tion, O what joy the sight af - fords!

AL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world disowned,
 2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they
 3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,
 4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day,

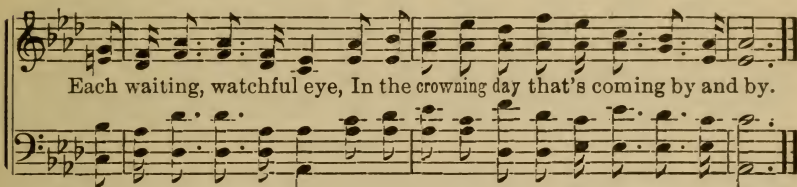
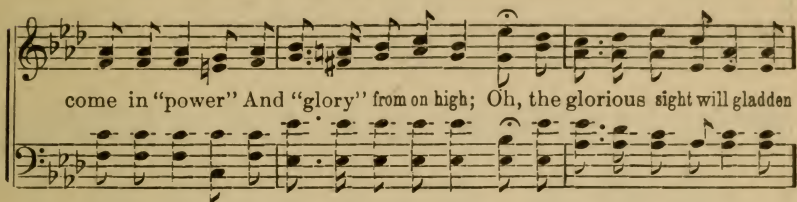
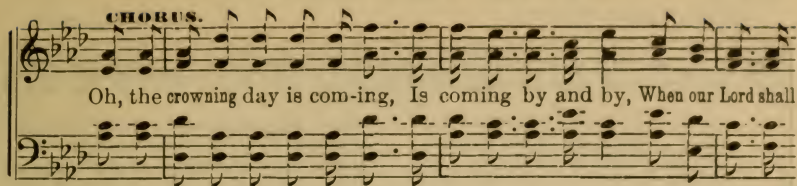
1. By the ma-n-y still ne-glect-ed, And by the few enthroned,
 2. The saints shall shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray,
 3. Be-hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore,
 4. By ear-nest con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way,

1. But soon He'll come in glo-ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh,
 2. The beau-ty of the Sav-iour Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye,
 3. A joy is our Re-deem-er, As we to Him are nigh,
 4. By gath-ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,

1. For the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
 2. In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.
 3. In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.
 4. For the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.

The Crowning Day. Concluded.

CHORUS.



268

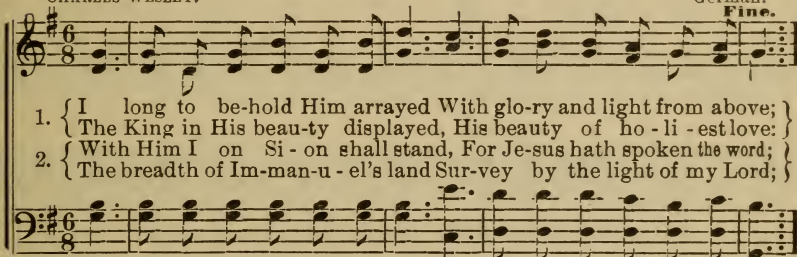
I Long To Behold Him.

DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

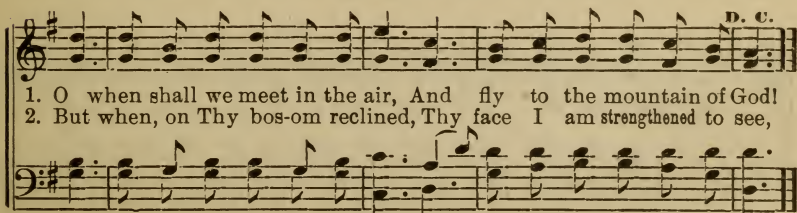
CHARLES WESLEY.

German.

Fine.

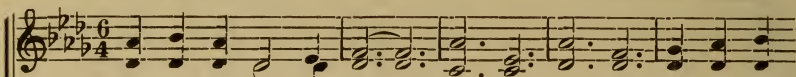


D. C.—I lan-guish and sigh to be there, Where Je-sus hath fixed His a-bode:
 My full-ness of rap-ture I find, My heav-en of heav-ens, in Thee.

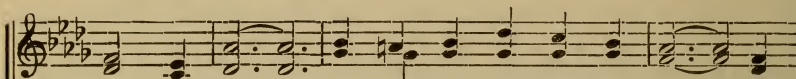
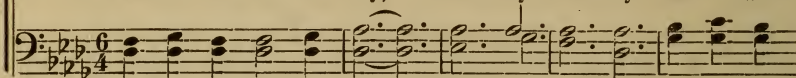


GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB.

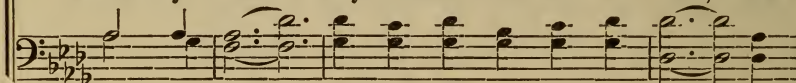
CHARLES H. MARSH.



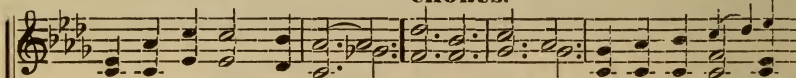
1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I
 3. Why should I anxious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights appear
 4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will



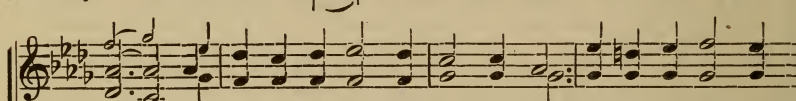
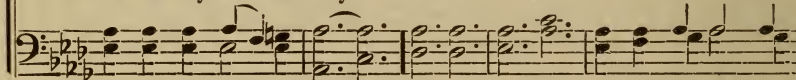
1. see my Friend; Dan-gers and trou-bles would end, If
 2. hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
 3. on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
 4. free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For



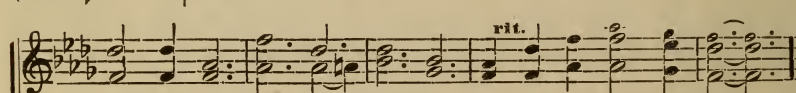
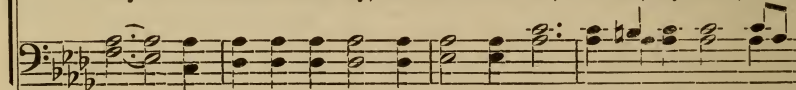
CHORUS.



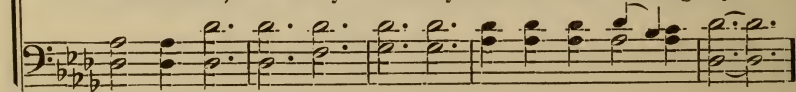
1. Jesus should come to-day.
 2. I should go home to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning
 3. He is "at hand" to - day.
 4. He is my all to - day.



day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx-ious be, Je-sus, my Lord, I



soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day?



REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Oh, won-der-ful love that a-waits us on high When Je-sus re-turns in the
 2. Oh, won-der-ful joy that His coming will bring, When we shall be-hold Him our
 3. Oh, won-der-ful peace which we then shall obtain, No more shall our tri-als bring
 4. Oh, won-der-ful vis-ion our eyes shall be-hold, When safe we have entered the

cloud of the sky; Then we shall be-gin our im-mor-tal ca-reer,
 glo-ri-fied King; His prais-es a-new with the blest we shall hear,
 sad-ness and pain; En-throned by His mer-cy, His name to re-verere,
 heav-en-ly fold With all the re-deemed, who have fol-lowed Him here;

rit. *ff* **CHORUS.**
 We shall be like Him when He shall ap-pear. We shall be like Him, Oh,

poco rit. *a tempo.*
 won-der-ful sto-ry; We shall be like Him in mansions of glo-ry; Free from the

molto rit.
 bur-dens of sor-row and fear, We shall be like Him when He shall ap-pear.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val - ly when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be no more weeping when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4. There'll be songs of greeting when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

1. val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark val - ley when
 2. sor - row when Je - sus comes, But a glo - rious mor-row when
 3. weeping when Je - sus comes, But a bless - ed reaping when
 4. greeting when Je - sus comes, And a joy - ful meet-ing when

REFRAIN.

Je - sus comes To gath-er His loved ones home. To gather His loved ones

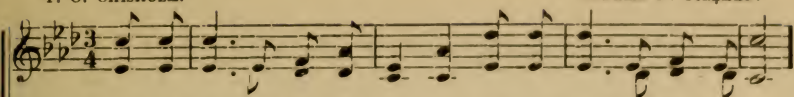
home, safe home, To gath-er His loved ones home, There'll be safe home,

no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes To gath-er His loved ones home.

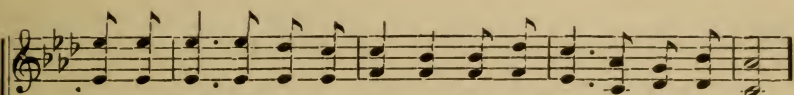
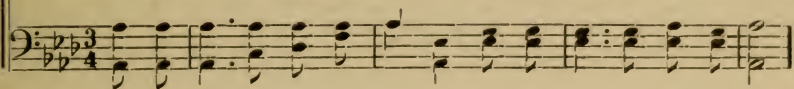
272 Will You Be Among His Jewels?

T. O. CHISHOLM.

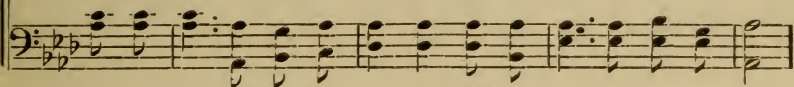
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



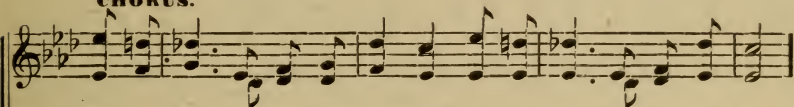
1. In the day the Lord re - turn-eth, To make up His jew-els here,
2. He is com-ing, sure-ly com-ing, And the time is drawing nigh,
3. Few will be the number cho-sen, Ma-ny will be left behind,
4. Will you be a-mong His jew-els? Does your heart now answer, "Yes,



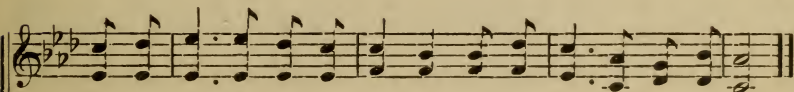
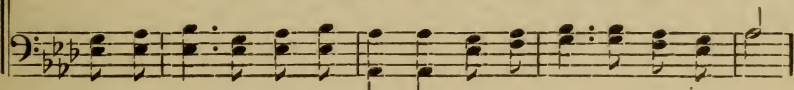
1. Will your name be then in - clud - ed? Will you in His crown appear?
2. Will He find you read-y, wait-ing, For the home be-yond the sky?
3. On - ly those who love and trust Him, Fa-vor in His sight will find.
4. Glad-ly I'll go out to meet Him, Robed in His own righteousness?"



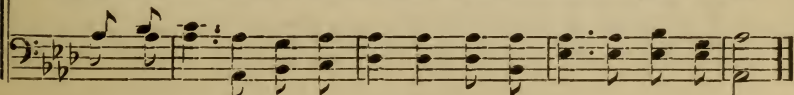
CHORUS.



Will you be a-mong His jew - els When He comes that fi - nal day?



When this world shall "be no lon - ger," And the heavens pass a-way.



E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Up - on the mountain He seeks for thee, The mountain bare and cold,
 2. In lone - ly plac - es He seeks for thee, His lost, but blood-bo't child,
 3. For years the Lord has been seeking thee, Thro' wand'rings weary, long.
 4. A - rise and say, "Lord, I'm coming home, I can no lon - ger stray,"

1. With lov - ing heart He seeks for thee, To bring thee to His fold.
 2. He longs to bring thee back a - gain, And have thee rec - on-ciled.
 3. He's wait-ing now to wel-come thee, In glad-ness and in song.
 4. Come trusting in His sav-ing grace, He'll wel-come you to - day.

CHORUS.

O list to His sweet, tender call, Mercy's call sent to all,
 tender call, Mercy's call sent to all,

No need for you to longer roam, You will find here a welcome home.
 longer roam, welcome home.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
 2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
 3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
 4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

1. And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me.
 2. But when I took Him at His word, Forgiv'n He lift - ed me.
 3. When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me.
 4. Yet how or why I can-not tell He should have lifted me. He lift-ed me.

CHORUS.

From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!

JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
 3. Souls in danger, look a - bove, Je - sus complete-ly saves; He will lift you

1. stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 2. pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so mighty and so true
 3. by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

1. Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lift - ed me, Now safe am I....
 2. Merits my soul's best songs, Faithful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - long-a.
 3. Billows His will o - bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
 e - ven me! e - ven me!

1. When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.
 2. When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.

CARY.

C. S. COLBURN.

1. If Christ must die on Cal - va - ry To bring the world sal - va - tion,
 2. If Christ must wear the thorny crown To bring the world sal - va - tion,
 3. When Christ within the tomb was laid To bring the world sal - va - tion,
 4. Turn not a - way the One who came, To bring the world sal - va - tion,

1. If faith in Him from sin to free, Shall bring the world sal - va - tion;
 2. Be scourged and bear the Father's frown, To bring the world sal - va - tion;
 3. No greater price could have been paid, To bring the world sal - va - tion;
 4. Neg - lect it not, but in His name, Ac - cept this great sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

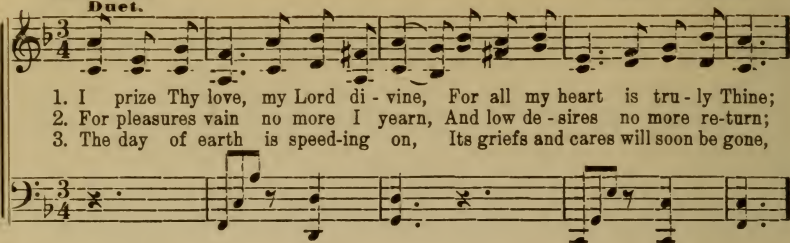
Then how shall we es - cape if we neg - lect
 Then how shall we es - cape if we neg - lect

This sal - va - tion thousands oft re - ject, How shall
 This sal - va - tion thou - sands oft re - ject, How shall we es -

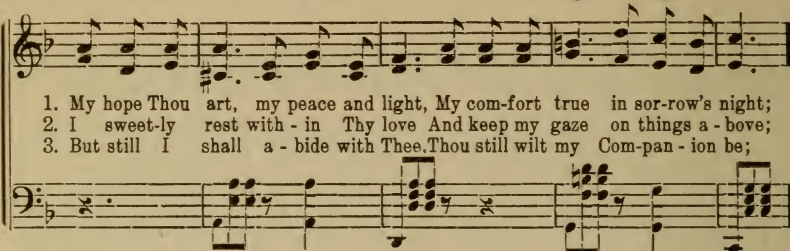
we es - cape if we neg - lect, neg - lect so great sal - va - tion?
 cape if we neg - lect,

JAMES ROWE.
Duet.

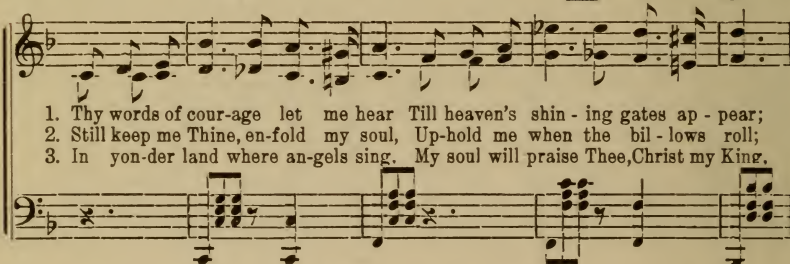
CHAS. H. MARSH.



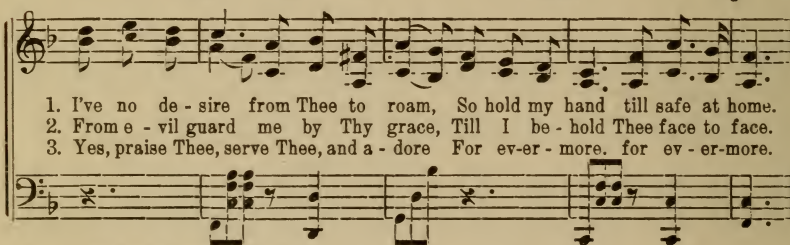
1. I prize Thy love, my Lord di-vine, For all my heart is tru-ly Thine;
 2. For pleasures vain no more I yearn, And low de-sires no more re-turn;
 3. The day of earth is speed-ing on, Its griefs and cares will soon be gone,



1. My hope Thou art, my peace and light, My com-fort true in sor-row's night;
 2. I sweet-ly rest with-in Thy love And keep my gaze on things a-bove;
 3. But still I shall a-bide with Thee, Thou still wilt my Com-pan-ion be;

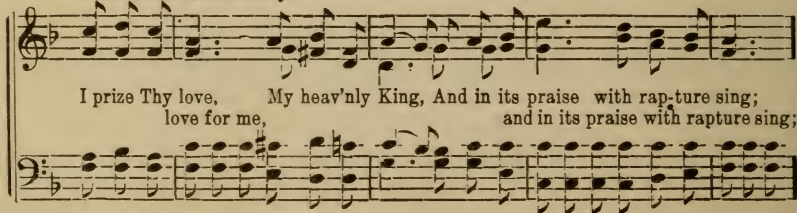


1. Thy words of cour-age let me hear Till heaven's shin-ing gates ap-pear;
 2. Still keep me Thine, en-fold my soul, Up-hold me when the bil-lows roll;
 3. In yon-der land where an-gels sing. My soul will praise Thee, Christ my King.



1. I've no de-sire from Thee to roam, So hold my hand till safe at home.
 2. From e-vil guard me by Thy grace, Till I be-hold Thee face to face.
 3. Yes, praise Thee, serve Thee, and a-dore For ev-er-more, for ev-er-more.

CHORUS. Harmony.



I prize Thy love, My heav'nly King, And in its praise with rap-ture sing;
 love for me, and in its praise with rapture sing;

I Prize Thy Love. Concluded.

From Thee I've no de - sire to roam, So hold my hand and lead me home.
From Thee I've no desire, no desire to roam, hold my hand

278

He Called, I Answered.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

Duet.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Once I wandered far from Je - sus, All un-mind-ful of the way,
2. Once I knew not Him who loved me, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied,
3. Once I faint-ed 'neath my bur-den, Once I trod a wea-ry road,
4. Joys of earth once turned to ashes, Fears be-set, and woes be-fell;

1. Yet He sought me, all un-wea-ried, Thro' the dark and cloudy day;
2. O the lone-li-ness and long-ing, O the sin, a ris-ing tide!
3. None could ease, and none could cheer me, Help nor pit - y none bestowed.
4. How the Son of God en-treat-ed, Tongue of mine can nev-er tell,

rit.
1. When He called, at last I answered, Now He keeps me, lest I stray.
2. Then He called me, and I answered, Now in Him a-lone I hide.
3. Then He called me, and I answered, Now my Je-sus bears my load.
4. But He called me, and I answered, Hal-le-lu-jah! all is well.

MAJ. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a
 3. Nev - er a heart - ache and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a

1. Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus till
 2. bur - den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that
 3. tear - drop and nev - er a moan, Nev - er a dan - ger but
 4. sick - ness that He can - not heal; Mo - ment by moment, in

1. glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 2. He doth not share, Mo - ment by mo - ment, I'm un - der His care.
 3. there on the throne, Mo - ment by mo - ment He thinks of His own.
 4. woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, a - bides with me still.

CHORUS.

Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by

mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till

Moment By Moment. Concluded.

glo - ry doth shine; Moment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

280

Cross Jordan To-day.

MRS. M. J. H.

MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

1. Come, en - ter in - to Ca - naan land, Cross Jor-dan to - day;
 2. O see the wine up - on the lees, Cross Jor-dan to - day;
 3. Then fol - low Christ, your liv-ing head, Cross Jor-dan to - day;
 4. Then fear no lon - ger a - ny foe, Cross Jor-dan to - day;

The first system of the musical score for 'Cross Jordan To-day.' is shown. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1. The Lord will lead you by the hand, Cross Jor-dan to - day.
 2. And pom - e - gran - ates on the trees, Cross Jor-dan to - day.
 3. And gi - ants there will be as bread, Cross Jor-dan to - day.
 4. God's sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r you'll know, Cross Jor-dan to - day.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Cross Jordan to - day,..... Cross Jor-dan to - day,.....
 to - day, to - day,

The chorus section of the musical score is shown. It begins with the word 'CHORUS.' in bold. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Its waves will divide, They'll stand at your side, Cross Jordan to - day.

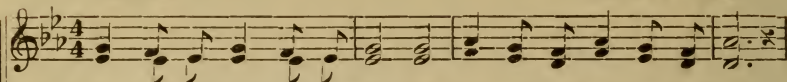
The final system of the musical score is shown. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

281 Keep Me From Loving the World.

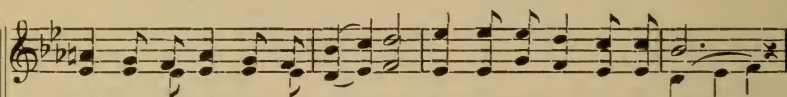
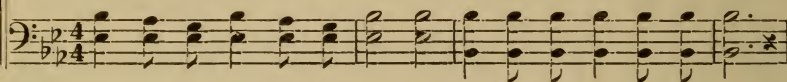
"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."—1 JOHN.
 "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."—2 TIM. 4: 10.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

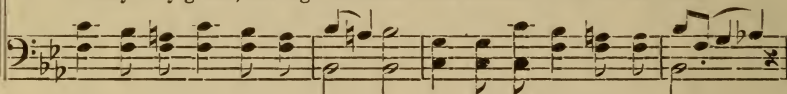
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



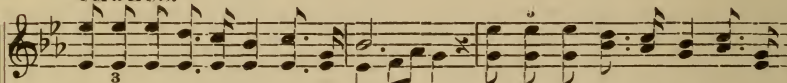
1. Keep me from loving the world, Lord, Help me its charms to re - pel;
2. Keep me from loving the world, Lord, Take from my hand or my heart
3. Keep me from loving the world, Lord, Soon it will van - ish a - way;
4. Keep me from loving the world, Lord, Things that are present and near;
5. Keep me from loving the world, Lord, Help me its fol - lies to flee;



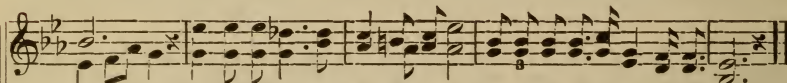
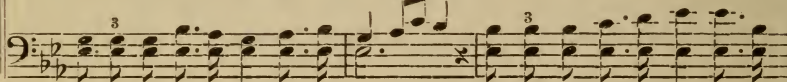
1. Lest in my weakness and blindness, I should fall un - der its spell.
2. Aught which would hinder Thy working, Cause me from Thee to de - part.
3. All of its pleasures are fleet - ing, All of its treasures de - cay.
4. Grant me the vi - sion e - ter - nal, While I am journeying here.
5. O may Thy great, loving kindness Draw me and hold me to Thee!



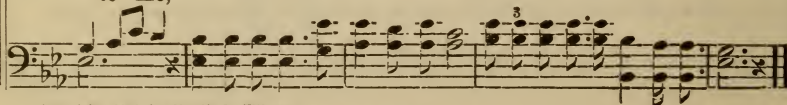
CHORUS.



Many allurements round me I see, Ma - ny the voic - es call - ing to
 I see,



me, Dead to the world, and all it can give, Unto Thee, Lord, alone would I live.
 to me,



Christ Is Crowded Out.

J. H. W.

SOLO.

PROF. J. H. WEBER.

Slowly, with expression.

1. In the bus - y marts, in the crowd - ed street, The world goes
 2. We're bus - y at home with our friends and cares, And there's no
 3. The world, with its song, goes march - ing on, You join the

hur - ry - ing on; It craves for wealth and pomp and show, And
 time to pray; It's lodge, or club and world - ly things, In
 glad re - frain; With soul and mind and ev - 'ry nerve, You

heeds the si - ren's song. It's pleas - ure first, it's self and gold,
 this gay world to - day: But death will come, and you will die,
 plan for earth - ly gain. O stop! and think, some day you'll die,

And Christ is crowd - ed out, And Christ is crowd - ed out;

O what will you say in the judgment day, If Christ is crowded out?

BELLE MCKINNEY SWOPE.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. God cares for me, How sweet the tho't That in His boundless
 2. God cares for me, Christ lived and died, That I may in His
 3. God cares for me, Tho' I be blind, On ev - 'ry trou - bled
 4. God cares for me, He'll not for - get That I, His child, am
 5. God cares for me, And with Him near The lone - ly plac - es

1. love He sought, And with His precious blood He bought New life for me.
 2. home a-bide, And here and there may trust my Guide To plan for me.
 3. wave I find Some rec-om-pense for all man-kind, And peace for me.
 4. praying yet, And in my own weak way He'll let Me live for Him.
 5. seem less dear, Because I know how ver - y dear I am to Him.

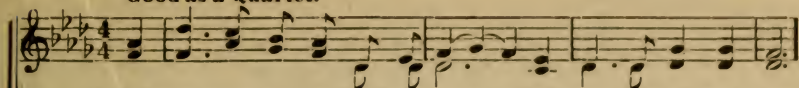
1. New life (new life), for me (for me), New life (new life), for me, And
 2. To plan (to plan), for me (for me), To plan (to plan), for me, And
 3. And peace (sweet peace), for me, (for me), Yes, peace (sweet peace), for me, There's
 4. Yes, live (yes, live), for Him (for Him), Yes, live (yes, live), for Him, And
 5. I'm dear (yes, dear), to Him (to Him), I'm dear (yes, dear), to Him, O

1. with His precious blood He bought New life (new life), for me (for me).
 2. here and there may trust my Guide To plan (to plan), for me (for me).
 3. rec-om-pense for all man-kind, And peace (sweet peace), for me (for me).
 4. in my own weak way He'll let Me live (yes, live), for Him (for Him).
 5. yes, I know how ver - y dear I am (I am), to Him (to Him).

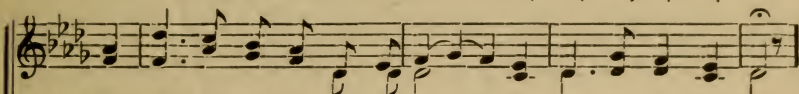
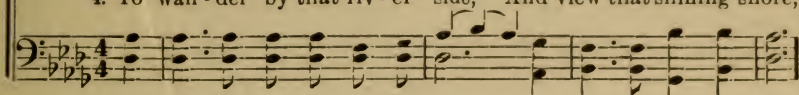
MAHLON OLIPHANT.

J. OWEN LONG.

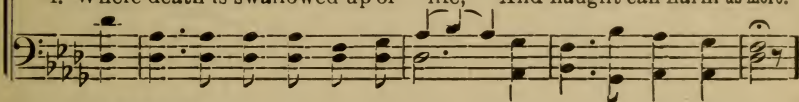
Good as a Quartet.



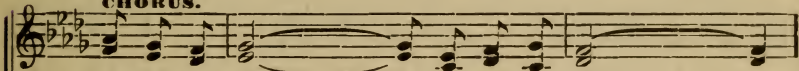
1. I know there is a land a - bove This world of toil and care,
2. A land where flow'rs immortal bloom, And storms can ne'er annoy;
3. O Beu - lah land! O home of light! O land of bliss un-told;
4. To wan - der by that riv - er side, And view that shining shore,



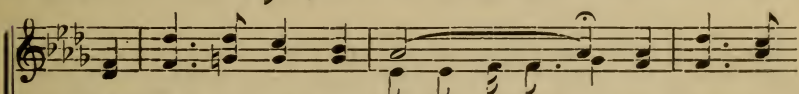
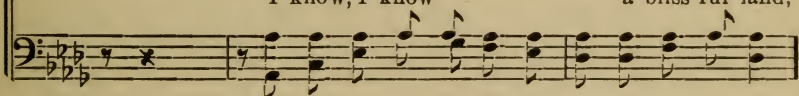
1. And that earth's ransomed ones shall meet In bliss-ful un - ion there.
2. E - ter - nal are its gates of peace, Un-bound-ed is its joy.
3. I long to join Thy spotless throngs, And walk thy streets of gold.
4. Where death is swallowed up of life, And naught can harm us more.



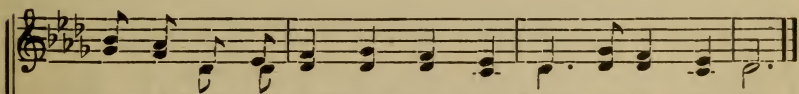
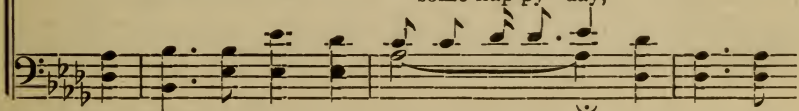
CHORUS.



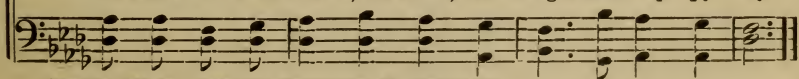
I know, I know,..... there is a land,.....
I know, I know a bliss-ful land,



Where we shall meet some day;..... Where we shall
some hap-py day;



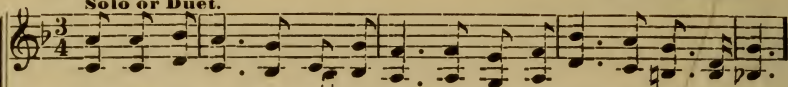
meet and dwell with Christ, the Lord, Some bright and hap - py day.



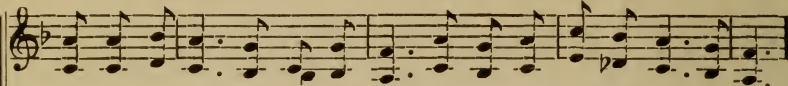
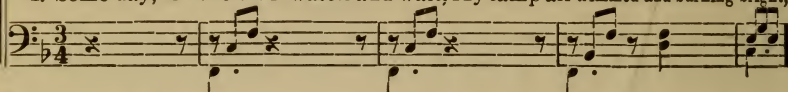
FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

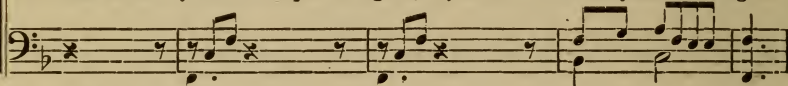
Solo or Duet.



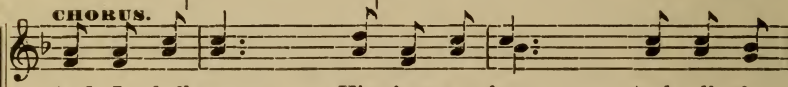
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the golden sun Beneath the ros - y - tint - ed West,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



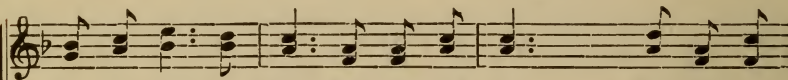
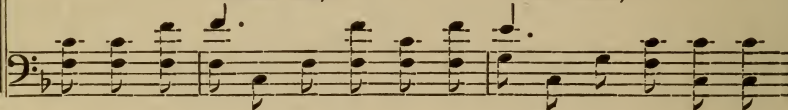
1. But, O the joy when I shall wake Within the pal - ace of the King!
2. But this I know—my All - in - All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
3. My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
4. That when my Saviour opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



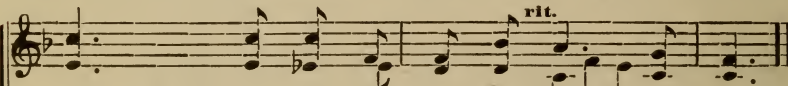
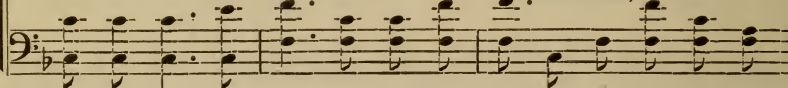
CHORUS.



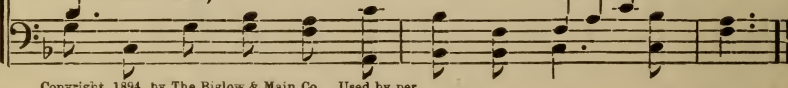
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see, to face,



sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see,



face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.
to face,



PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

L. H. BAKER.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear;
2. Grace taught my roving feet To tread the heav'nly road;
3. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days;

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone, And well deserves our praise.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Saved by His grace a-lone,..... Saved by His grace a-lone ;.....
Saved,.....

Saved, saved by His grace alone, Saved, saved by His grace alone ;

And we shall sing a-round the throne, Saved by His grace a - lone.

All through history and into the future there runs
a "Scarlet Line," leading up to and from Calvary.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

JEAN HOWARD.

1. From the ear - ly dawn of the new-born world, Thro' the ages yet to be,
2. To the cross it runs, from the cross it flows, From a fountain deep and wide;
3. To my sinful heart how it brings re-lief, And I love that sa-cred shrine;
4. Thro' the shadows drear and the vale of death I shall see that Scarlet Line;

1. There's a Scar-let Line, the trace di-vine, That leads to Cal - va - ry.
2. There's a par - don free for you and me, That flows from hand and side.
3. 'Tis there mercy sweet and jus-tice meet, And trace the Scar-let Line.
4. With the blood-washed throng I'll sing the song: Saved, saved by grace divine.

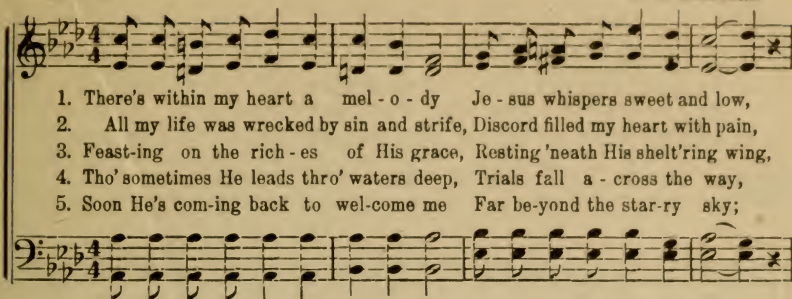
CHORUS.

Won - der - ful Scar - let Line, Traced by the Mas - ter di - vine,

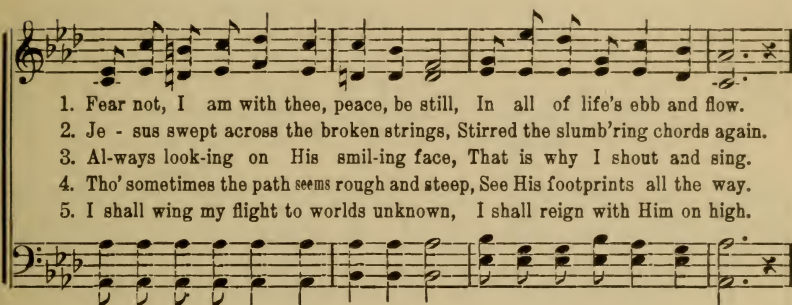
I shall find my way to the gates of day, Un - der the Scar-let Line.

L. B. B.

L. B. BRIDGERS.

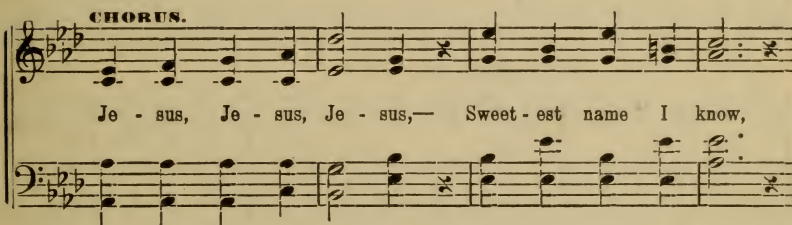


1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je-sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Trials fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

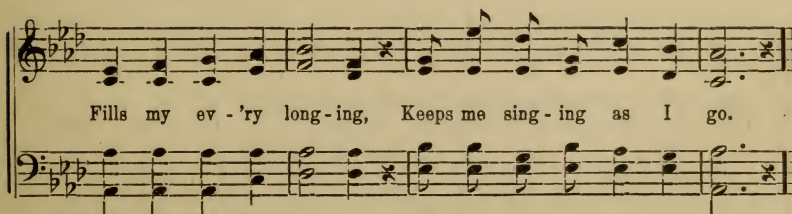


1. Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
2. Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
3. Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
4. Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
5. I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.



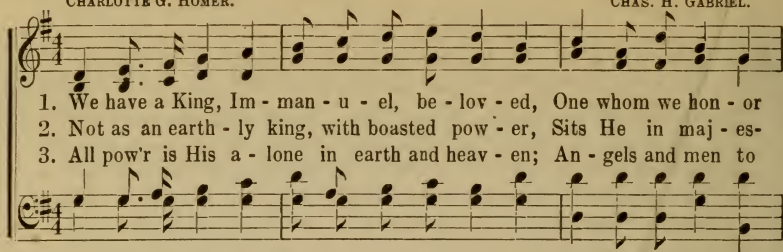
Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet-est name I know,



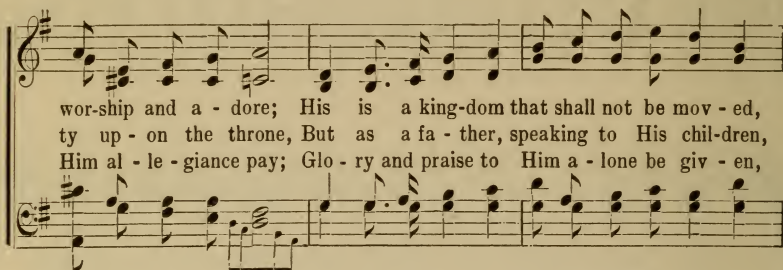
Fills my ev-'ry long-ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

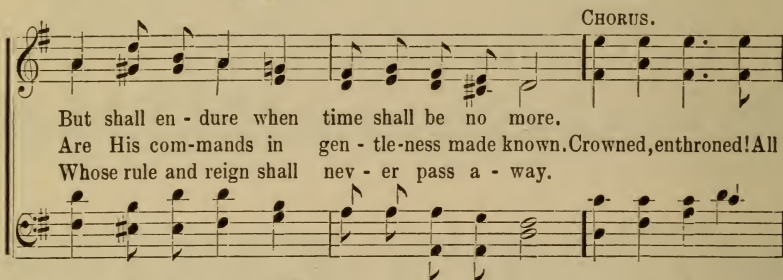
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



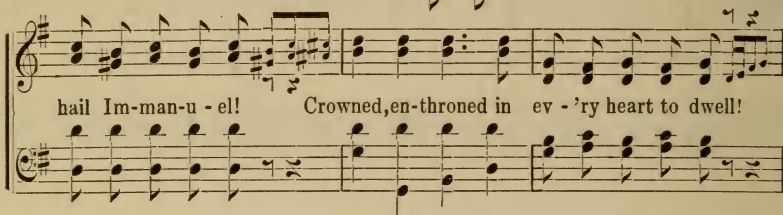
1. We have a King, Im - man - u - el, be - lov - ed, One whom we hon - or
 2. Not as an earth - ly king, with boasted pow - er, Sits He in maj - es -
 3. All pow'r is His a - lone in earth and heav - en; An - gels and men to



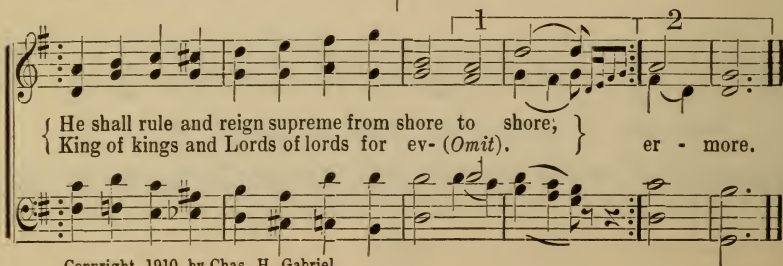
wor-ship and a - dore; His is a king-dom that shall not be mov - ed,
 ty up - on the throne, But as a fa - ther, speaking to His chil-dren,
 Him al - le - giance pay; Glo - ry and praise to Him a - lone be giv - en,



CHORUS.
 But shall en - dure when time shall be no more.
 Are His com-mands in gen - tle-ness made known. Crowned, enthroned! All
 Whose rule and reign shall nev - er pass a - way.



hail Im-man-u - el! Crowned, en-throned in ev - 'ry heart to dwell!



{ He shall rule and reign supreme from shore to shore;
 { King of kings and Lords of lords for ev- (*Omit*). } er - more.

"Let us hold fast our profession."—HEB. 10: 23.

GRACE EMMONS.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Je - sus redeemed and made me whole, I can for-get Him nev - er;
 2. Great is the love of Christ, my King, Love that no pow'r can sev - er;
 3. If on the Lord my care I cast, He will for-sake me nev - er;
 4. He has prepared a home for me O - ver the si - lent riv - er;

1. Out of the depths He bro't my soul, Now I am His for - ev - er.
 2. Joy - ful and glad my tongue shall sing, Praise to His name for - ev - er.
 3. Firm on the Rock of A - ges fast, I shall a - bide for - ev - er.
 4. There with the blest I soon shall be, There I shall dwell for - ev - er.

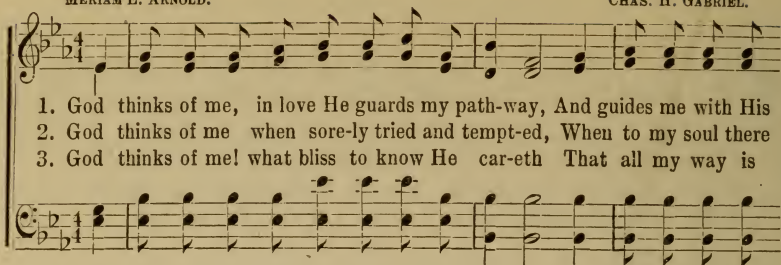
CHORUS.

I'm hold-ing on, I'm hold-ing on, Dai - ly in grace I'm grow-ing;

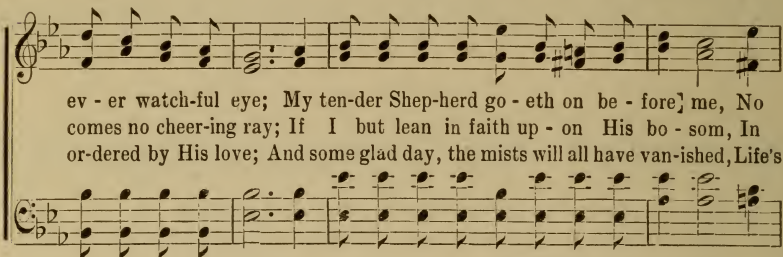
Fast to the Rock I'm hold-ing on, Peace to my heart is flow-ing.

MERIAM E. ARNOLD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

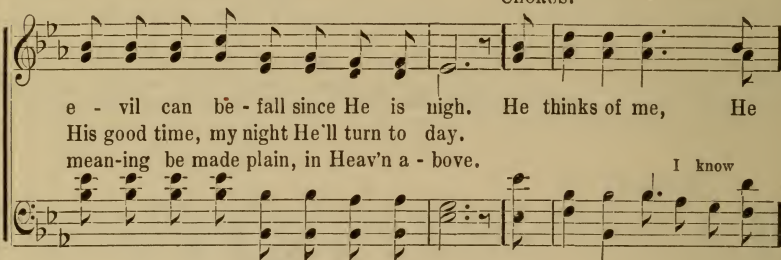


1. God thinks of me, in love He guards my path-way, And guides me with His
 2. God thinks of me when sore-ly tried and tempt-ed, When to my soul there
 3. God thinks of me! what bliss to know He car-eth That all my way is

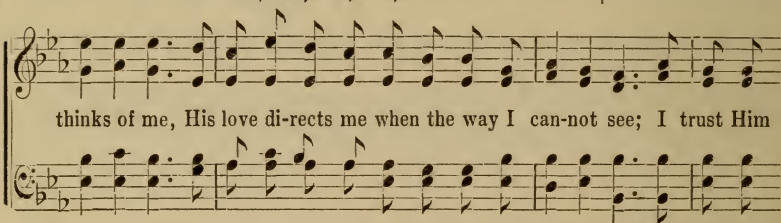


ev - er watch-ful eye; My ten-der Shep-herd go - eth on be - fore] me, No
 comes no cheer-ing ray; If I but lean in faith up - on His bo - som, In
 or-dered by His love; And some glad day, the mists will all have van-ish-ed, Life's

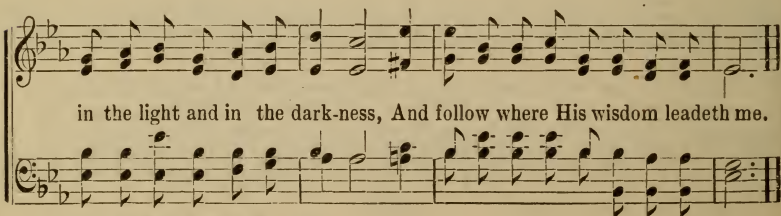
CHORUS.



e - vil can be - fall since He is nigh. He thinks of me, He
 His good time, my night He'll turn to day.
 mean-ing be made plain, in Heav'n a - bove. I know



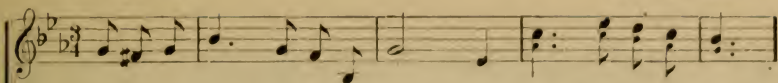
thinks of me, His love di-rects me when the way I can-not see; I trust Him



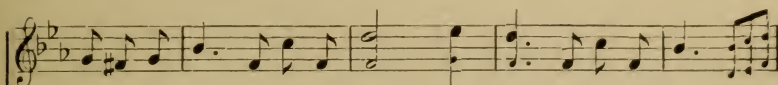
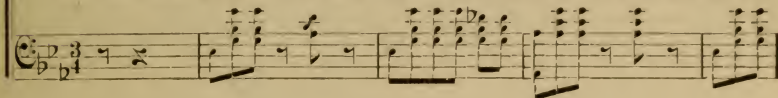
in the light and in the dark-ness, And follow where His wisdom leadeth me.

Rev. C. A. GAGE

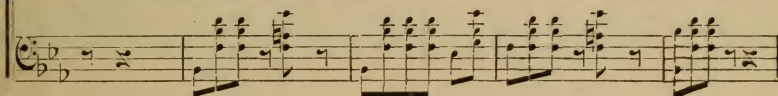
CHAS H. GABRIEL.



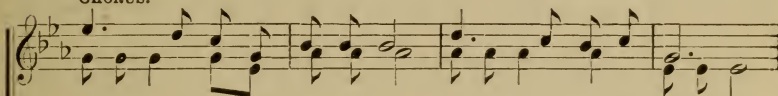
1. I am not long - ing for the hour, That bring - eth my re - ward,
2. My Sav-ior will give peace and rest To those who love His way,
3. Come pain or pleas-ure, joy or woe, I wel - come His de-crees,
4. Oh, what a pure and sweet de - light, When sinks life's set-ting sun,



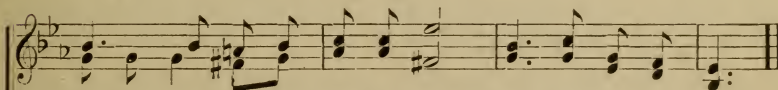
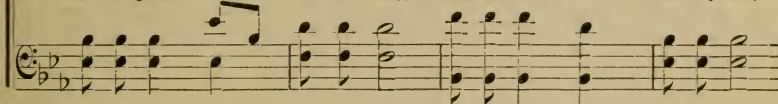
But I would use my ev - 'ry pow'r To please my bless-ed Lord.
 Who gave to Him of life the best, To please Him ev-'ry day.
 For while I tar - ry here be - low, 'Tis heav'n my Lord to please.
 When faith is chang'd to bliss-ful sight, To hear him say, "Well done."



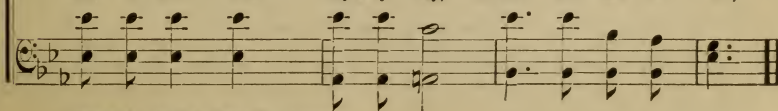
CHORUS.



Just to please Him all the way, Just to do His will;
 Just to please Him all the way, Just to do His ho - ly will;



Just to serve Him day by day, And His law ful - fill.
 Just to serve Him day by day, And His law ful - fill,



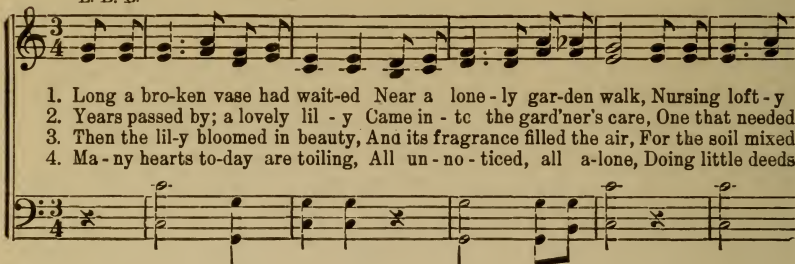
The Broken Vase.

D. G. McCAIN.

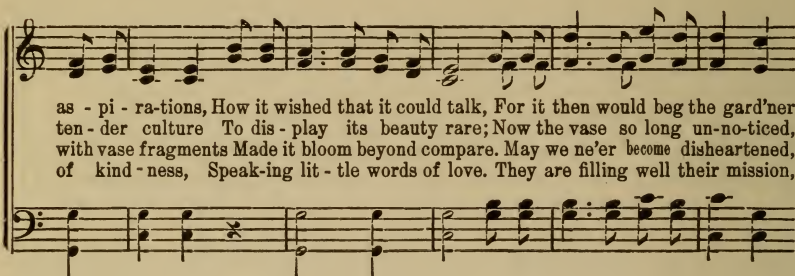
C. D. T.

L. B. B.

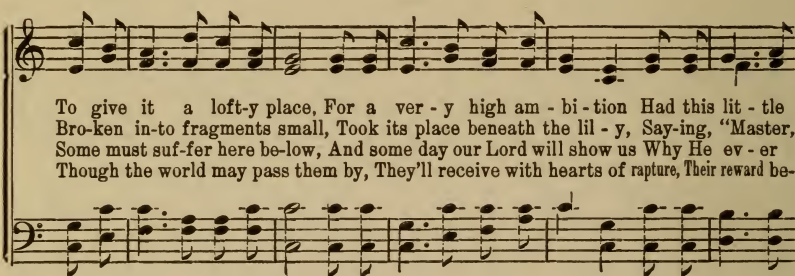
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



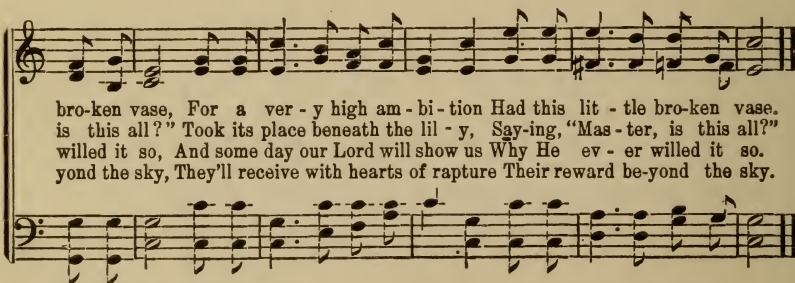
1. Long a bro-ken vase had wait-ed Near a lone-ly gar-den walk, Nursing loft-y
 2. Years passed by; a lovely lil-y Came in-to the gard'ner's care, One that needed
 3. Then the lil-y bloomed in beauty, And its fragrance filled the air, For the soil mixed
 4. Ma-ny hearts to-day are toiling, All un-no-ticed, all a-lone, Doing little deeds



as-pi-ra-tions, How it wished that it could talk, For it then would beg the gard'ner
 ten-der culture To dis-play its beauty rare; Now the vase so long un-no-ticed,
 with vase fragments Made it bloom beyond compare. May we ne'er become disheartened,
 of kind-ness, Speak-ing lit-tle words of love. They are filling well their mission,



To give it a loft-y place, For a ver-y high am-bi-tion Had this lit-tle
 Bro-ken in-to fragments small, Took its place beneath the lil-y, Say-ing, "Master,
 Some must suf-fer here be-low, And some day our Lord will show us Why He ev-er
 Though the world may pass them by, They'll receive with hearts of rapture, Their reward be-



bro-ken vase, For a ver-y high am-bi-tion Had this lit-tle bro-ken vase.
 is this all?" Took its place beneath the lil-y, Say-ing, "Mas-ter, is this all?"
 willed it so, And some day our Lord will show us Why He ev-er willed it so.
 yond the sky, They'll receive with hearts of rapture Their reward be-yond the sky.

Anon.

HALDOR LILLENAN.

1. A mighty throng with bat-tle song is marching by, The flag that is their
 2. Shall pleasures please and selfish ease our days consume? For brave and no - ble
 3. A he - ro - life 'mid toil and strife we each may live, By fight-ing in the

1. guide portrays the Cru - ci - fied; Then spread His fame who lives a - gain, O
 2. deeds a lov - ing Saviour pleads, That each bond slave He came to save from
 3. host led by the Ho - ly Ghost, For truth and right, in garments white that

CHORUS.

1. hear their cry, "In Christ there is salvation free for all."
 2. endless doom, May know the freedom grace alone can give. O who will join the
 3. Christ will give, His trumpet call attend and march away.

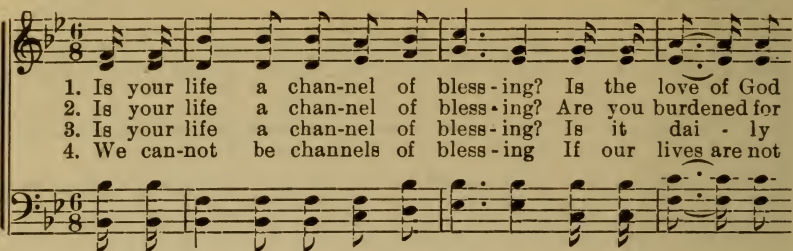
sol-diers of the cross? Let brave ones take the sword, And battle for the Lord

O who will join the sol-diers of the cross? Say, "Mas-ter, here am I."

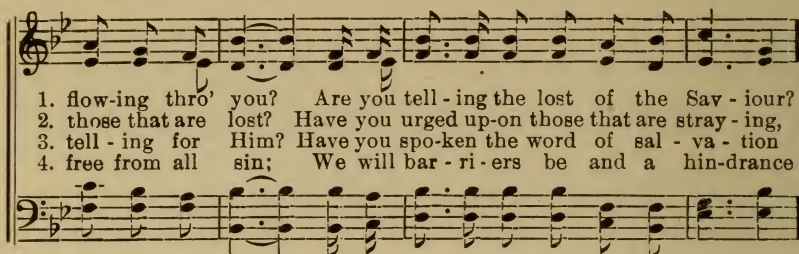
295 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH.

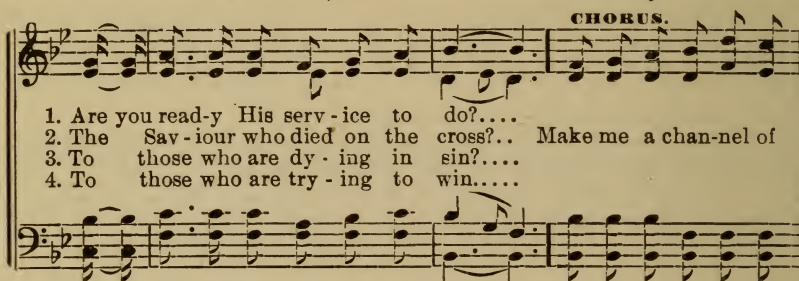


1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
 2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for
 3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai - ly
 4. We can-not be channels of bless-ing If our lives are not

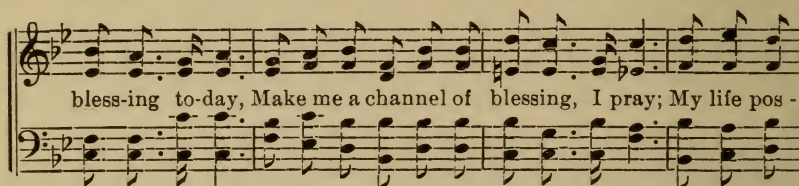


1. flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-iour?
 2. those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those that are stray-ing,
 3. tell-ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal - va - tion,
 4. free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin-drance

CHORUS.

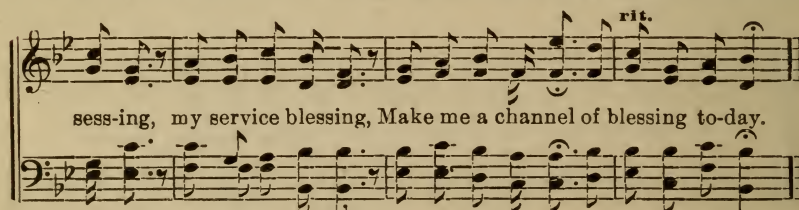


1. Are you read-y His serv-ice to do?...
 2. The Sav-iour who died on the cross?... Make me a chan-nel of
 3. To those who are dy-ing in sin?....
 4. To those who are try-ing to win....



bless-ing to-day, Make me a channel of blessing, I pray; My life pos-


rit.




sess-ing, my service blessing, Make me a channel of blessing to-day.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

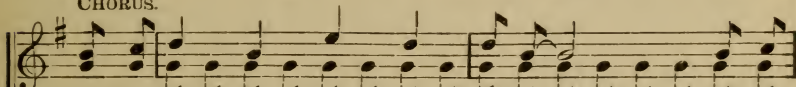


1. { We are building on the wall, } Building for e - ter - nal years to - day;
 { Dai - ly building one and all, }
 2. { As the Ar - chi - tect di - vine, } He condemns each stone He finds untrue,
 { Now inspects your work and mine, }
 3. { In the judgment day to come, } Should He find some stone that was not right,
 { When insight of that sweet home, }

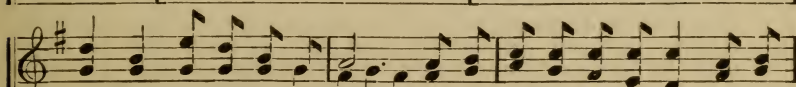


{ And in what way we shall build, } Let us then be care - ful how its stones we lay.
 { Will the years of time be filled, }
 { As He pass - es now a - long, } Place the right ones in; the work is left to you.
 { He detects each stone that's wrong, }
 { Oh, how sad 'twill be when He } Just one lit - tle sin that failed to come to light.
 { Shall re - veal so all may see, }

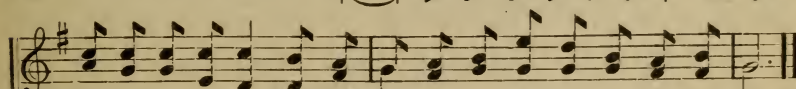
CHORUS.



On this wall be dai - ly building, Cut the
 On this wall be dai - ly building, dai - ly building, dai - ly building, Cut the



stones most care - ful - ly and true, Place them one by one in line, Ce - ment

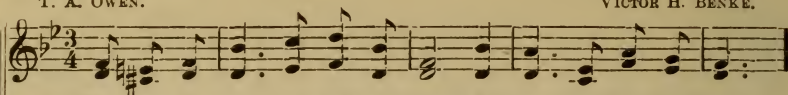


them with love di - vine, So this wall may stand in judgment shielding you.

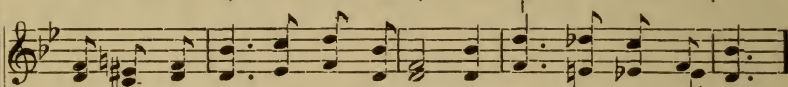
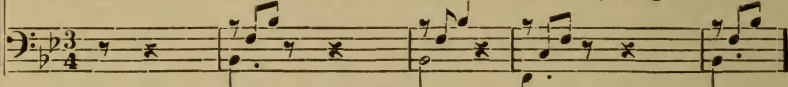
297 How Can I Look On Calvary's Cross?

T. A. OWEN.

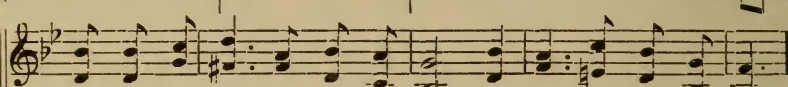
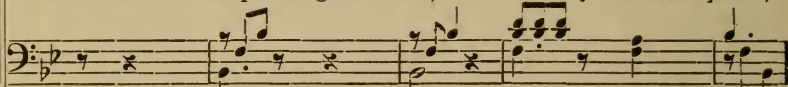
VICTOR H. BENKE.



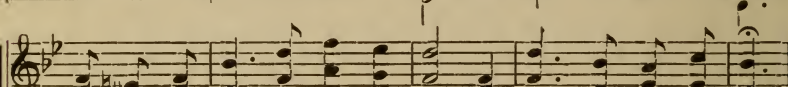
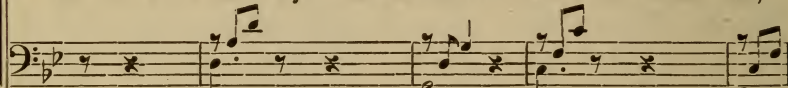
1. How can I look on Calvary's cross And see my Sav-iour there,
2. How can I think of all He bore—The shame, the thorns, the pain,
3. No, no! I can - not trai-tor be, To Je - sus, King of Love,



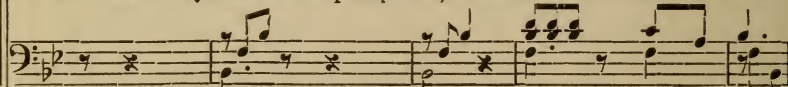
With outstretched arms the world to save, My sins Him-self to bear?
And un - re - pent-ant go my way To pierce His heart a - gain?
Tho' sin - ner steeped in guilt I am, His mer - cy I will prove;



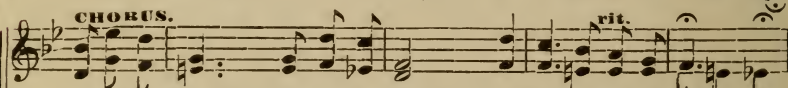
How con-tem-plate and yet withstand Such love as He has shown,
For - sak - en in His dark - est hour By all, ex - cept His God,
His blood on Cal - vary's cross was shed To save e'en such as me;



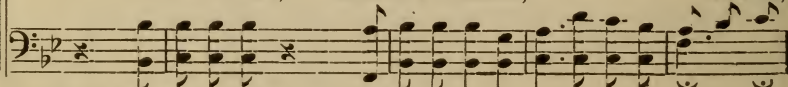
Who died to draw the sin - ner near And claim him for His own?
Shall I de - ny my bless-ed Lord, Who died to lift the rod?
O Je - sus, now ac - cept my all, And draw me close to Thee.



CHORUS.



O love of God, that bro't me there, O love so deep, so true,
O love of God, that bro't me there, so true,



How Can I Look On Calvary's Cross. Concluded.

Come, fill my long - ing heart with light And rapture, thro' and thro'.

Come, fill my heart with heav'nly light and thro'.

298 Is It Well With Your Soul?

REV. GEO. BERNARD.

REV. GEO. BERNARD.

1. Is it well with your soul to-day, Do you walk in the nar-row way? Are your
 2. Is it well with your soul to-day, Has the Com-fort-er come to stay? Are you
 3. Is it well with your soul to-day, Are you letting Him have His way? Have you
 4. Is it well with your soul to-day, Are you conquering all the way? Do you

garments kept white, Do you live in the light, Is it well with your soul to-day?
 treat-ing Him right, Is your heart in the fight? Is it well with your soul to-day?
 giv - en your best, Are you true in each test? Is it well with your soul to-day?
 mean to go thro', And to Jesus prove true? Is it well with your soul to-day?

CHORUS.

1-3. Is it well.... with your soul,.... Is it well with your soul to - day?.....
 Is it well with your soul to - day?
 4. It is well.... with my soul,.... It is well with my soul to - day.....
 It is well with my soul, to - day.

Does the blood.....keep you whole?... Is it well with your soul to - day?
 Does the blood keep you whole?
 And the blood..... keeps me whole,.... It is well with my soul to - day.
 And the blood keeps me whole,

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Fields with har-vest bend-ing wait our hands to - day, God is reap - ers
 2. To a weak - er broth - er reach a help-ing hand, By a smile as -
 3. Win some souls for Je - sus while the sun is high; Har-vest time so

send-ing—bear some sheaves a - way; Gold - en har - vest wast-ing, la - bor -
 sist him for the right to stand; Be a will - ing work - er, nev - er
 pre - cious swift is pass - ing by; Go not emp - ty hand - ed forth your

ers are few, Hear the Mas - ter call-ing: "Christ hath need of you!"
 du - ty shun, This re - ward suf - fi - cient, Je - sus' blest "Well done!"
 Lord to meet, But with ripe sheaves laden'd lay them at His feet.

CHORUS.

This..... is the reap-ing time, glo - - ri - ous reap-ing time,
 This is the glo - ri - ous This is the glo - ri - ous reap-ing time,

Thrust ye in the sick - le keen, and reap the gold - en grain,
 reap the gold - en grain,

This Is the Reaping Time. Concluded.

This..... is the reap-ing time, glo - ri - ous
 This is the glo - ri - ous This is the glo - ri - ous

reap-ing time, Go ye forth the lost to win, The Lord's ap-pro - val gain.

300 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

Fine.

1. The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
2. I now repent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
3. I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
4. My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.
5. That Je-sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
6. Oh, wash me whit-er than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

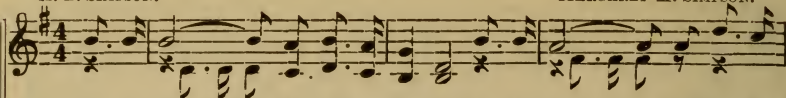
CHORUS.

D. S.

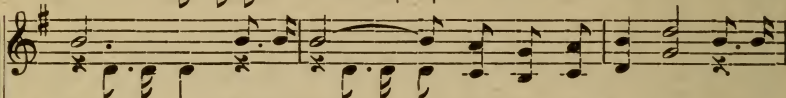
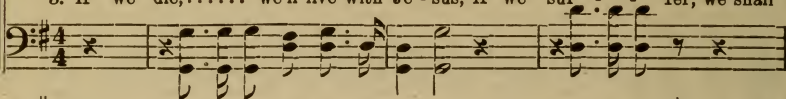
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

A. B. SIMPSON.

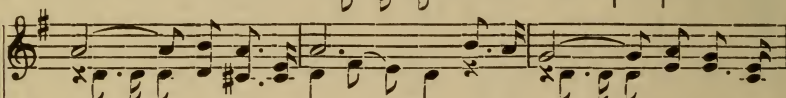
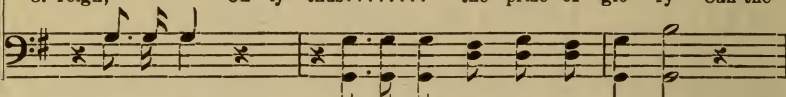
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



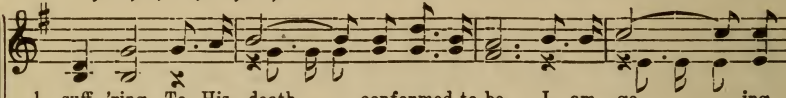
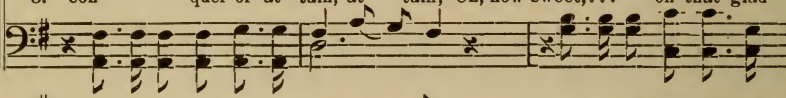
1. Cru-ci-fied..... with Christ my Saviour, To the world..... and self and
 2. 'Tis not hard..... to die with Je-sus When His ris - - en life we
 3. If we die,..... we'll live with Je-sus, If we suf - fer, we shall



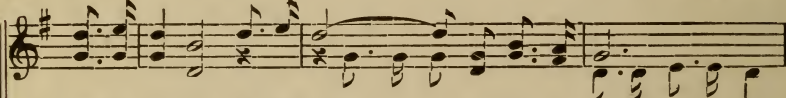
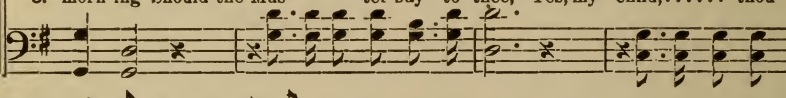
1. sin; To the death - - born life of Je - sus I am
 2. know; 'Tis not hard..... to share His suff'rings When our
 3. reign; On - ly thus..... the prize of glo - ry Can the



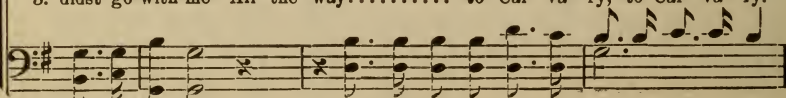
1. sweet - - ly ent'ring in, ent'ring in, In His fel - - low-ship of
 2. hearts.... with joy o'erflow, o'er - flow, In His res - ur - rec-tion
 3. con - quer-or at - tain, at - tain, Oh, how sweet,... on that glad



1. suff -'ring To His death.... conformed to be, I am go - ing
 2. pow - er He has come.... to dwell in me, And my heart..... is
 3. morn-ing Should the Mas - - ter say to thee, "Yes, my child,..... thou



1. with my Sav-iour All the way..... to Cal - va - ry, to Cal - va - ry.
 2. glad - ly go - ing All the way..... to Cal - va - ry, to Cal - va - ry.
 3. didst go with me All the way..... to Cal - va - ry, to Cal - va - ry."



All the Way To Calvary. Concluded.

CHORUS.

All the way to Cal - va - ry, Where my Sav - iour went for me,

Help me, Lord, to go with Thee All the way to Cal - va - ry.

302

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

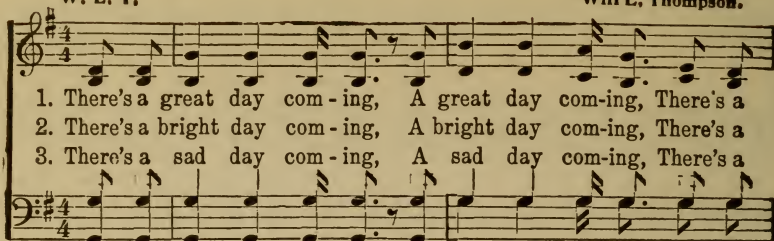
1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Har-vest is past; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

1. Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
2. Turn not a - way; Je - sus in-vites you here, An - gels are
3. Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is

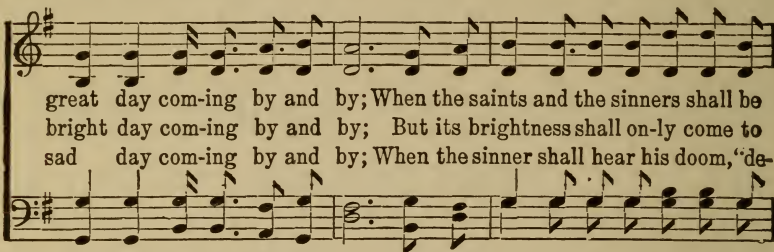
1. go Thy way, Some more con-ve-nient day On Thee I'll call."
2. ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan-d'rer, come!
3. but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

W. L. T.

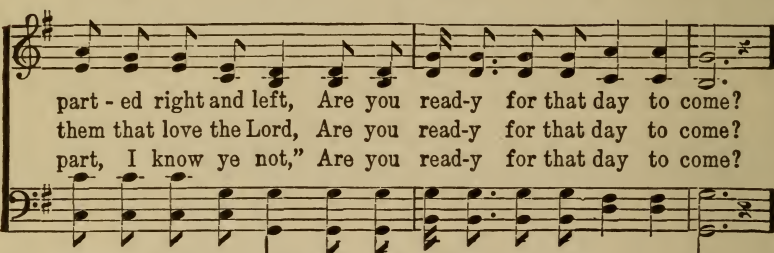
Will L. Thompson.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

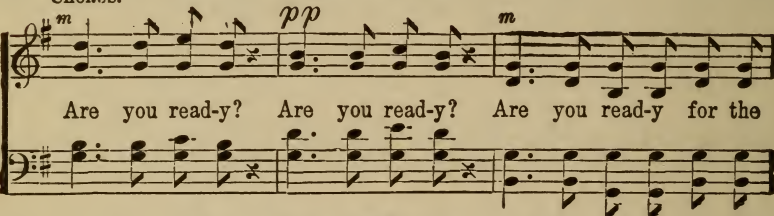


great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-

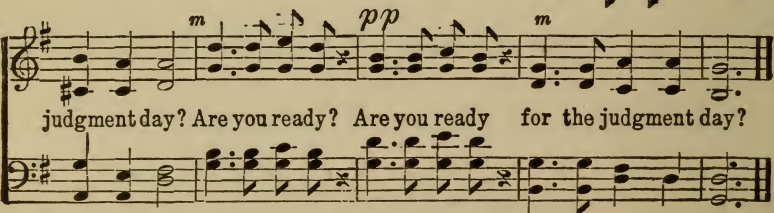


part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The won-der-ful day of judgment is coming, And we shall soon hear the call;
 2. Poor sin-ner, be-lieve the judgment is coming, O where will you stand that day?
 3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All nations will hear the call

'Tis com-ing to you, and 'tis com-ing to me, That day is coming to all.
 The righte-ous will hear, "Come, ye blessed of mine," The lost be driven a - way.
 That speaks in loud tones, time on earth is no more, That day is coming to all.

CHORUS.

day;.....

O that won-der-ful, won-der-ful day, 'tis coming, coming soon; O that

day;.....

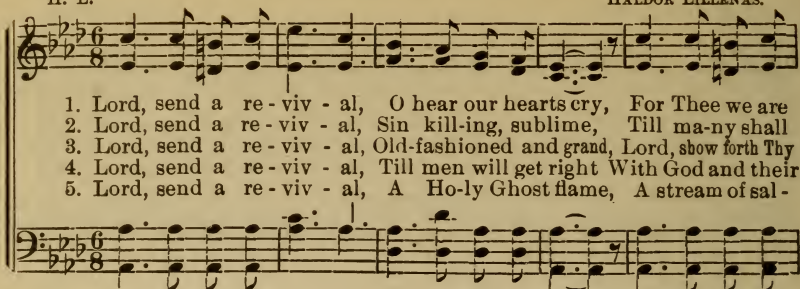
won-der-ful, won-der-ful day, 'tis coming, coming soon; It's com-ing to you, it's

to all.....

com-ing to me, That day is com-ing, yes, coming, coming to all.

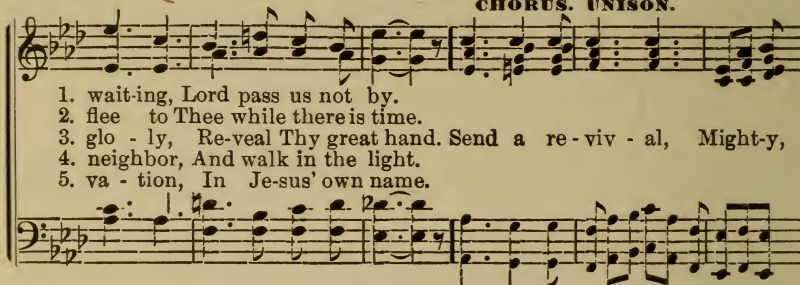
H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

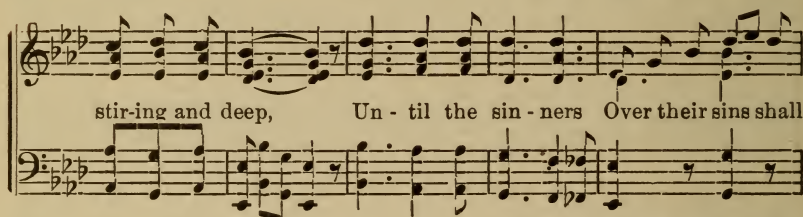


1. Lord, send a re - viv - al, O hear our hearts cry, For Thee we are
 2. Lord, send a re - viv - al, Sin kill - ing, sublime, Till ma - ny shall
 3. Lord, send a re - viv - al, Old - fashioned and grand, Lord, show forth Thy
 4. Lord, send a re - viv - al, Till men will get right With God and their
 5. Lord, send a re - viv - al, A Ho - ly Ghost flame, A stream of sal -

CHORUS. UNISON.

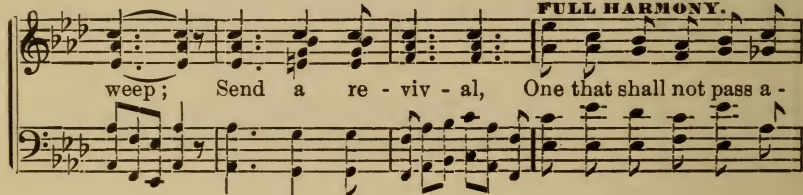


1. wait - ing, Lord pass us not by.
 2. flee to Thee while there is time.
 3. glo - ly, Re - veal Thy great hand. Send a re - viv - al, Might - y,
 4. neighbor, And walk in the light.
 5. va - tion, In Je - sus' own name.

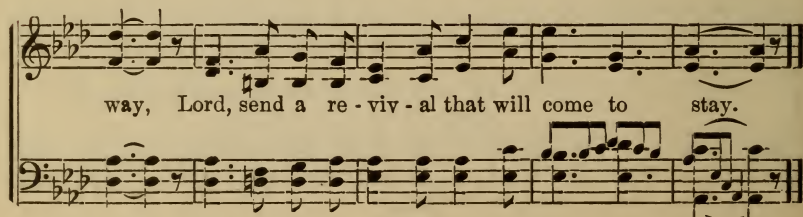


stir - ing and deep, Un - til the sin - ners Over their sins shall

FULL HARMONY.



weep; Send a re - viv - al, One that shall not pass a -



way, Lord, send a re - viv - al that will come to stay.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When I think how the Lord could have mer-cy on me, And pour out His
 2. When I think how com-pas-sion-ate, ten-der and kind He was to the
 3. When I think of Him there in the gar-den a-lone, And see Him de-
 4. When I think of the thorns that were placed on His head, And look on the
 5. When I think of the friends who have gone on be-fore, Who rest in His

love at my pen-i-tent plea, Could suf-fer and die my Re-deem-er to be,
 poor, to the sick and the blind; When nothing but love in His pathway I find,
 spised and be-friend-ed by none, Neg-lect-ed, for-got-ten, betrayed by His own,
 wounds in His hands that were spread On Cal-va-ry's cross, where He hung in my stead,
 care, and are safe ev-er-more; To meet them a-gain on that beau-ti-ful shore,

CHORUS.

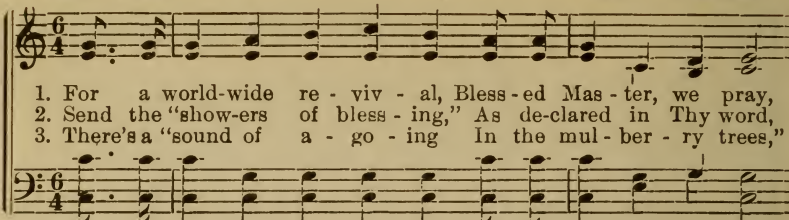
I want to be true to Him.... I want to be true to

Him,..... I want to be true to Him;..... Till
 want to be true, I want to be true;

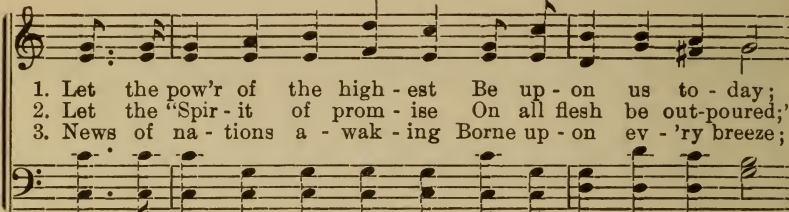
la-bor is done, And heav-en is won, I want to be true to Him.

MRS. C. H. M.

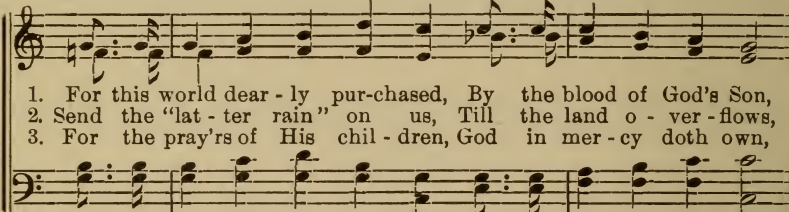
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



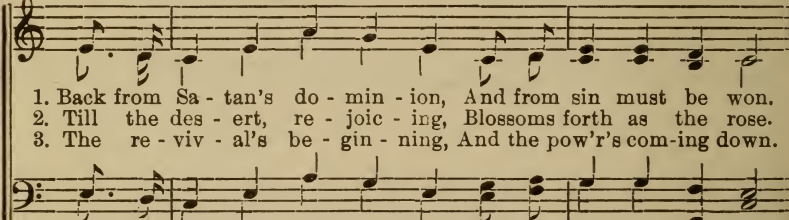
1. For a world-wide re - viv - al, Bless - ed Mas - ter, we pray,
 2. Send the "show-ers of bless - ing," As de - clared in Thy word,
 3. There's a "sound of a - go - ing In the mul - ber - ry trees,"



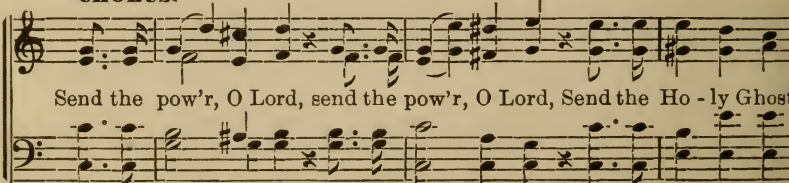
1. Let the pow'r of the high - est Be up - on us to - day;
 2. Let the "Spir - it of prom - ise On all flesh be out-poured;"
 3. News of na - tions a - wak - ing Borne up - on ev - 'ry breeze;



1. For this world dear - ly pur - chased, By the blood of God's Son,
 2. Send the "lat - ter rain" on us, Till the land o - ver - flows,
 3. For the pray'rs of His chil - dren, God in mer - cy doth own,



1. Back from Sa - tan's do - min - ion, And from sin must be won.
 2. Till the des - ert, re - joic - ing, Blossoms forth as the rose.
 3. The re - viv - al's be - gin - ning, And the pow'r's com - ing down.

CHORUS.


Send the pow'r, O Lord, send the pow'r, O Lord, Send the Ho - ly Ghost

A World-Wide Revival. Concluded.

pow-er, Let it now be outpoured; Send it surging and sweeping Like the

waves of the sea, Send a world-wide re-viv - al, And be-gin it in me.

308

Revive Us Again.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

REV. W. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise To the God of all grace,

1. For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 2. Who has shown us our Sav - iour, And scat - tered our night.
 3. Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 4. Who has bought us and sought us, And guid - ed our ways.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Hal-le-lu-jah! a-men! Revive us a - gain.

T. C. CHISHOLM.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. "There is a way that seemeth right," For a man to walk therein,
 2. "There is a way that seemeth right," No signs of danger there,
 3. "There is a way that seemeth right," But on - ly "seemeth" so,
 4. "There is a way that seemeth right," O heed-less one, be-ware.

1. On ei-ther side what scenes delight, What bril-liant flow'rs are seen!
 2. No hint of storm or com-ing night, Its ra-diant skies de-clare;
 3. It lead-eth down to dis-mal night, To wretchedness and woe!
 4. That path so bright which charms thy sight Is set with many a snare;

1. There sounds of song and laughter swell—But of its end—Ah! who can tell?
 2. What countless feet that pathway press! But whither bound—Ah! who can guess?
 3. To chilling voids with pois-nous breath! To yawning gulf—to endless death!
 4. Re - turn! O heed this warning true, Lest, go - ing on, thou perish, too.

CHORUS.

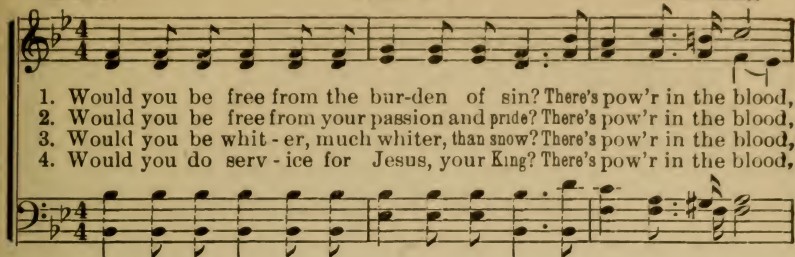
"There's a way that seem - eth right un - to a man,

But the end there - of are the ways of death."

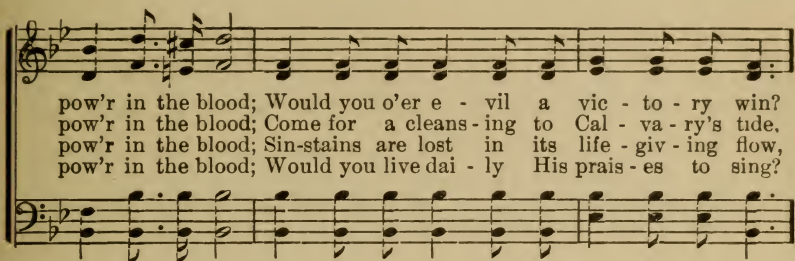
L. E. J.

1 JOHN 1: 7.

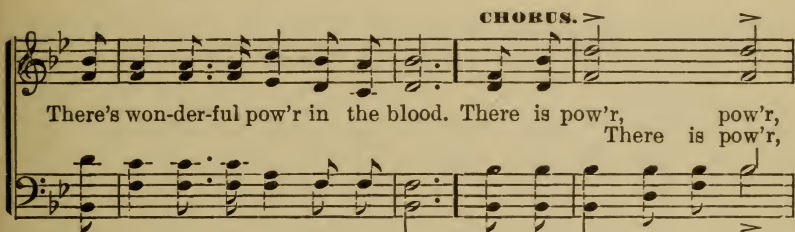
L. E. Jones.



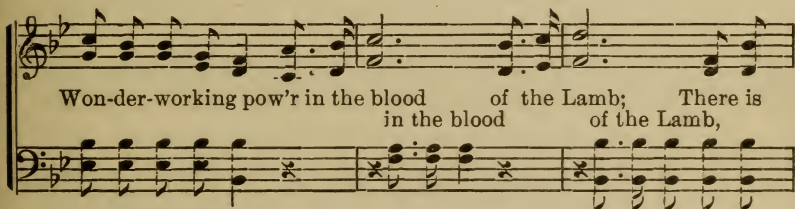
1. Would you be free from the bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whit-er, much whiter, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv-ice for Jesus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



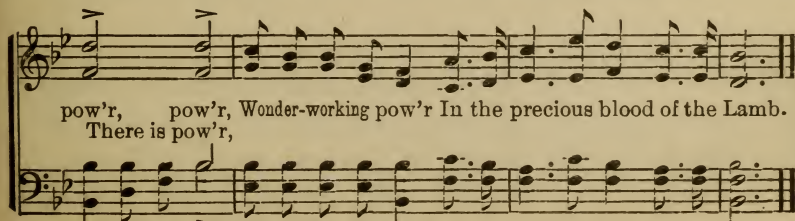
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly His prais-es to sing?



CHORUS.
 There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



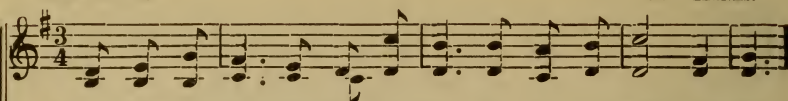
Won-der-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,



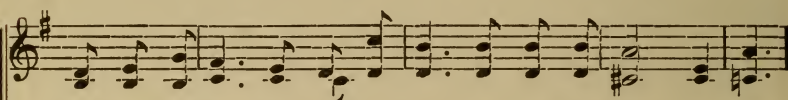
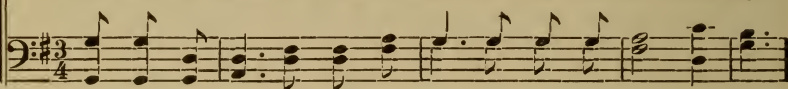
pow'r, pow'r, Won-der-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

JAMES ROWE.

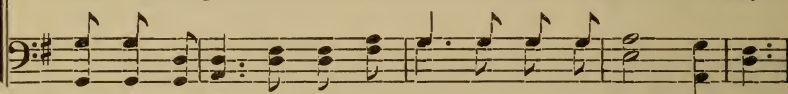
HALDOR LILLENAS.



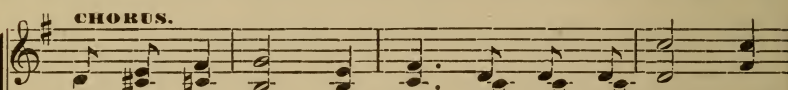
1. I have a pre-cious Friend indeed, For be it night or day,
2. Some friends when we have need of them, Their lack of love be-tray,
3. On Him I ev - er will de-pend, For faith-ful He will stay;
4. He calls to those in trou-ble sore, "On me your bur-dens lay;"



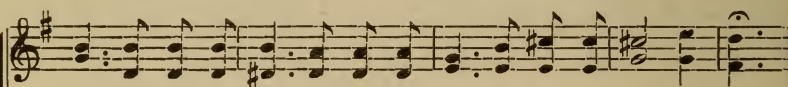
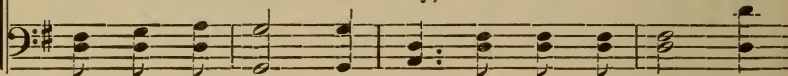
When a - ny-thing from Him I need, He nev - er turns a - way.
 But Je - sus, praise His ho - ly name, Has nev - er turned a - way.
 The need-ed bless - ing He will send, And nev - er turn a - way.
 How I have proved Him o'er and o'er, He nev - er turns a - way.



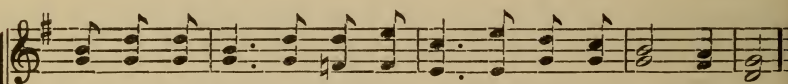
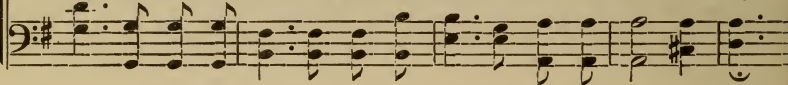
CHORUS.



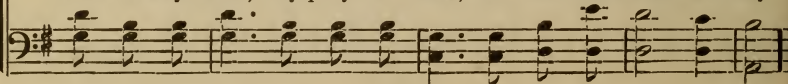
He nev - er turns a - way, He nev - er turns a -



way, He's al-ways near, my pray'r to hear, He nev - er turns a - way;



He's al-ways near, my pray'r to hear, He nev - er turns a - way.



REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

MARVIN H. PRATHER.

1. There is a place of per - fect rest, Un - der the blood,
 2. God saved His peo - ple long a - go, Un - der the blood,
 3. Come, bur - y here your sin - ful past, Un - der the blood,
 4. If you re - main till life is past, Un - der the blood,

un - der the blood; A hid - ing-place, su - preme - ly blest,
 un - der the blood; He'll save and make you white as snow,
 un - der the blood; Re - morse can ne'er a shad - ow cast,
 un - der the blood, You'll find the gate of heav'n at last,

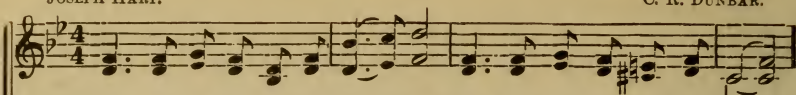
CHORUS.
 Un - der the blood of Je - sus. O yes, there's safe - ty

un - der the blood, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood; The

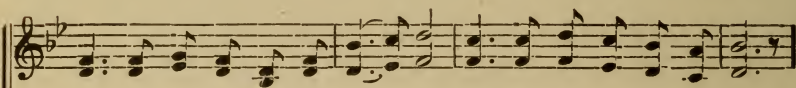
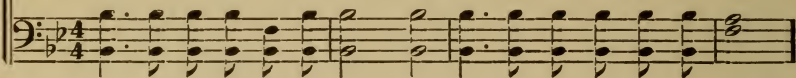
Lord can save you un - der the blood, Un - der the blood of the Lamb.

JOSEPH HART.

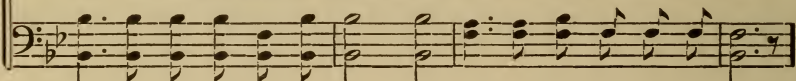
C. R. DUNBAR.



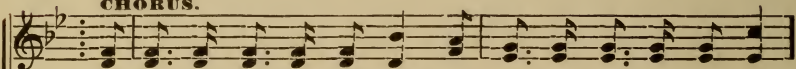
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye weary, heavy la - den, Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
5. Ag - o - niz-ing in the gar - den Your Redeemer prostrate lies;



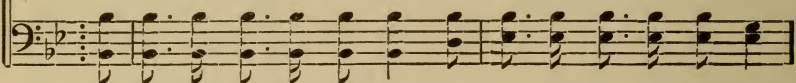
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Foul of pit - y, love and pow'r.
 True be-lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
 If you tar - ry till your bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
 On the blood-y tree be - hold Him! Hear Him cry before He dies.



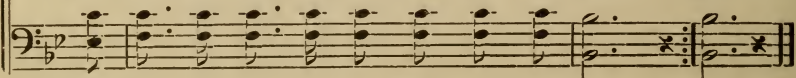
CHORUS.



Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait-ing to re-ceive you;



Why don't you come to Je - sus and be saved? saved?



VICTOR M. HATFIELD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. You can point the way to the heav'n-ly goal— To Je - sus the
 2. You will find your loss - es will all be gain; The path you should
 3. You can give your wealth to pro - claim the news That par - don is

Sav - ior who makes men whole: You can give your time to re - claim a soul,
 fol - low will be made plain; You can give up ease for a life of pain,
 wait - ing for all who choose; You can give your - self for the Lord to use,

CHORUS.
 If the heart is right with God. If the heart is right with
 If the heart is

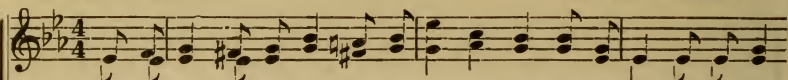
God, If the heart is right with God, The
 right with God, If the heart is right with God,

way will be light, And the fu - ture bright If the heart is right with God.

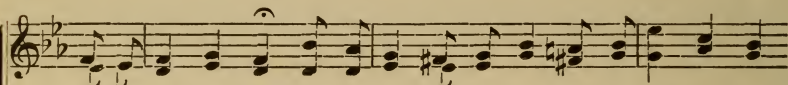
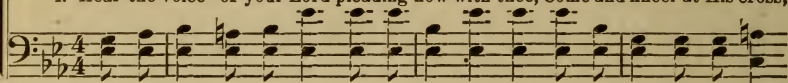
315 Do You Know Where You'll Stand.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

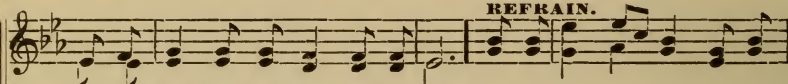
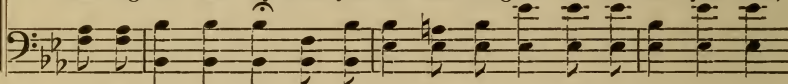
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. When your la - bors on earth are for - ev - er past, And the cy - cles of time
2. Shall you pass to the left where the lost must go, When the faithful are called
3. When on high you ap - pear at the judgment seat, Shall the mer - cy of God
4. Hear the voice of your Lord pleading now with thee, Come and kneel at His cross,

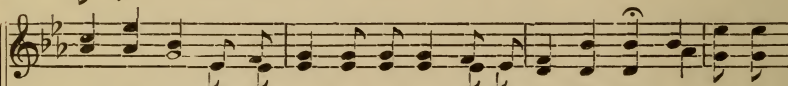
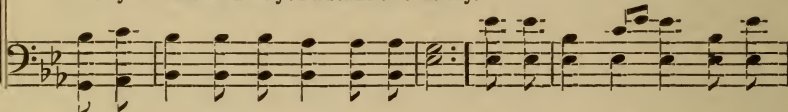


shall have rolled a - way, Shall you dwell in the light with the good at last?
to the shin - ing way? When the books shall re - veal how you lived be - low
be your hope and stay? Will you rest ev - er - more in His love complete?
mak - ing no de - lay! From your sin and its guilt He will set you free;

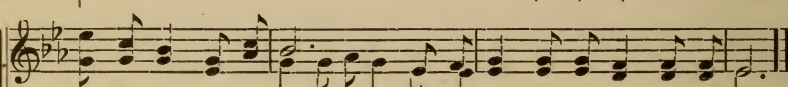
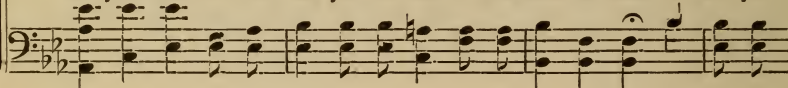


REFRAIN.

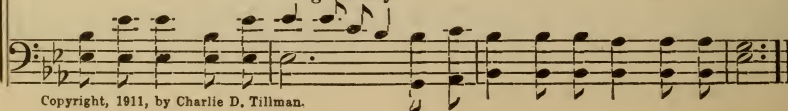
Do you know where you'll stand on that day?
Do you know where you'll stand on that day? When that day shall come what will
Do you know where you'll stand on that day?
Then you'll know where you'll stand on that day.



be your fate? Will He call you in love to His blest es - tate? Or will you



with he lost go a - way? Do you know where you'll stand on that da
go a - way?



E. E. HEWITT.

D. WARD MILAM.

1. For God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son To res - cue guilt - y souls,
 2. If God so loved the world Then let our hearts expand That we may seek the lost
 3. Since God so loved the world We'll love our neighbor, too, And comfort burdened hearts

His ho - ly will be done, And let us spread a - broad This message from a - bove,
 In ev - 'ry distant land; At home and far a - broad We'll ring the gos - pel bell,
 With con - so - la - tion true; Our Je - sus lives to save Each child of earth to - day,

CHORUS.

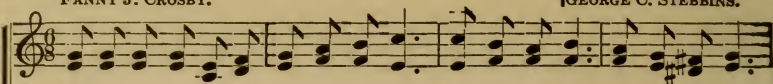
That sinners ev'rywhere May know redeeming love.
 The sto - ry of the cross Re - joic - ing now to tell. For God so loved the world
 Let us to ev - 'ry shore The blessed truth convey.

That He gave His on - ly Son That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth May have e -

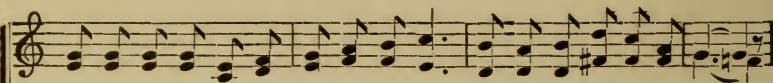
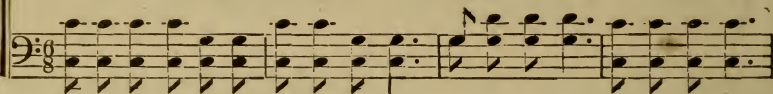
ter - nal life, That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth May have e - ter - nal life.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

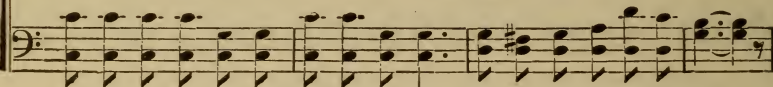
GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



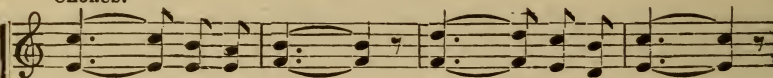
1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is calling the wea - ry to rest—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting,oh,come to Him now—Waiting to-day,waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading,oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day,hear Him to-day;



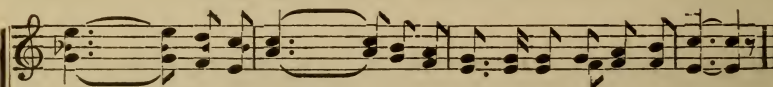
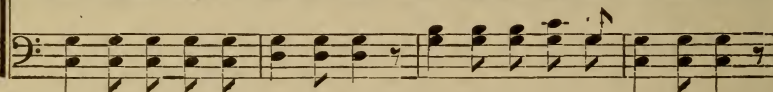
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.



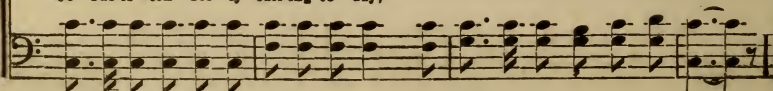
CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

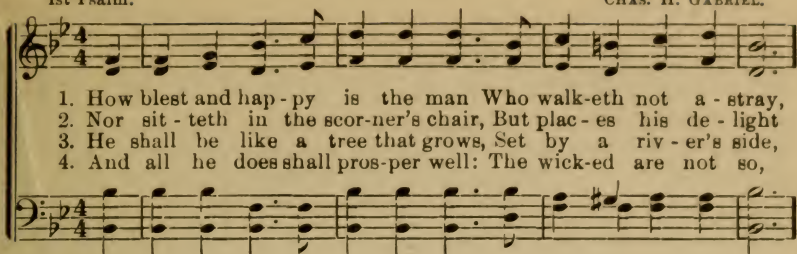


Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

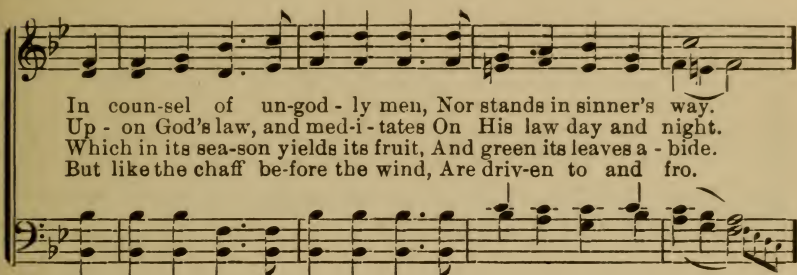


1st Psalm.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

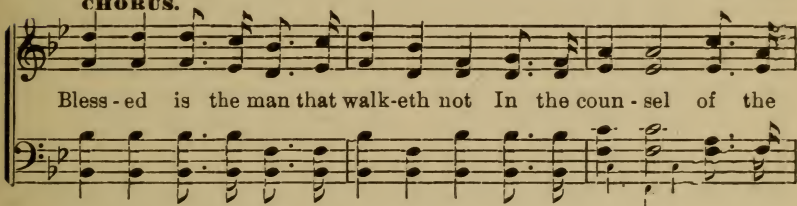


1. How blest and hap-py is the man Who walk-eth not a-stray,
 2. Nor sit-teth in the scor-ner's chair, But plac-es his de-light
 3. He shall be like a tree that grows, Set by a riv-er's side,
 4. And all he does shall pros-per well: The wick-ed are not so,

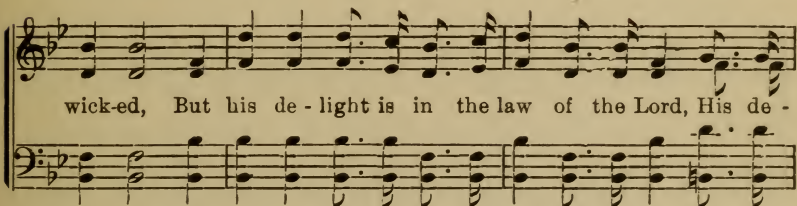


In coun-sel of un-god-ly men, Nor stands in sinner's way.
 Up - on God's law, and med-i-tates On His law day and night.
 Which in its sea-son yields its fruit, And green its leaves a-bide.
 But like the chaff be-fore the wind, Are driv-en to and fro.

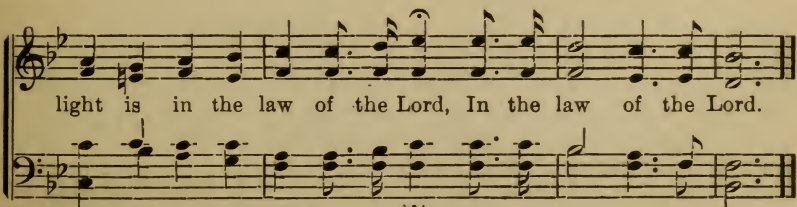
CHORUS.



Bless-ed is the man that walk-eth not In the coun-sel of the



wick-ed, But his de-light is in the law of the Lord, His de-



light is in the law of the Lord, In the law of the Lord.

D. R. VAN SICKLE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thro' all the cares of chang-ing years, A prom - ise sure is giv'n,
 2. I oft have wandered from His' side, And paths of sin have trod,
 3. E'en as a fa - ther keeps his child, And shields it from all ill,

That Christ is near in ev - 'ry strife To lead me thro' the maze of life,
 But in His love that chang-es not, He fol-lowed me and safe - ly bro't
 So doth our God His bounties share, And takes on Him our load of care,

And bring me safe to heav'n, And bring me safe to heav'n.....
 Me back to home and God, Back to my home and God.....
 If we but trust Him still, If we but trust Him still.....

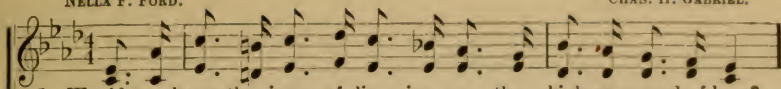
CHORUS.

For I am His and He is mine, What-ev - er cares my soul en-twine,

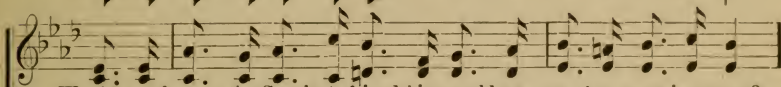
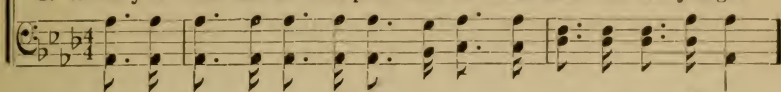
And I have peace and joy di - vine, Be-cause I know He's mine.

NELLA F. FORD.

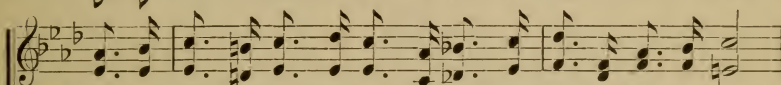
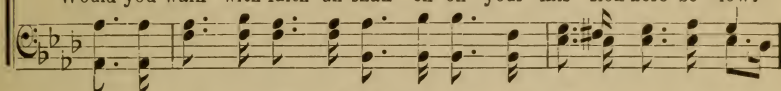
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



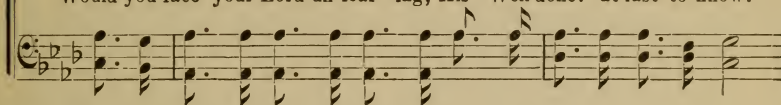
1. Would you know the joy of liv - ing on the high-er ground of love?
2. Would you have the world the bet - ter that you lived in it to - day?
3. Would you cheer an - oth - er faint - ing in the bat - tle for the right?
4. Would you feel the se - cret pres - ence of the Mas - ter as you go?



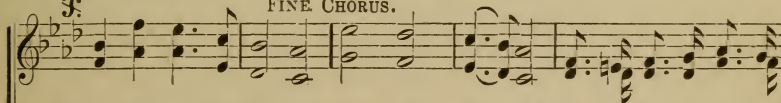
Would you know the Sav - ior's friendship, would you ev - 'ry promise prove?
 Would you let a lit - tle sun - shine in up - on some darkened way?
 Would you stay the foot that fal - ters as it climbs the mountain's height!
 Would you walk with faith un-shak - en on your mis - sion here be - low?



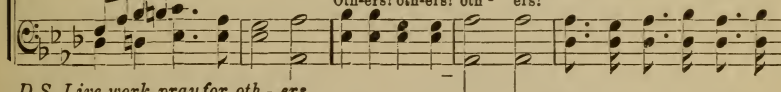
Would you gath - er pre - cious jew - els for your crown of life a - bove?
 Would you bring a soul to Je - sus, would you seek for those a - stray?
 Would you speak the word of kind - ness that shall make a dark day bright?
 Would you face' your Lord un-fear - ing, His "Well done!" at last to know?



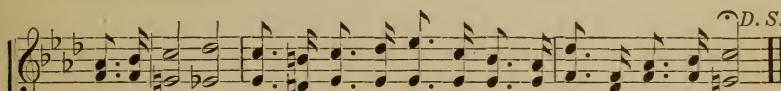
FINE CHORUS.



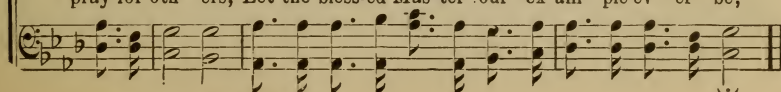
Live, work, pray for oth - ers. Oth - ers! oth - ers! Live to work, and watch and
 Oth-ers! oth-ers! oth - ers!



D.S. Live, work, pray for oth - ers.



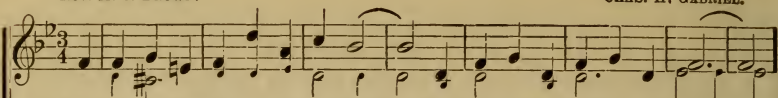
pray for oth - ers; Let the bless-ed Mas - ter our ex - am - ple ev - er be,



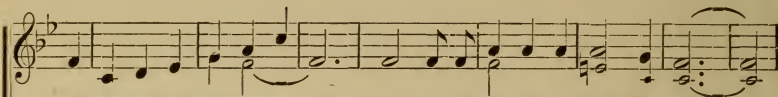
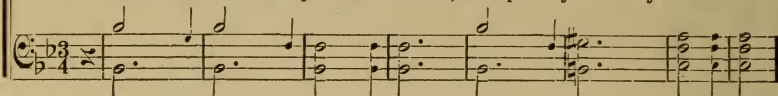
321 Is the Helm in the Master's Hands?

Rev. M. S. BROWN.

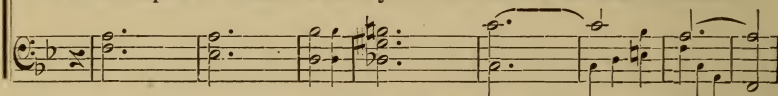
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



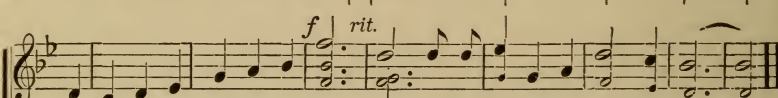
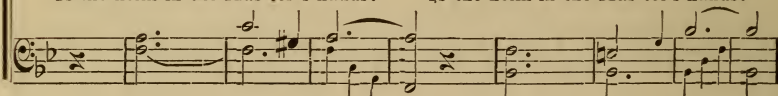
1. You're sail-ing life's o-cean, my brother, You're launched out afar from the shore,
2. The port you have left is for - ev - er, You can-not re-turn to the land;
3. Why wait with a hope vain and i - dle, For help? See! the rocks and the sand
4. There's One who can save you this moment, He'll pi-lot you safe-ly to land



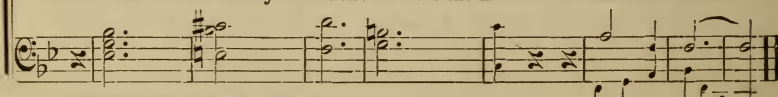
The tide you're re-sist-ing al - read - y, Is the helm in the Master's hands?
 The storm and the waves are approaching—Is the helm in the Master's hands?
 Are strewn with the wreckage of others—Is the helm in the Master's hands?
 Where tempest nor ocean can harm you—Is the helm in the Master's hands?



Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?	Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?	Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?	Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?	Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?



The tide you're re-sist-ing al-read - y,—Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
 The port you have left is for - ev - er, Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
 Why wait with a hope vain and i - dle, Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
 There's One who can save you this moment! Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?



J. M. SLUSSER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the wea - ry tasks of the day are done, And our
 2. Oh, the path was rough and our hearts are sore, For we
 3. Oh, the blind - ing dust and the cru - el thorn! Is there
 4. Oh, He knows the thorns, for they pierced His brow; Yet He

spir - its welcome the set - ting sun, In the twilight hush, lo! the
 lost the way, with the load we bore; Blessed shadows, fall, for the
 room for such a torn, blackened form? Hark! I hear my name, for the
 loved men then and He loves us now, Spite of stain and sin still the

REFRAIN.

good Shepherd stands call - ing, call - ing: "I am the door,

I am the door, Ye are bruised, ye are thirsty, Come, be

healed and refreshed, And go in and out,..... and find pasture."
 And go in and out,

JAMES ROWE.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Work for Je - sus day by day, Help the weak a - long the way; Have a
 2. Work for Je - sus! don't for - get You are deep - ly in His debt; Tho' you
 3. Work for Je - sus; O be true! Think of what He did for you; There is

kind - ly word to say All the while; Have a bless - ing in your heart, To the
 feel your weakness yet, Do your part, Some one's weight of sorrow share; Lighten
 work for all to do, You've a share; Do not heed the tempter's frown! When you

need - y it im - part; Turn a - side each an - gry dart With a smile.....
 trou - ble, pain and care; Dai - ly, hour - ly, here and there Cheer a heart.....
 lay your burden down, An e - ter - nal, fadeless crown You shall wear.....
 with a smile.

CHORUS.

Work for Je - sus, sing or smile, Pass - ing to and fro, Do your du - ty all the

while, As you go; Where - so - ev - er Je - sus leads you, It will be where
 As you go;

Work For Jesus. Concluded.

some one needs you; Night and day a-long the way, Ev-er work, work, work!

324

Calling You.

L. B. B.

L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. Soul, are you drift-ing on the tide? Hear His lov-ing voice, hear His lov-ing
2. Tho' you are wea-ry, sad and lone, Hear His lov-ing voice, hear His lov-ing
3. Oh, what com-pas-sion, mercy's free, Hear His lov-ing voice, hear His lov-ing
4. Why will you tar-ry? don't de-lay, Hear His lov-ing voice, hear His lov-ing
5. While we are praying, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice, hear His lov-ing

voice; Come to the foun-tain o - pen wide, He is call-ing you to - day.
 voice; Come as you are and start for home, He is call-ing you to - day.
 voice; Je - sus can save, for He saves me, He is call-ing you to - day.
 voice; Come, seek Him ere He turns a - way, He is call-ing you to - day.
 voice; He is the Life, the Truth, the Way, He is call-ing you to - day.

CHORUS.

Hear the blessed Saviour calling, calling, Turn from sin and seek Him praying, praying,

Give Him all your heart and trust Him, trust Him, Je - sus now will save from sin.

E. E. HEWITT.

DAN. WARD MILAM.

1. In the name of the Sav - ior who died on the cross, Oh, be ye
 2. By the blood our Re-deem-er on Cal - va - ry shed, Oh, be ye
 3. We are am-bas-sa-dors for the King of all grace, Oh, be ye
 4. He is will-ing to par-don the sins of the past, Oh, be ye

rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; For He died to re-deem you from
 rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; Like a lamb to the slaugh-ter for
 rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; While He calls to your heart, seek the
 rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; He is a - ble to keep you while

sor - row and loss, Then be rec - on-ciled to God.
 you He was led, Then be rec - on-ciled to God.
 light of His face, Then be rec - on-ciled to God.
 tri - als shall last, Then be rec - on-ciled to God.
 be rec-on-ciled to God.

CHORUS.

As if God were be-seech - ing, we're plead-ing with you, Oh,

be ye rec-on-ciled, be rec-on-ciled to God; For in Je - sus is

Be Ye Reconciled To God. Concluded.

rall.

life ev - er - last - ing and true, Oh, be ye rec-on - ciled to God.

326

Come, All Ye Weary.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

E. L. OZENDORFF, Arr. by C. D. T.

1. Ye who are burdened and wea-ry, Ye who are sick and dis-tressed ;
2. Ye who are wea-ry and wait-ing, List to that voice so di - vine ;
3. Ye who are wea-ry, why lin-ger? Come ere your sun go - eth down ;
4. Ye who are wea-ry of wait-ing, Lose not a mo-ment, but come ;

Je-sus, your Sav-ior, is wait-ing, Wait-ing to give you sweet rest.
 Call-ing, so ten-der-ly call-ing, Why not to His will re - sign?
 Haste to the arms of His mer-cy, Je - sus will make you His own.
 Je - sus will par-don and save you, Fit you for heav-en, thy home.

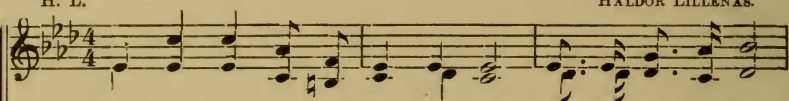
CHORUS.

Come, come, come all ye wea-ry ones, Come, come all ye distressed ;
 Come, oh, come, Come, oh, come,

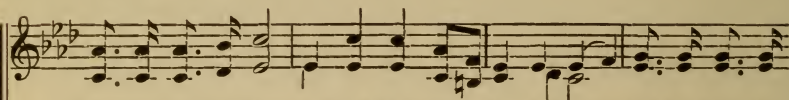
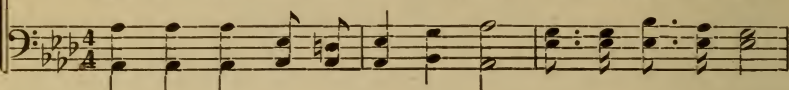
Je - sus is wait-ing to wel-come and give you rest.....
 sweet rest.

H. L.

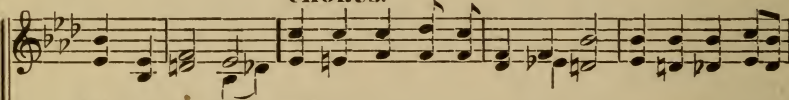
HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. Taste and see that the Lord is good, Bet - ter far is He
2. Taste and see that the Lord is good, O how sweet to rest
3. Taste and see that the Lord is good, O the vic - to - ry
4. Taste and see that the Lord is good, Come and seek His face



than all else could be, I would tell you if I could Of the won - der -
 on His loving breast, I would tell you if I could Of this glo - ri -
 and the lib - er - ty, I would tell you if I could Of this ut - ter -
 and receive His grace, I would tell you if I could, Of this full and

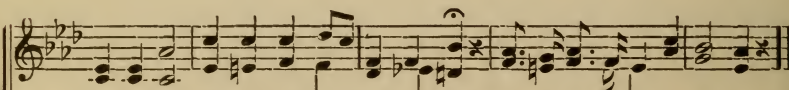
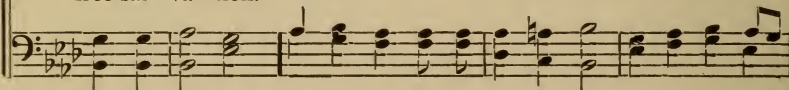
**CHORUS.**

ful sal - va - tion.

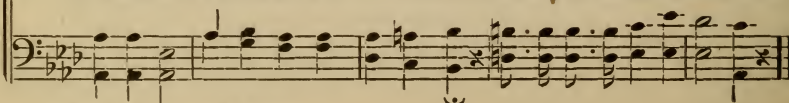
ous sal - va - tion. Taste and see that the Lord is good, Better felt than

most sal - va - tion.

free sal - va - tion.



understood, I would tell you if I could, Come and seek this great sal - va - tion.



LAVINIA E. BRAUFF.

WM. J. RAMSAY.

1. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, the sun of all my tho't; What wondrous
 2. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, without Him life is vain; His promise
 3. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, since I to Him be-long, For ev - 'ry

work of grace His love with-in my soul hath wro't! He found me poor and
 is thro' all my days to com-fort and sus-tain; I love to hear Him
 day He gives me hope, for ev - 'ry night a song; Thro' tri-al and deep

help-less, by ev - 'ry sin oppressed, And died that I might be re -
 whis-per "Be not a - fraid, 'tis I!" As o'er the storm-y sea I
 wa - ter His prom-is - es are sweet, And sheltered 'neath His wings of

CHORUS.
 deem'd, and have e - ter - nal rest.
 sail be-neath a cloud-ed sky. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, No oth-er
 love I find a safe re-treat.

hope have I; I could not live without Him, And without Him dare not die.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

DR. S. B. JACKSON

1. "He was de-spised and re-ject-ed of men," My won-der-ful Sav-ior,
 2. "He was de-spised and re-ject-ed of men!" As light, was His love, and
 3. "He was de-spised and re-ject-ed of men!" Was ev-er an oth-er
 4. "He was de-spised and re-ject-ed of men!" Was cru-ci-fied, bur-ied,

my Re-deem-er, my King! "As one from whom men hide their fac-es" was He,
 as e-ter-ni-ty deep, And yet for the an-guish He bore for my soul,
 such Geth-se-ma-ne known? It was for my sins that in mer-cy He shed
 yet in tri-umph a-rose! And we thro' His own res-ur-rec-tion may rise,

CHORUS.

Who came from His glo-ry my sal-va-tion to bring. He..... was de-
 The an-gels be-holding, in their pit-y might weep.
 Those blood-drops of sorrow, as He prayed there alone.
 Vic-to-ri-ous for-ev-er o'er the last of our foes. He was despised,

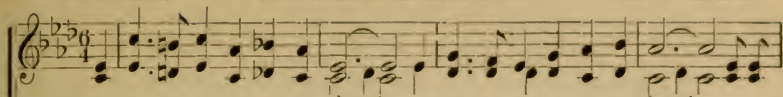
spised and re-ject-ed, He..... was de-spised and re-ject-ed; A
 He was despised,

man of sor-row, and ac-quaint-ed with grief, And we esteemed Him not.

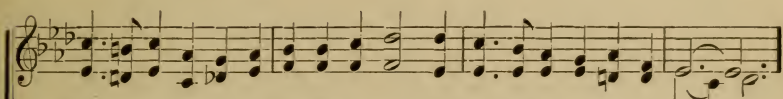
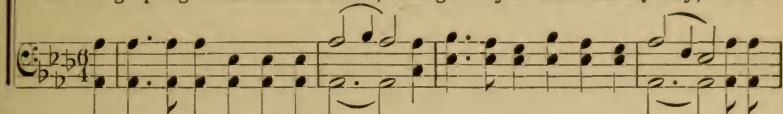
W. A. OGDEN,

Words written for the author in 1890.

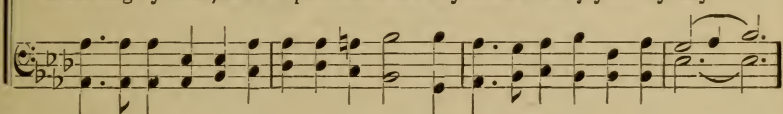
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



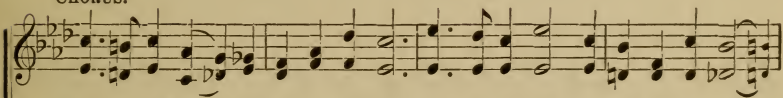
1. I wan-der'd in sor-row and sin, My heart it was heavy and sore, When I
2. I struggled in doubt and in fear, Not knowing to whom I could go, When the
3. I heard it a - gain and a - gain, So pa-tient-ly plead-ing for room, Till it
4. I turn'd to my Fa-ther a - bove, Who maketh His grace to a-bound Un-to
5. I'm grop-ing in darkness no more, His glo - ry il - lum - ins my way; I am



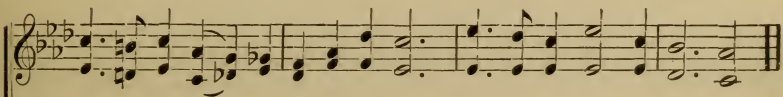
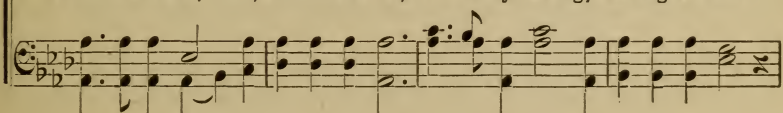
heard a voice saying—"A-rise, and come in! Oh, wander in sorrow no more!"
 voice a-gain spake, saying—"Be of good cheer," So soothingly, tender and low.
 melt-ed my heart with its pit-y-ing strain, And light-ed my soul of its gloom.
 those who be-lieve in His cross and His love, And oh, what a friend I have found!
 watch-ing by faith, and His prom-is-es are My sol-ace and joy ev-'ry day.



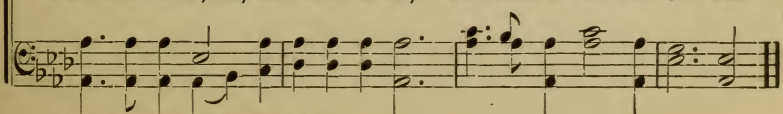
CHORUS.



Who could it be, Oh, who could it be, Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing to me?



Who could it be, Oh, who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?



H. J. PENN.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Arr. C. D. T.

1. My thoughts take me back To the scenes of child-hood days, When
 2. I can see her now, Ere we breathed our evening prayer, How she
 3. I can ne'er for - get, When she called me to her bed, The

darkness o'er the earth be-gan to creep, I see mother there, I am
 read me the sto - ry so sweet; And at e - ven - tide I would
 earth - ties were now so soon to break; With her hand in mine, "Meet me

knell-ing at her knee, Where she taught me, "Now I lay me down to sleep."
 knell be - side her there, And would say, "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
 there," she sweetly said, Then her pray'r, "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

CHORUS.

Those days are gone for-ev - er, But still their scenes remain; On the oth-er

shore, Where good-bys are said no more, We shall meet to never part a - gain.

D. R. VAN SICKLE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Souls that are pardoned, and hearts that are pur - i - fied, Washed in the
 2. Lives that are lift - ed and sweetened by love di - vine, Hearts once in
 3. Bur - dens and sor - rows that once we could hard-ly bear, Now in the
 4. Chris-tians, the love of our Sav - ior con-strain-eth us Dai - ly to

life - blood of Je - sus the Lord; Kept by His prom - ise, and
 sor - row, now filled with His peace; Home cir - cles brok - en, knit
 strength of His Spir - it made light; And for each tri - al, a
 walk as the chos - en of God; Not as the world, but as

heirs with the glo - ri - fied, Look - ing to heav - en, our hope and re - ward.
 fast by His grace sublime, Fa - vors from heav - en, which nev - er shall cease.
 sim - ple and trustful pray'r, Brings sweetest com - fort, how - e'er dark the night.
 chil - dren of ho - li - ness, Pur - chased, re - deem'd by His sin - cleansing blood.

CHORUS.

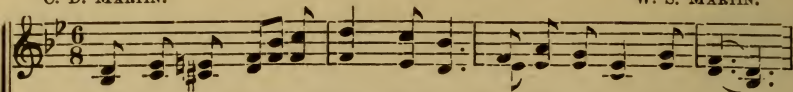
Let us walk as be - com - eth Christians, In an hon - est, up - right way,

Ev - er true to the One who loves us, Nev - er fal - ter, - nev - er stray.

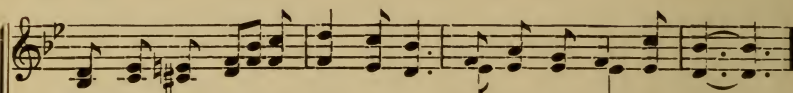
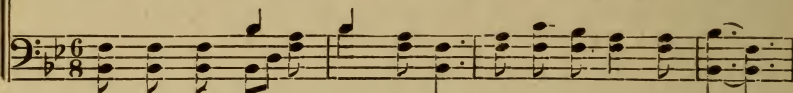
C. D. MARTIN.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

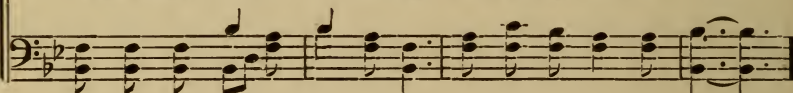
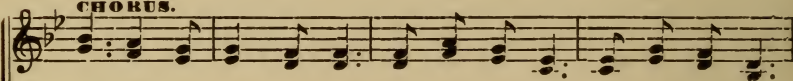
W. S. MARTIN.



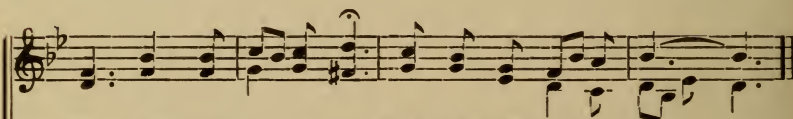
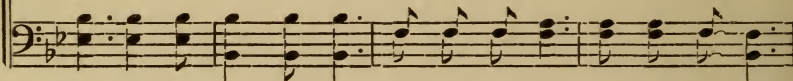
1. Be not dismayed whate'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



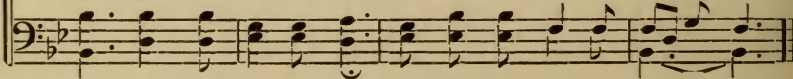
Beneath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
 When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you.
 Nothing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, weary one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

**CHORUS.**

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
 take care of you.



T. O. CHISHOLM.

CHAR. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's one who cares for me I know, Who guards me ev'-ry-where I go ;
 2. I could not bear the ills of life, I could not meet its pain and strife ;
 3. When trouble comes, when friends forsake, He knoweth still the way I take ;
 4. He giv-eth song in darkest night, He girds my weakness with His might ;

His eye is on the path I press, Thro' all this earthly wilderness.
 My hope would fail, my courage flee, But for this tho't—He cares for me.
 My loneliness His presence cheers, Soothes all my pain and calms my fears.
 His mercies all my needs include, He crowneth all my life with good.

CHORUS.

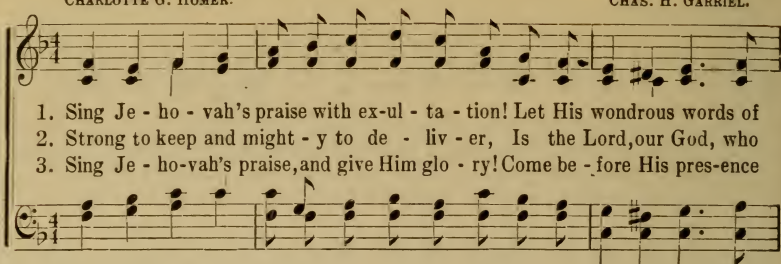
He cares for me, He cares for me! Poor and unworthy tho' I be,
 for me, for me, Poor and unworthy, helpless, tho' I be,

He cares for me, He cares for me, My Saviour loves and cares for me.
 for me, He cares for me,

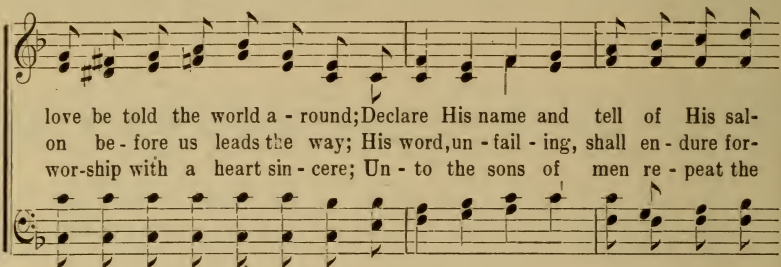
Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

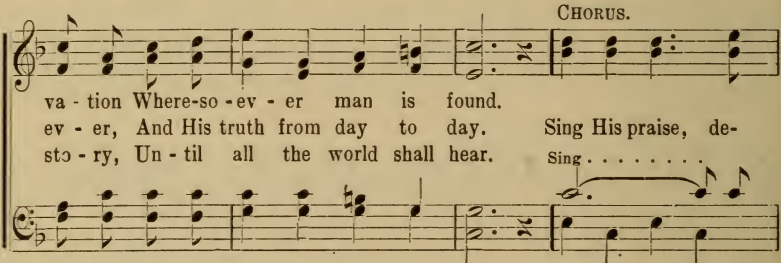
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



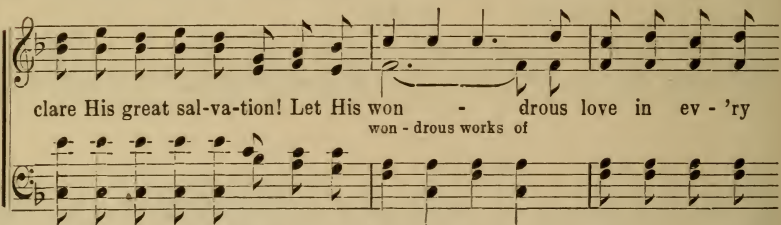
1. Sing Je - ho - vah's praise with ex-ul - ta - tion! Let His wondrous words of
 2. Strong to keep and might - y to de - liv - er, Is the Lord, our God, who
 3. Sing Je - ho - vah's praise, and give Him glo - ry! Come be - fore His pres-ence



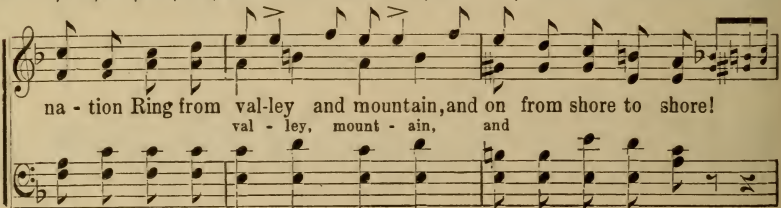
love be told the world a - round; Declare His name and tell of His sal-
 on be - fore us leads the way; His word, un - fail - ing, shall en - dure for-
 wor-ship with a heart sin - cere; Un - to the sons of men re - peat the



CHORUS.
 va - tion Where-so - ev - er man is found.
 ev - er, And His truth from day to day. Sing His praise, de-
 sto - ry, Un - til all the world shall hear. Sing



clare His great sal-va-tion! Let His won - drous love in ev - 'ry
 won - drous works of



na - tion Ring from val-ley and mountain, and on from shore to shore!
 val - ley, mount - ain, and

Jehovah's Praise.

King of kings and Lord of lords for - ev - er, He a - lone..... the
hath pow'r the

bonds of sin to sev - er, We will praise Him for - ev - er, for - ev - er - more!
praise Him ev - er, ev - er - more!

336 While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! } Come, sin-ner, come!
2. { Are you too heav-y la-den? Come,, sinner, come! } Come, sin-ner, come!
3. { Je-sus will bear your bur-den, (Omit) } Come, sin-ner, come!
3. { Oh, hear His tender plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! } Come, sin-ner, come!
3. { Come, and re-ceive the bless-ing, (Omit) } Come, sin-ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come! } Come, sin-ner, come,
{ Now is the time to know Him, (Omit) } Come, sin-ner, come,
{ Je-sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come! } Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Je-sus can now re-ceive you, (Omit) } Come, sin-ner, come!
{ While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! } Come, sin-ner, come!
{ While we are pray-ing for you, (Omit) } Come, sin-ner, come!

By permission of the Author.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.
Solo or Unison.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,..... Up - on the land or
 2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,.... He guides the eagle
 3. I trust in God, for, in the li - on's den,.... On bat-tle-field, or
 4. The val-ley may be dark, the shadows deep,.... But O the Shepherd

on the roll - ing sea,.... For come what may, From day to day,....
 thro' the pathless air,.... And surely He.... Re-mem-bers me,....
 in the pris - on pen,.... Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame,..
 guards His lonely sheep,.. And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home,..

rit. CHORUS.
 My heav'nly Father watches o - ver me. I trust in God,—I

know He cares for me, On mountain bleak or
 He cares for me, On mountain bleak

on the stormy sea;..... Tho' billows roll,..... He
 or on the sea, the stormy sea; Tho' billows roll,

My Father Watches Over Me. Concluded.

keeps my soul,..... My heav'nly Father watches o - ver me.
He keeps my soul,

338

Give Me Jesus.

C. F.

CARL FISHER.

1. Give me Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Who for me was cru - ci - fied;
2. Give me Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, More than wealth is He by far;
3. Give me Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, All I need His love sup - plies,
4. Give me Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, When my day of life is past;

To my long-ing soul He's near-er, Dear-er than all else be - side.
"He's the Lil - y of the val - ley, And the Bright and Morn-ing Star."
And my clinging soul He bless-es, Fills and ful - ly sat - is - fies.
He'll go with me thro' the val - ley, And re-ceive me home at last.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, First and last in ev-'ry-thing is He!

First in pleas-ure, first in treas-ure, All in all my Saviour is to me.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. King of kings for ev-er-more is He, Christ our Lord, the Man of Gal-i-lee;
 2. On the cross of Cal-va-ry He died, For a world of sin was cru-ci-fied;
 3. King of kings for ev-er-more is He, And His will our law shall ev-er be,

All the earth shall yet on Him believe, Shall repent, look up to Him and live.
 Yet from death tri-umphant-ly He came, And He lives for-ev-er, praise His name.
 Un - til we, thro' His redeeming grace, With the ransomed stand before His face.

CHORUS.

He is King of all kings! Earth with His maj-es-ty rings!...

We will a-dore Him, Bow down before Him, Yielding allegiance complete....

On the throne of His love, When we be-hold Him a-bove,....

King of Kings. Concluded.

Praises we'll sing, Un-to the King, Casting our crowns at His feet.

340

We Would See Jesus.

REV. S. D. PHELPS.

C. H. MARSH.

1. We would see the bless-ed Je - sus, Tho' our sight be poor and dim,
2. We would see the low - ly Sav-iour, Who in human pathways trod;
3. We would see the pre-cious Je - sus, See Him as in - car-nate love,
4. We would see the ten-der Sav-iour, Share His sym-pa-thy in grief;

Sin-less, per-fect, wondrous Be - ing, O what beauty shines in Him!
 In the Son we see the Fa - ther, Near to us a gra-cious God.
 On the cross the sin-ner's ran - som; Pleading at the throne a-bove.
 In our dark, o'erwhelming sor - rows His sweet comfort gives re-lief.

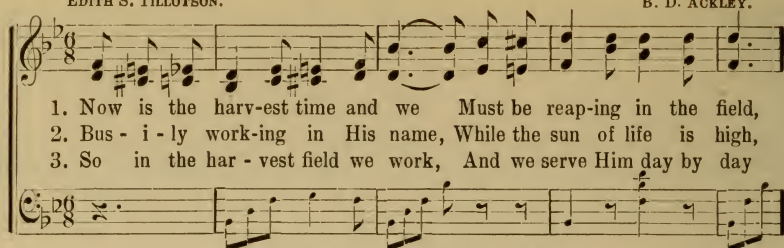
CHORUS.

We would see by faith's clear vi-sion, Je-sus all our life and peace,

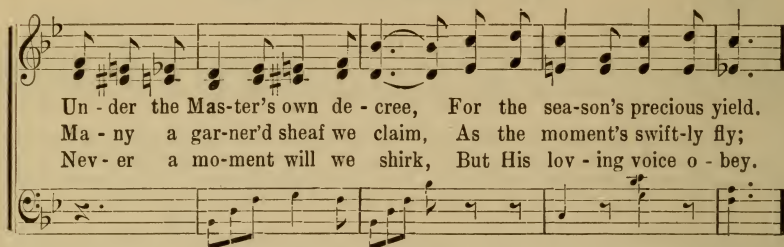
Gaze we would till we are like Him, Till we see Him face to face.

EDITH S. TILLOTSON.

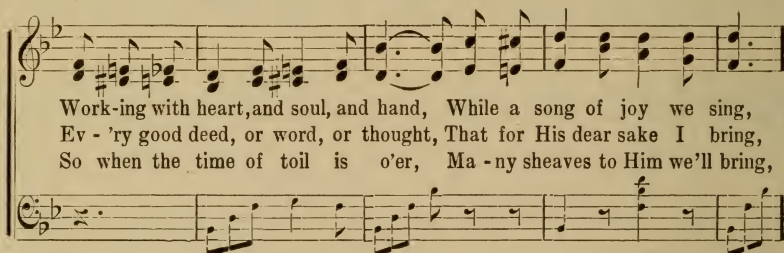
B. D. ACKLEY.



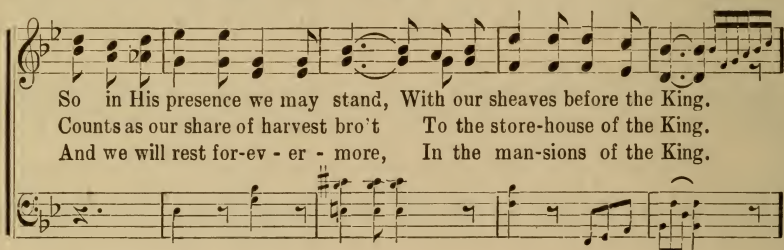
1. Now is the harv-est time and we Must be reap-ing in the field,
 2. Bus - i - ly work-ing in His name, While the sun of life is high,
 3. So in the har - vest field we work, And we serve Him day by day



Un - der the Mas-ter's own de - cree, For the sea-son's pre-cious yield.
 Ma - ny a gar-ner'd sheaf we claim, As the moment's swift-ly fly;
 Nev - er a mo-moment will we shirk, But His lov - ing voice o - bey.



Work-ing with heart, and soul, and hand, While a song of joy we sing,
 Ev - 'ry good deed, or word, or thought, That for His dear sake I bring,
 So when the time of toil is o'er, Ma - ny sheaves to Him we'll bring,



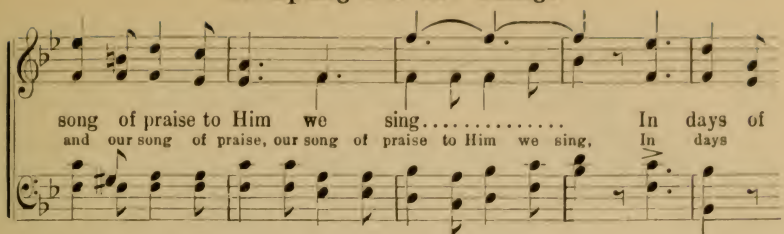
So in His presence we may stand, With our sheaves before the King.
 Counts as our share of harvest bro't To the store-house of the King.
 And we will rest for-ev - er - more, In the man-sions of the King.

CHORUS.

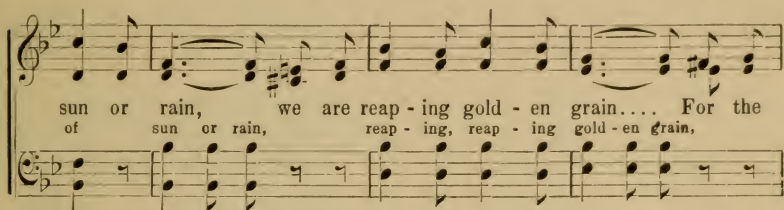


Reap-ing for the King.... We are reap-ing for the King.... And our
 Reap-ing, reap - ing for the King Reap-ing, reap - ing for the King,

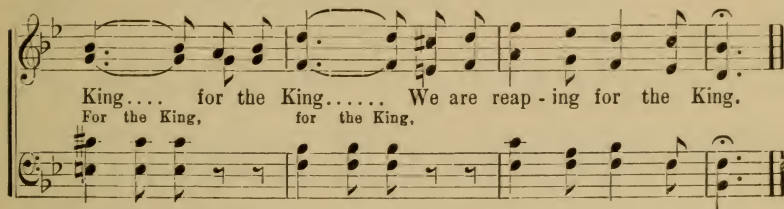
Reaping for the King.



song of praise to Him we sing..... In days of
and our song of praise, our song of praise to Him we sing, In days



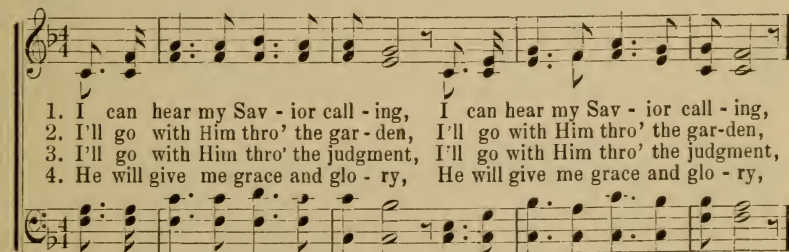
sun or rain, we are reap - ing gold - en grain.... For the
of sun or rain, reap - ing, reap - ing gold - en grain,



King.... for the King..... We are reap - ing for the King.
For the King, for the King,

342

Where He Leads Me.

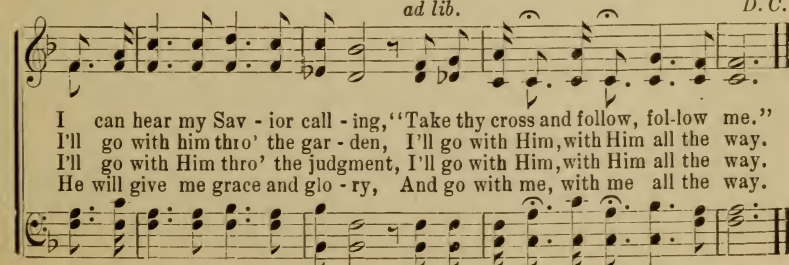


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHO. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

ad lib.

D. C.

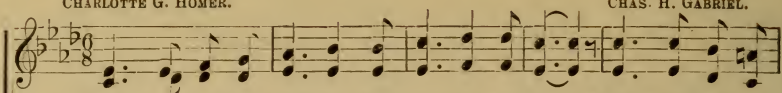


I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
I'll go with him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

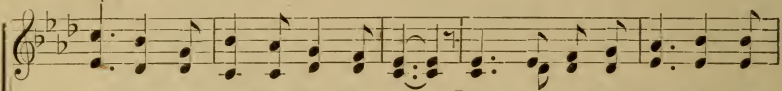
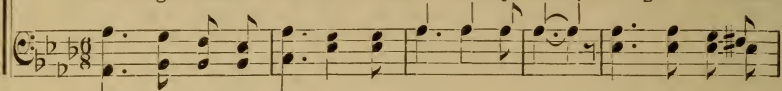
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

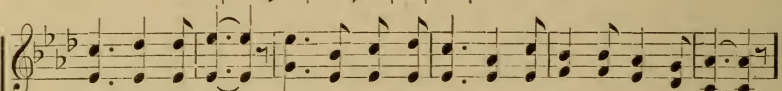
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



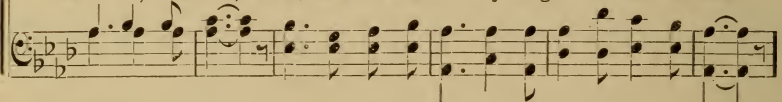
1. When tempted and tried by the cares of the day, When pressed by the
2. When sor-rows o'er-take you, He'll comfort af-ford; When doubting as-
3. All things what-so-ev-er are asked in my name, Are giv-en when



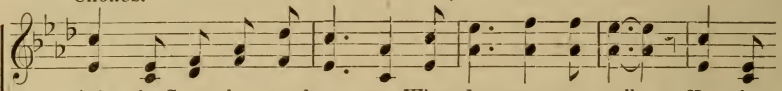
ma - ny temp - ta - tions by the way, Look ev - er to Him who is
sails you, re - ly up - on His word; He'll temp - er your tri - al, and
faith can the prom - ise ful - ly claim; There's nothing too great! "What-so-



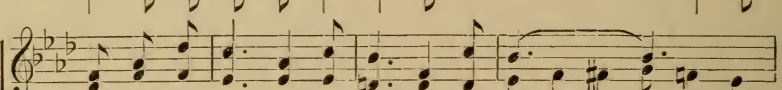
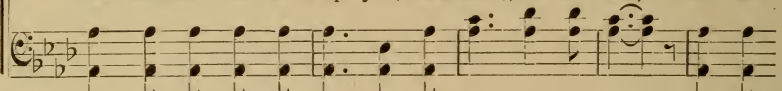
wait - ing to hear, He'll light-en your bur-den and make the pathway clear.
cause you to stand, Held safe - ly, se - cure - ly by His Al-might-y hand.
ev - er," said He; Ask, and it will sure - ly be giv - en un - to thee.



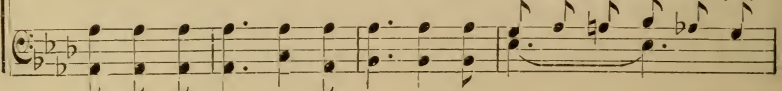
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - ior to keep you, When dan - gers as - sail; He is



might - y to save you, His love can - not fail;
He will com - fort you;



Ask What You Will. Concluded.

He is strong to de-liv - er, His arm will de-fend.....
and de-liv - er you;

He will coun-sel and guide you, And hold you to the end.

344 I'm Coming Home To-Night.

F. C. H.

FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. I hear my Sav-iour call-ing me, I'm com-ing home to-night;
2. He gave His life my debt to pay, I'm com-ing home to-night;
3. His wondrous love has touch-ed my heart, I'm com-ing home to-night;
4. Dear Lord, I give my all to Thee, I'm com-ing home to-night;

Fine.

He proved His love on Cal - va - ry, I'm com-ing home to-night.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, I'm com-ing home to-night.
Tho' tear-drops now in an-guish start, I'm com-ing home to-night.
Thy faith - ful child I'll ev - er be, I'm com-ing home to-night.

D. S.—far from Thee, I'm com-ing home to-night.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Coming home, I'm coming home, Lord, I'm coming home; Tho' I've wan-der-ed

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A song of joy is ring-ing a-bove the plains of life; Where count-less
 2. It ech-oes from the hill-side, is waft-ed o'er the plain, And cheers the
 3. A-bove the roar of bil-lows is heard the glad re-frain, And si-lent

hosts are sing-ing a-mid their care and strife; It fills the world with
 reap-ers toil-ing a-mid the fields of grain; They catch the notes of
 des-ert plac-es are vi-brant with the strain; Ring on, O song of

glo-ry, it reach-es heav'n a-bove, And tells to all the sto-ry of
 beau-ty that ring thro' heav'n a-bove, And join the le-gions sing-ing of
 beau-ty till earth with heav'n a-bove, Shall sing the blessed sto-ry of

CHORUS.

Je-sus and His love. His love de-clare un-to men ev-'ry-
 His love to all the world declare un-to all men

where... His truth and grace pub-lish in ev-'ry
 ev-'ry-where, And His won-drous truth and grace tell in ev-'ry

His Love Declare. Concluded.

place... His name re-vere, Her-ald it far and
place; His name a-bove all names re-vere, Her-ald it a-

near, Un-till the na-tions hear and crown Him King.
far and near, Till the na-tions hear

346

What Did He Do?

ANON, alt.

W. OWEN.

- { O lis-ten to our wondrous sto-ry: Once we dwelt among the lost, }
{ Yet Je-sus came from heav'n's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost. }
- { No an-gel could our place have tak-en, Highest of the high tho' He, }
{ Nailed to the cross, despised, for-sak-en, Was one of the God-head three! }
- { Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-iour? Now before Him humbly bow? }
{ You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save, and save you now! }

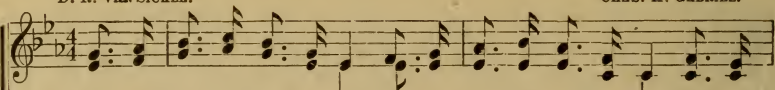
CHORUS.

Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross! He

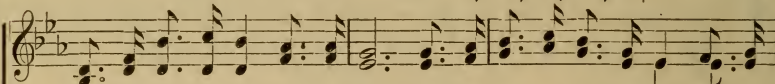
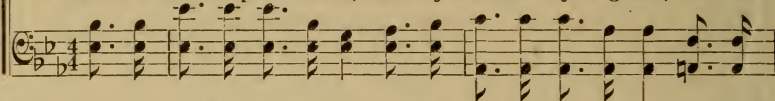
Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In

D. R. VAN SICKLE.

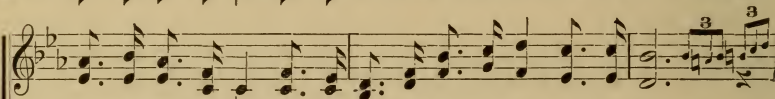
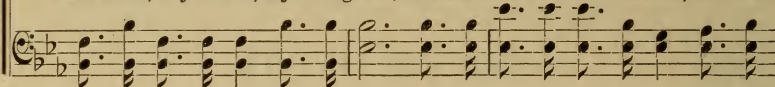
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



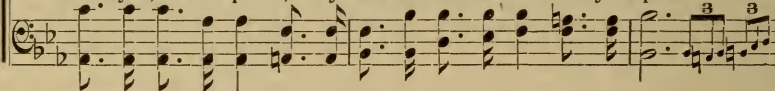
1. There are hum - ble tasks to do, But of hum - ble workers few, And the
2. There are du - ties small and great, And for hon - or ma - ny wait, But they
3. There's a hum - ble place to fill, Ma - ny souls are dy - ing still, You can



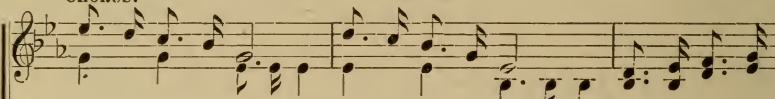
Lord is call - ing you To the field; For the low - ly walks ap - pall, And be -
 fail to con - se - crate Heart and mind; Thus the souls in darkest night, Who most
 save them, if you will, By His grace, But the task is one of love, It will



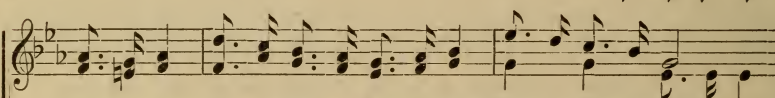
fore them many fall, Yet the need is greet for all, Will you yield?
 need the gos - pel light, Are for - sak - en in their plight—Lost and blind.
 reach you, test and prove, But you'll win a smile above—Fill your place.



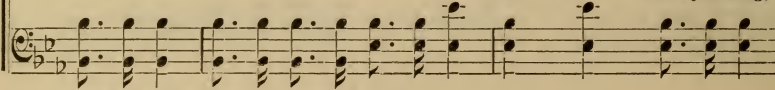
CHORUS.



Fill a hum - ble place, Show your strength and grace, If in men - ial
 Fill a hum - ble place, Show your strength and grace,



tasks you're true, Greater things will come to you; Fol - low Christ the King
 Fol - low Christ your King,



Fill Your Place. Concluded.

Who, thro' suf-fer-ing, Bore the shame and all the blame In hu-mil-i - ty.
Who, thro' suf-fer-ing,

348 Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.
Solo or all in unison.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shattered seem to be;
2. I can-not tell the depth of love Which moves the Father's heart above;
3. Tho' tri-als come thro' passing days, My life may still be filled with praise;

God's perfect plan I can-not see,... But some day I'll un-der-stand.
My faith to test, my love to prove,.. But some day I'll un-der-stand.
For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, But some day I'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS.

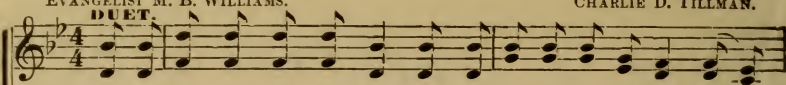
Some day He'll make it plain to me, Some day when I His face shall see;

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der-stand.

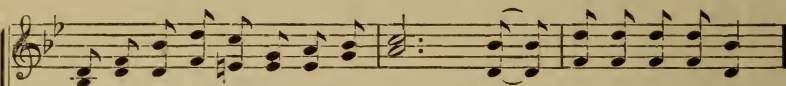
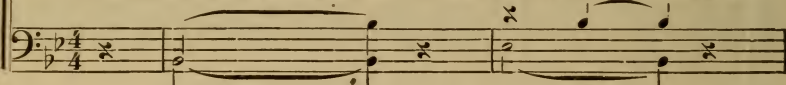
EVANGELIST M. B. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

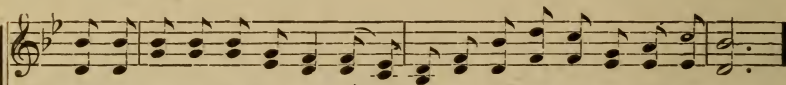
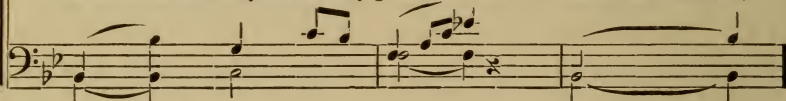
DUET



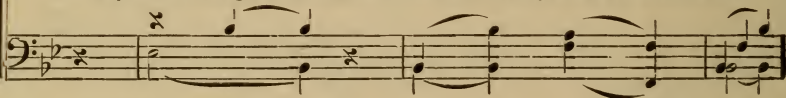
1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' its worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How he
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin-gers still, And the



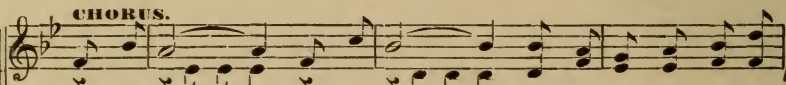
calls those happy days of long a-go; When I stood at mother's knee,
 Jos-eph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,
 suffered, bled and died up-on the tree Of His heav-y load of care,
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,



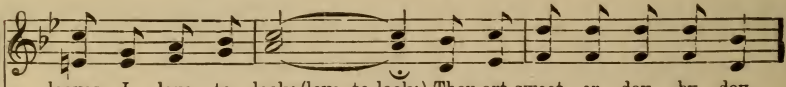
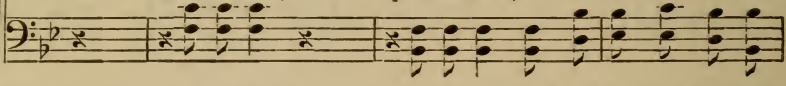
With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
 Who became a king at last; Of Sa-tan with his ma-ny wick-ed wiles.
 Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
 As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.



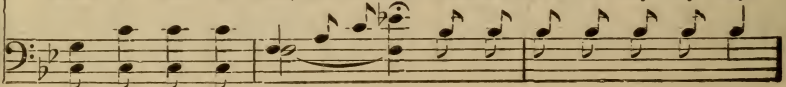
CHORUS.



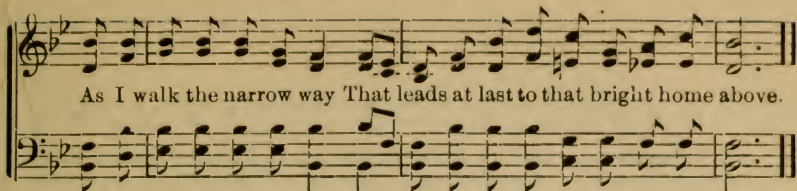
Bless-ed book,..... pre-cious book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
 Bless-ed book, precious book,



leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day,



My Mother's Bible. Concluded.

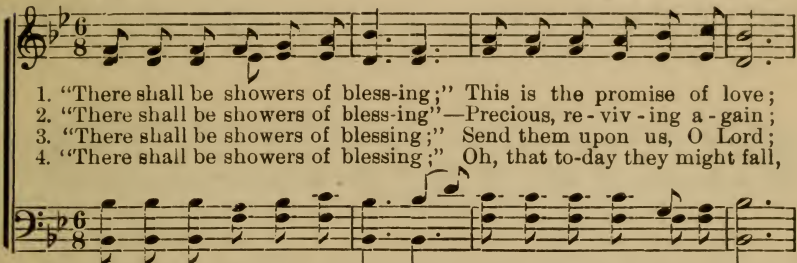


As I walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above.

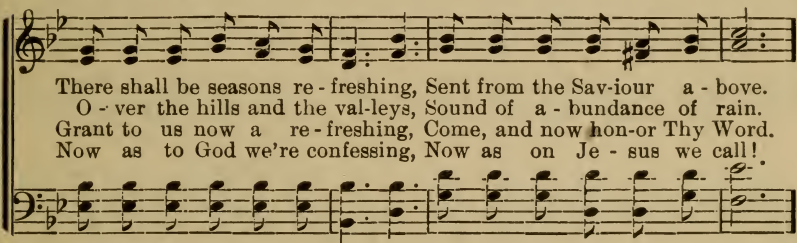
350 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

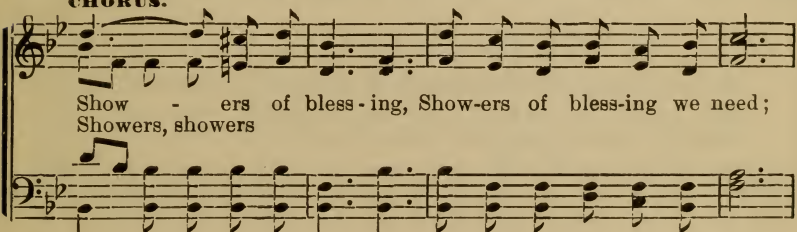


1. "There shall be showers of blessing;" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing;"—Precious, re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Send them upon us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,

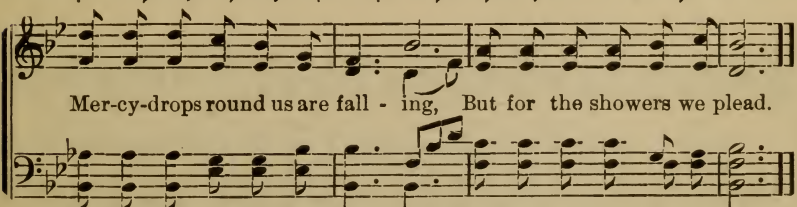


There shall be seasons re-freshing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-freshing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're confessing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

CHORUS.



Show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Showers, showers

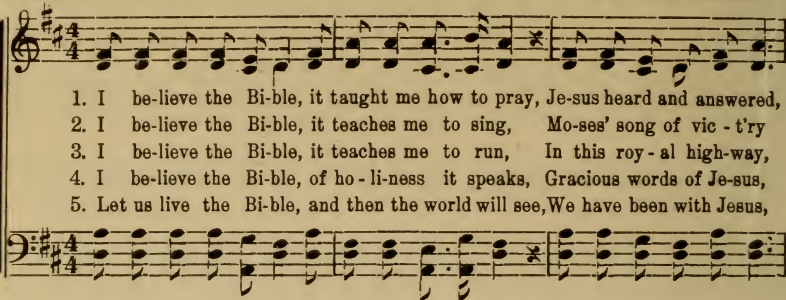


Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the showers we plead.

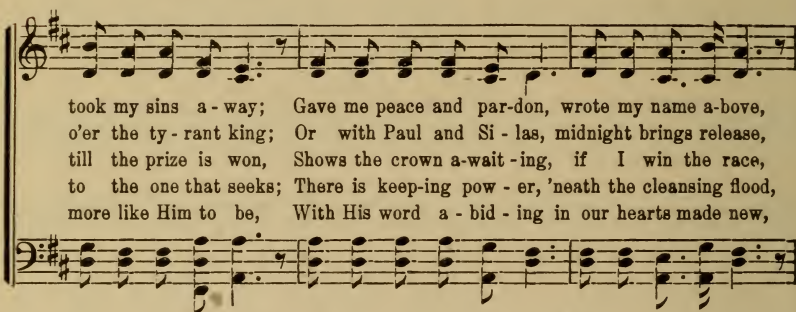
"Believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets."—ACTS 24: 16.

E. S. U.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

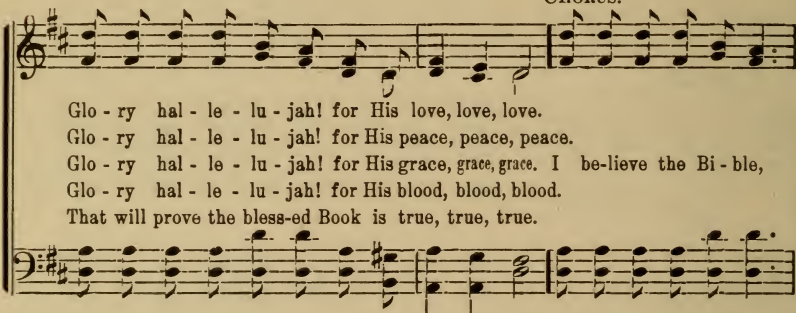


1. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it taught me how to pray, Je-sus heard and answered,
 2. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it teaches me to sing, Mo-ses' song of vic-t'ry
 3. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it teaches me to run, In this roy-al high-way,
 4. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, of ho-li-ness it speaks, Gracious words of Je-sus,
 5. Let us live the Bi-ble, and then the world will see, We have been with Jesus,

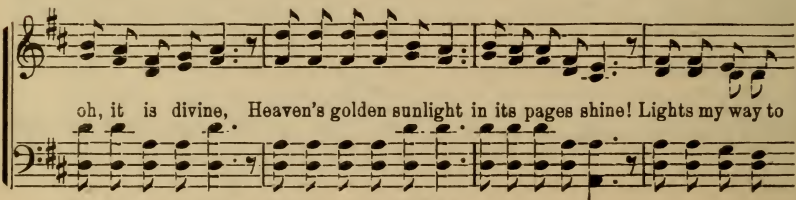


took my sins a-way; Gave me peace and par-don, wrote my name a-bove,
 o'er the ty-rant king; Or with Paul and Si-las, midnight brings release,
 till the prize is won, Shows the crown a-wait-ing, if I win the race,
 to the one that seeks; There is keep-ing pow-er, 'neath the cleansing flood,
 more like Him to be, With His word a-bid-ing in our hearts made new,

CHORUS.



Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His love, love, love.
 Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His peace, peace, peace.
 Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His grace, grace, grace. I be-lieve the Bi-ble,
 Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His blood, blood, blood.
 That will prove the bless-ed Book is true, true, true.



oh, it is divine, Heaven's golden sunlight in its pages shine! Lights my way to

I Believe the Bible. Concluded.

glory, and I'm surely going thro', I believe the Bi-ble, for 'tis true, true, true.

352

Wonderful Words of Life.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

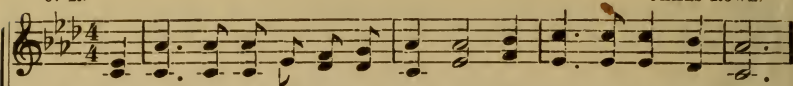
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 Sin - ner, list to His lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty,
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en,
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,

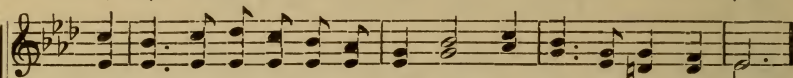
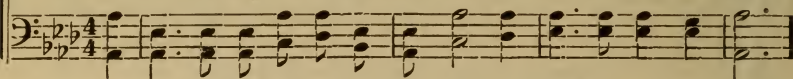
Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, wonderful words of Life;... Life.

J. R.

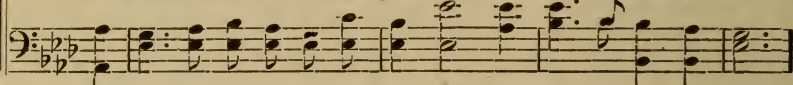
JAMES ROWE.



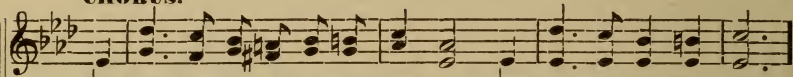
1. Although He knew my dreadful sto-ry, The Sav-iour took me in,
2. Tho' I for years ignored and grieved Him, He mentions not the past;
3. His lov-ing arms will be around me, Un-til His face I see;



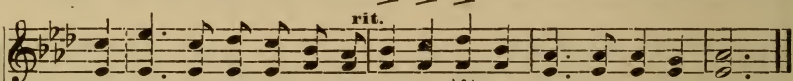
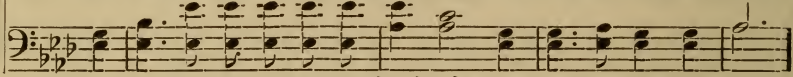
And with His loving arms a-round me, He par-doned all my sin.
 But oh, I know that He rejoice-es That I am His at last.
 In life and death I'll love and praise Him For all His love for me.



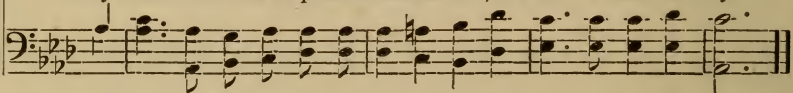
CHORUS.



Oh, love that passeth understand-ing, The love that reaches me!



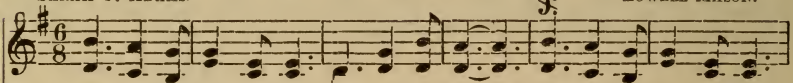
My voice shall soar in praises more and more, For all e-ter-ni-ty.



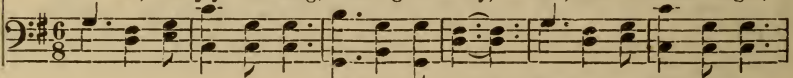
Copyright, 1912, by Charlie D. Tillman.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Near-er, my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,



Nearer, My God, to Thee. Concluded.

Fine. D. S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

355

The Man of Galilee.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

(DUET AND QUARTET.)

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

(have you heard)

1. { Have you heard of that won-der-ful Man, Who lived in Gal - i - lee, }
2. { Who came down from the glo - ry a - bove To set earth's cap-tives free? }
3. { Have you heard of His birth in the stall, The days of ten - der youth, }
4. { How He gave as the message of God The words of life and truth? }
5. { Have you heard when His garments they touched The sick at once where whole, }
6. { How in love He for-gave men their sins, And healed the sin - sick soul? }
7. { Have you heard how for sin-ners He died Up - on the cru - el tree, }
8. { How He lives ev - er-more from the dead, To save e - ter - nal - ly? }

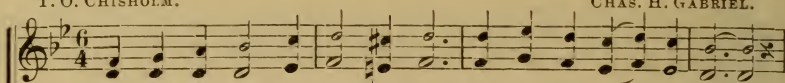
CHORUS.

He came to set me free,..... The Man of Gal - i - lee;..... I'll
 He came to set me free, The Man of Gal - i - lee;

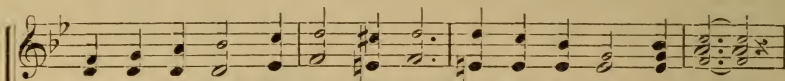
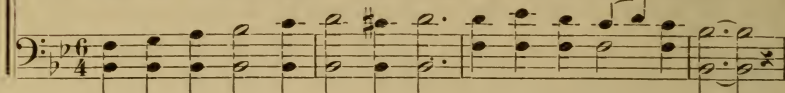
sing His great fame, And praise His dear name, My Sav-iour and Lord is He.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

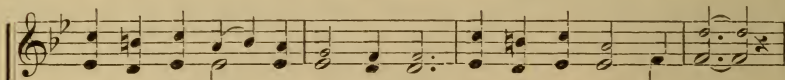
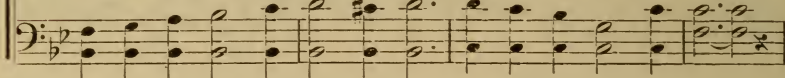
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



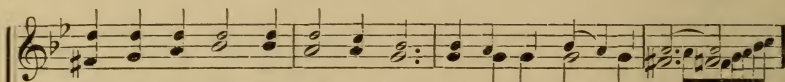
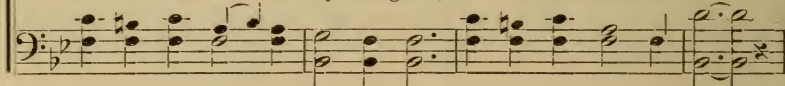
1. What did it mean when Je - sus came Down from His home of light,
2. What did it mean when Je - sus wrought All of His deeds of might;
3. What did it mean when Je - sus died, Hang-ing on Cal - va - ry;
4. What did it mean when Je - sus rose Up from His dream-less bed?



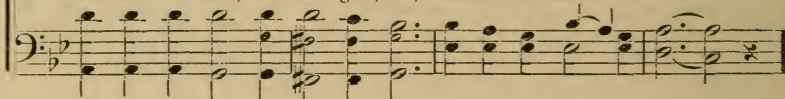
Lay - ing a - side His glo - ry there, En - ter - ing this dark night;
 Heal-ing the ills and pains of men, Giv - ing the blind their sight,
 Heav-en and earth were joined in grief Dy - ing like His to see!
 Death and the grave for - ev - er past, Finished a - tone - ment made!



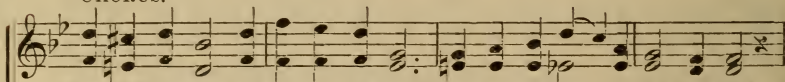
Tak - ing the form of sin - ful man, Shar-ing our want and woe,
 Rais-ing the dead to life a - gain, Feed-ing the mul - ti - tude,
 Lips that were filled with bless-ing once, Parch'd with His fail - ing breath,
 Glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry of grace, In - fi - nite reach of love!



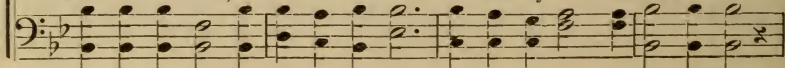
Hav - ing not where to lay His head, Hat - ed, yet lov - ing so?
 Spending His life, His wondrous life, On - ly in do - ing good?
 He that was ho - ly, harm-less, pure, Dy - ing a sin - ner's death!
 Won - der of men, and an - gels, too, Theme of the saints a - bove!



CHORUS.



What did it mean, O what did it mean? None sure-ly ev - er lov'd as He!



What Did It Mean? Concluded.

What did it mean to Je - sus, my Lord, And what does it mean to me?

357

Free Waters.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me; Let us haste, O haste to its brink;
2. There's a living stream with a crystal gleam; From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a liv - ing well and its waters swell, And e - ter - nal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share;

'Tis the fount of love from the Source above, And He bids us all free - ly drink.
While the waters roll let the wea - ry soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.
And we joy - ful sing, ever spring, O spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see; Let us has - ten joy - ful - ly there.

CHORUS.

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Will you come, Will you come,

Thirsty soul, hear the welcome call; 'Tis a fountain o - pen'd for all
Thirsty soul,

Mrs. MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

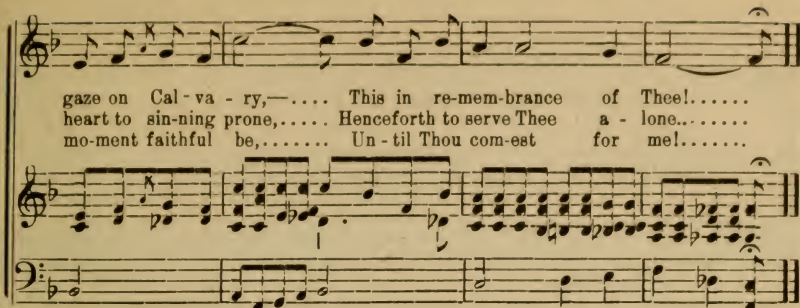
1. I take Thy bod - y, broken, Lord, for
 2. Earth's glories fade; Thy cross I count my
 3. And now the bless - ed hope of see - ing

me, Thy blood, the em - blem of Thy love so free; My eyes grow
 own; Its scorn and shame becomes as wealth un-known; I give to
 Thee, Fills night with joy, and morn with mel - o - dy. Lord Je - sus,

dim that gaze on Cal - va - ry, — This in re - mem - brance, This in re -
 Thee the heart to sin - ning prone, Henceforth to serve Thee, Henceforth to
 may each moment faithful be, Un - til Thou com - est, Un - til Thou

membrance, This in re - mem - brance of Thee! My eyes grow dim that
 serve Thee, Henceforth to serve Thee a - lone; I give to Thee the
 com - est, Un - til Thou com - est for me! Lord Je - sus, may each

In Remembrance. Concluded.

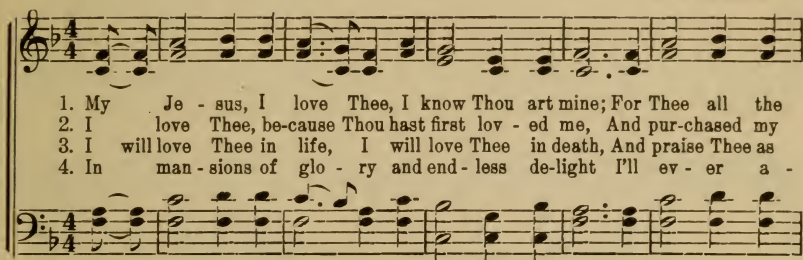


gaze on Cal - va - ry,—.... This in re - mem - brance of Thee!.....
heart to sin - ning prone,..... Henceforth to serve Thee a - lone.....
mo - ment faithful be,..... Un - til Thou com - est for me!.....

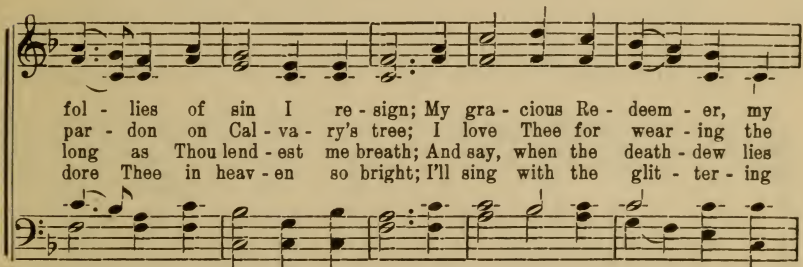
359

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

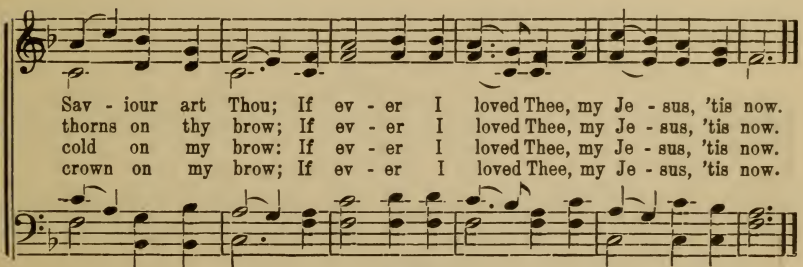
A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Dedicated with love to my friends, Evangelists J. M. and M. J. Harris.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Com-mis-sioned by the Lord are we, The glo-rious news to tell,
 2. Why will you longer jeop-ard-ize, Your nev-er - dy - ing soul,
 3. With just a few more fleeting days, And life's work will be done,

Play in Octaves.

Of God's sal-va - tion full and free, Which saves from sin and hell;
 When Je-sus paid your ransom price, And waits to make you whole?
 E - ter - ni - ty draws on a-pace, Your race is al - most run;

Up-on His bus-iness here in-tent, We haste at His com-mand,
 It is the Lord from heav'n who speaks In thunder tones to - day,
 The fin - al con-sum-ma-tion nears When time shall be no more,

Pro-claim-ing ev - 'ry-where, "Repent, God's kingdom is at hand."
 And bids you now sal - va - tion seek And turn from sin a - way.
 We soon the warning cry shall hear, The Judge is at the door.

f CHORUS. Unison. **Parts.**

We'll tell it out, "God's king-dom is at hand,"

"God's Kingdom Is At Hand." Concluded.

Unison. **Parts.**

With trum - pet shout, "God's kingdom is at hand,"....

ff

Am-bas - sa-dors for Him we go, All up and down the land,....
All up and down the land,

rit.

Still cry - ing ev-'ry-where "Repent, God's kingdom is at hand."

361 I'm Believing and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are washed a - way, Black-est stains be-come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur-rent's ceaseless flow,
3. Ease and wealth be-come as dross, Worthless, earth's de-light and show;
4. Sel-fish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know;

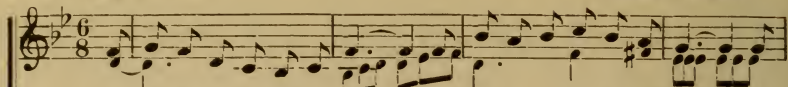
CHO.—I'm be - liev - ing and re-ceive-ing, While I to the fount-ain go,
Dark-est night is changed to day, When I to the fountain go.
Sor - row chan-ges in - to song, When I to the fountain go.
All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fountain go.
All my treas-ure is a - bove, When I to the fountain go.

And my heart the waves are cleansing Whit-er than the driv-en snow.

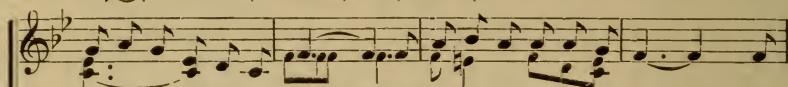
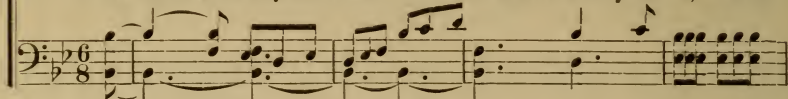
362 He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

MIRIAM E. AENOLD.

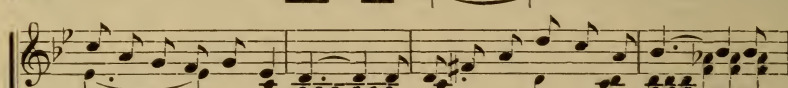
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



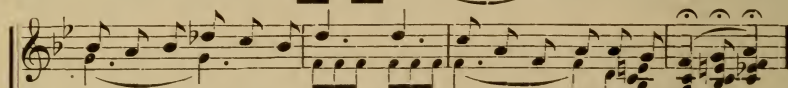
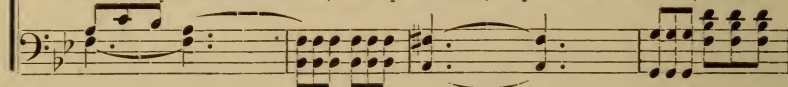
1. He knoweth the way that I take, Al-though it is hid-den from me; My
2. He knoweth the way that I take! When falt'ring my footsteps, and slow, My
3. He knoweth the way that I take! And tho' most unworthy am I, Thro'



Savior who lov-eth me so, Each step of my jour-ney can see. He
hand in His own He doth hold,— He nev-er will fail me, I know. He
grace He will lead me safe home, To live with Himself, by and by. E-



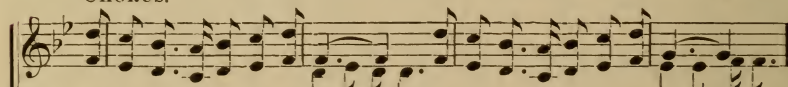
knoweth the way that I take! When heav-y the cross I must bear, With
knoweth the way that I take! And sends the blest Spir-it to guide; And
ter-ni-ty then will be mine, To praise Him, re-joice and a-dore; The



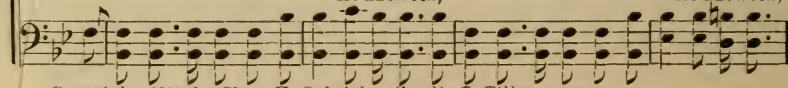
me He has promised to be, Each joy and each sorrow to share.
when I so oft-en would stray, He wooes me a-gain to His side.
King I am long-ing to see, And dwell with Him for ev-er-more.



CHORUS.

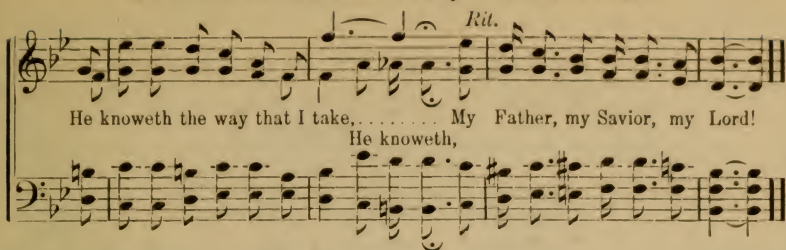


He knoweth the way that I take! Sweet comfort the tho't doth afford; . . .
He knoweth, He knoweth,



He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

Rit.



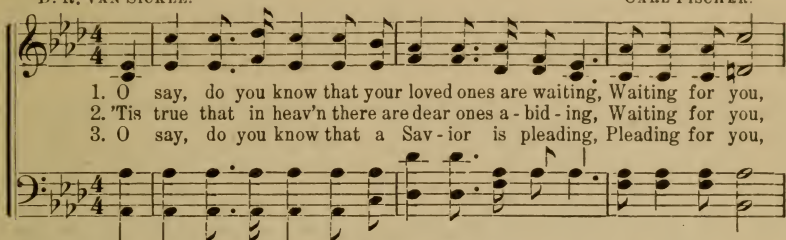
He knoweth the way that I take, My Father, my Savior, my Lord!
He knoweth,

363

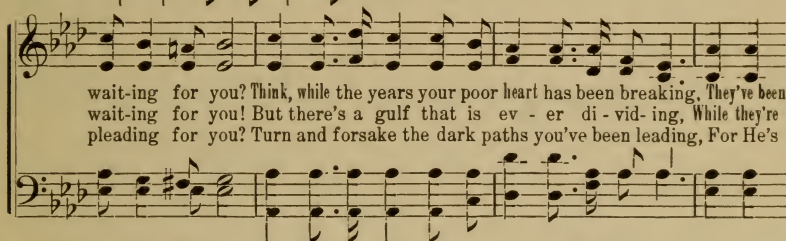
Waiting For You.

D. R. VAN SICKLE.

CARL FISCHER.

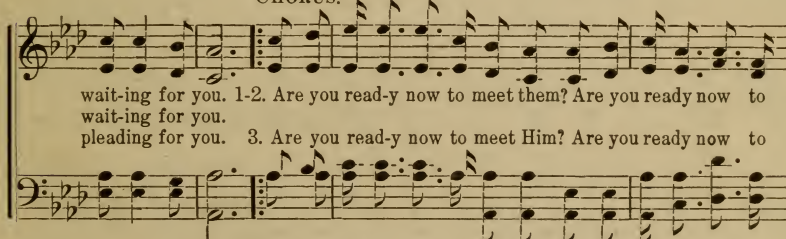


1. O say, do you know that your loved ones are waiting, Waiting for you,
2. 'Tis true that in heav'n there are dear ones a - bid - ing, Waiting for you,
3. O say, do you know that a Sav - ior is pleading, Pleading for you,

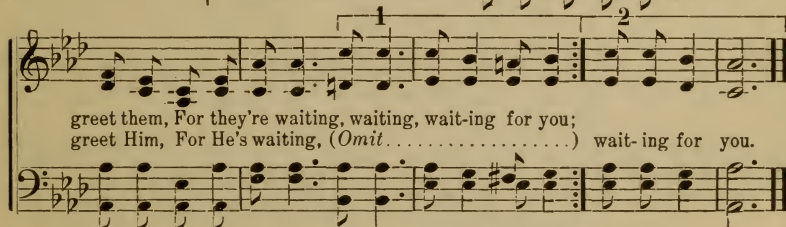


wait-ing for you? Think, while the years your poor heart has been breaking, They've been
wait-ing for you! But there's a gulf that is ev - er di - vid - ing, While they're
pleading for you? Turn and forsake the dark paths you've been leading, For He's

CHORUS.



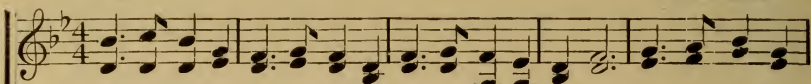
wait-ing for you. 1-2. Are you read-y now to meet them? Are you ready now to
wait-ing for you.
pleading for you. 3. Are you read-y now to meet Him? Are you ready now to



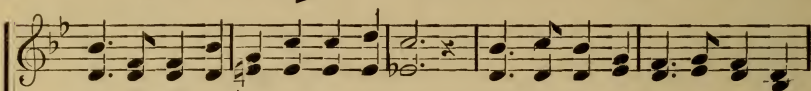
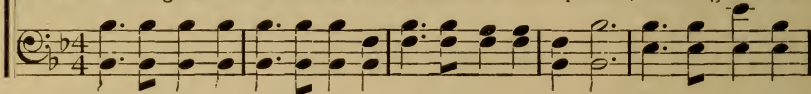
greet them, For they're waiting, waiting, wait-ing for you;
greet Him, For He's waiting, (*Omit.*) wait-ing for you.

C. A. M.

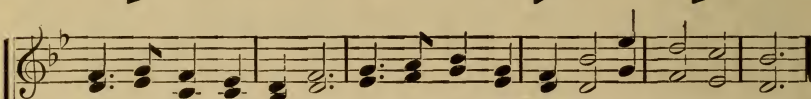
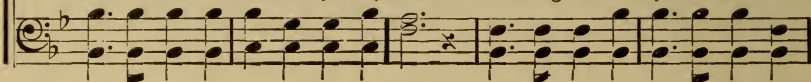
C. Austin Miles



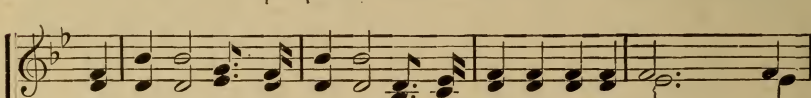
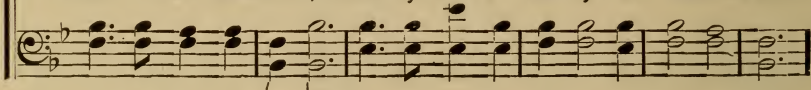
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Far below the storms of doubt upon the world is beating, Sons of men in
3. Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot alarm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in contemplation, Hearing now his



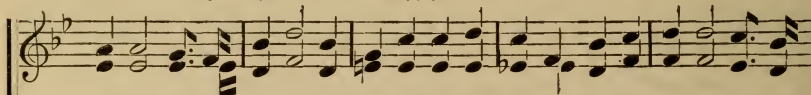
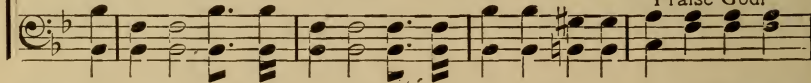
sins of earth be - set on ev'-ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in
 bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand. Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
 shel-ter'd here protected by God's hand. Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
 bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd. Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I



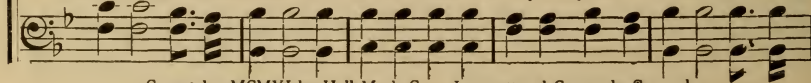
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beau-lah land.
 of God's word retreat-ing, Noth-ing then can reach me-'tis Beau-lah land.
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beau-lah land
 learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beau-lah land.



I'm liv - ing on the mountain, underneath a cloudless sky, I'm
 Praise God!



drinking at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the



Dwelling in Beulah Land.--Concluded.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply for I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

365

My Father's Keeping.

Rev. C. A. Gage.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I am in my Father's keep-ing, Guarded by His tend'rest care,
2. When the darkness deep-ens round me, And the way I can - not see,
3. Tho' the storm may break in fu - ry, I have neith-er doubt nor fear;
4. In His hand the wind He hold-eth, Keeps the waves that rock the sea

Safe - ly shield - ed by His pres-ence, Kept from ev-ry hid-den snare.
 Sweet-ly to my trem-bling spir - it, Comes His whisper "Fol-low me."
 I can sing a - mid the tem-pest, With my bless-ed Sav-iour near.
 Then why should I fear to trust Him, When I know He lov - eth me.

CHORUS.

His love is nev - er fail - ing, His mer - cy full and free;

His arms are al - ways o - pen To help and com - fort me.

C. T. and C. H. G.

Solo or Duet.

CHARLES TELLER.

1. I know the love and grace of Him whose heart... 'Midst all my
 2. When tri-als come, with doubts a thou-sand strong, .. When drear-y
 3. I love to think of Him while here be-low, Of how, for
 4. Some day unknown I'll see His bless-ed face, The vic-t'ry

cares and sor-rows bears a part; Tho' fears and passions strive to rule my
 grows the way, and dark, and long, His whispered words thro' all my be-ing
 me, He suffered pain and woe; My peace and joy He bought on Calv'ry's
 mine, thro' His re-deem-ing grace; Then, oh, what joy e-ter-ni-ty to

rit.
 will, I know that Je - sus loves and leads me still.....
 thrill, For then I know He loves and leads me still.....
 hill, And well I know He loves and leads me still.....
 fill With praise, be-cause He loves and leads me still.....
 I know that Je - sus loves and leads me still. He leads me still,

CHORUS.
 He leads me still, He leads me still, Thro'-out the
 He leads me still. He leads me still,

storm and darkness of the night; I walk by faith.....
 Thro'-out the storm and dark-ness of the night; I walk by faith

He Leads Me Still. Concluded.

for 'tis His will, And well I know that Jesus leads me still.
for 'tis His will, I know leads me still.

367 It Was Love.

C. S. C.

C. S. COLBURN.

Duet. **Full Chorus.**

1. Why did our heav'nly Fa-ther give In love, love, love;.....
2. Why did our Lord the Spir - it send?
3. Why did our Lord a home pre-pare?
4. In love God gave, in love Christ came, Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,

Duet. **Full Chorus.**

1. His Son to die that we might live, 'Twas love, love,.... love.....
2. To guide and keep us to the end,
3. That we might dwell for-ev-er there,
4. That love for-ev - er is the same, Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love.

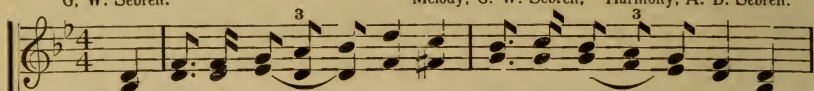
CHORUS.

It was love, love, won-der-ful love, That sent my Saviour from a-bove;
wonderful, wonderful,

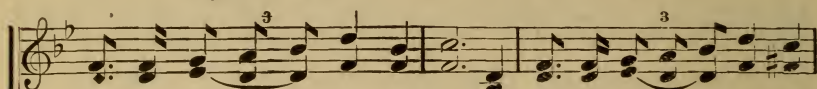
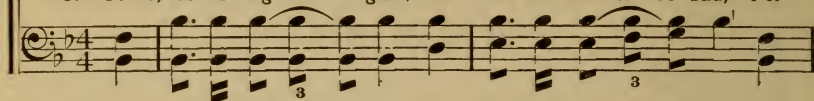
In all His dealings with sinful man, There's nothing but love, in redemption's plan.

G. W. Sebren.

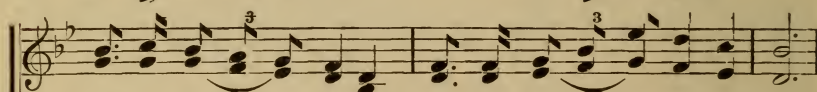
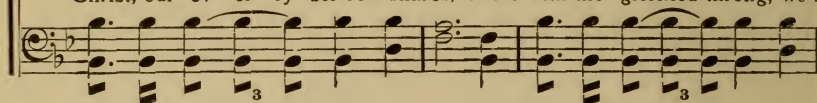
Melody, G. W. Sebren, Harmony, A. B. Sebren.



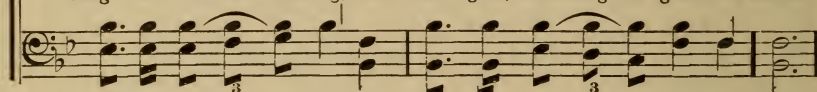
1. There is a heav-en-ly land, There is a beau-ti-ful strand, Where
 2. While on our pil-grim-age, here, We'll meet with trials se-vere, The
 3. Come, let us sing and be glad, No cause have we to be sad, For



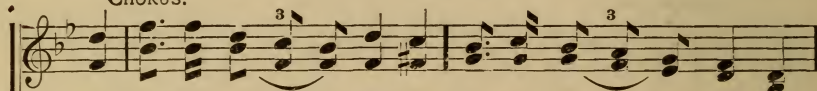
com-eth noth-ing to cause de-spair; And with a wonderful flight, We'll
 road, it seem-eth, is sown in tares; Yet, thro' God's wonderful love, We'll
 Christ, our ev-er-ry sor-row shares; There with the glorified throng, 'We'll



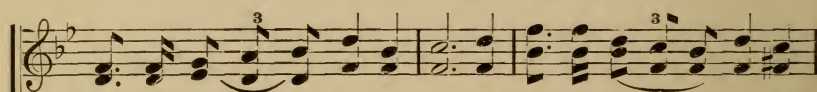
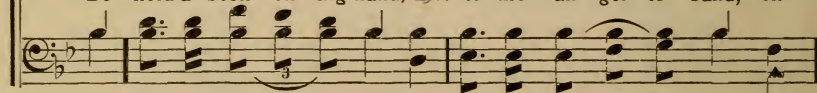
reach a no-ble height, With an-gels, climbing the gold-en stairs.
 reach the cit-y a-bove, With an-gels, climbing the gold-en stairs.
 sing a beau-ti-ful song, With an-gels, climbing the gold-en stairs.



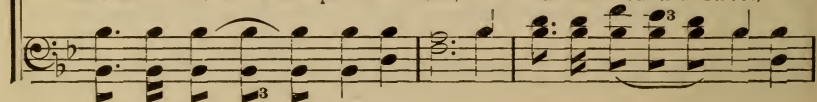
CHORUS.



Be-hold a beck-on-ing hand, List to the an-gel-ic band, In



heav'n we'll ne-ver know pain nor care; 'We'll walk the beautiful street, Blest



Climbing the Golden Stairs. Concluded.

thought, so won-drous-ly sweet, With an - gels climb-ing the gold - en stairs.

369

He Loves You Still.

W. E. M.

DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO.

WM. EDDIE MARKS.

1. God loves you still, oh, do not doubt Him, Nor think that He is harsh and stern,
2. He has for you the full-est par-don, A smile that will you great-ly thrill,
3. He has for you a-bund-ant mer-cy, Come and your all up-on Him cast,

Oh, no—He is a lov-ing Fa-ther; Oh, will you not to Him re-turn?
His lov-ing heart is full of wel-come, Oh, come to-day, He loves you still.
He loves you still, oh, come and trust Him, He will for-give, for-get the past.

CHORUS.

He loves you still with love so ten-der, Oh, hear Him sweet-ly call to-day,

He loves you still, why lon-ger wan-der, Why lin-ger yet from Him a-way?

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Beau - - ti - ful sto - ry, Fra - - grant with
 2. If..... we be - lieve it, We..... shall re-
 3. There..... is no sor - row, In..... that to-

glo - ry, Prom - ise of God while
 ceive it, Faith..... in His word shall
 mor - row, And..... we are told no

time..... shall en-dure;..... Guer - don of du-
 have..... its re-ward;..... Who..... can di - vine
 night..... shall be there;..... Joys..... that for - ev-

ty, Gold - en with beau - ty, And..... as the
 it? Who..... can de - fine it? Mar - vel - ous
 er Flow..... like a riv - er, With..... all the

heav'ns, - e - ter - nal, sure.....
 hope thro' Christ, our Lord.....
 ran - somed we shall share.....

We Shall Have a New Name.

CHORUS.

We shall have a new name in that bright

land,..... When, thro' grace, be-

fore the great King we stand,..... There in

all its beau-ty His face we shall see,..... And

shall reign with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty.....

371 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

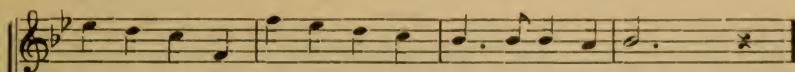
1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb up-on His throne; Hark
 2. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scepter sways From
 3. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po-tent-ate of time, Cre -

how the heav'nly anthem drowns All mu-sic but its own! A -
 pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His
 a - tor of the roll-ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime! All

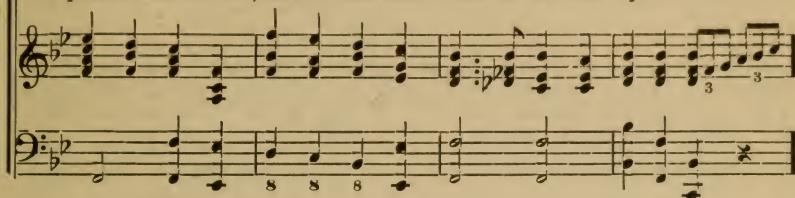
Largo.

wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for me, And
 reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet Fair
 hail! Re-deem-er, hail! For Thou hast died for me; Thy

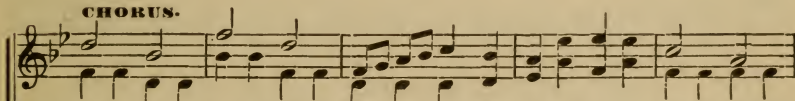
Crown Him With Many Crowns. Concluded.



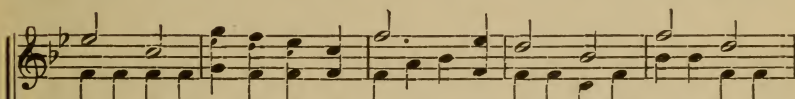
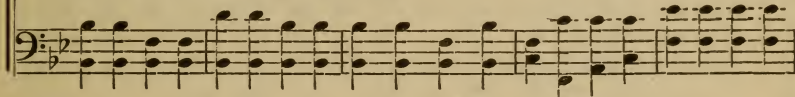
hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 flow'rs of par - a - dise ex-tend Their fragrance ev - er sweet.
 praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.



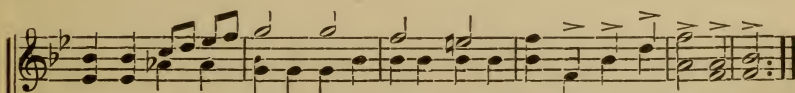
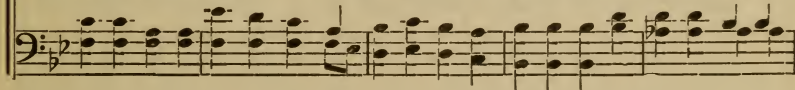
CHORUS.



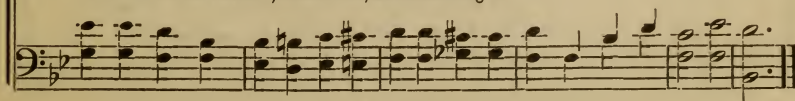
Crown Him! crown Him! Give Him praise and ad-o-ra-tion! Crown Him!
 Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him,



crown Him! Him who died for me; We'll crown Him! crown Him!
 crown Him! crown Him! for me, for thee; crown Him! crown Him! crown Him!

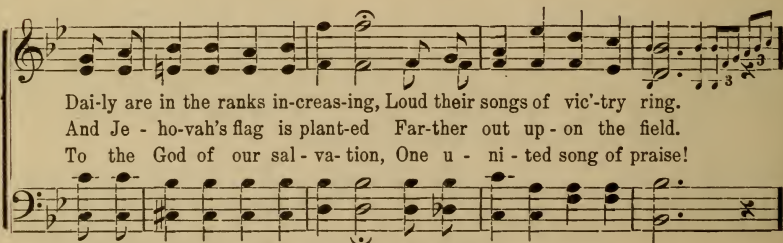
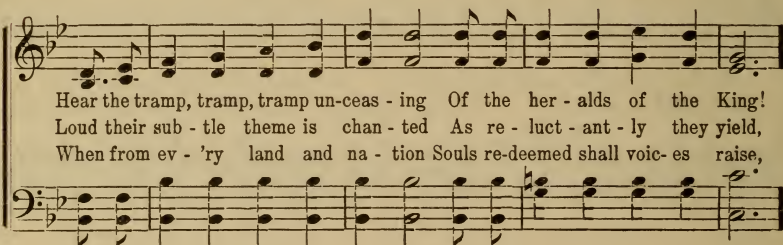
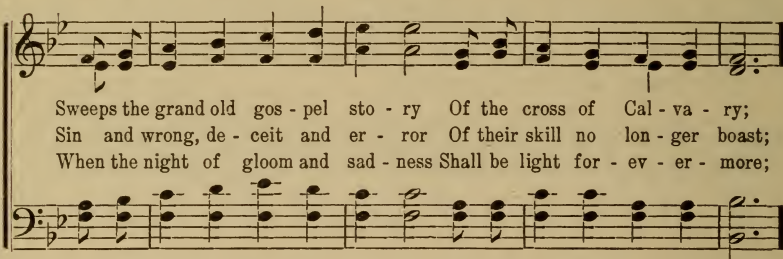
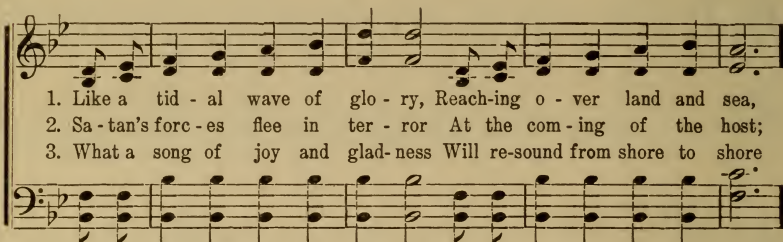
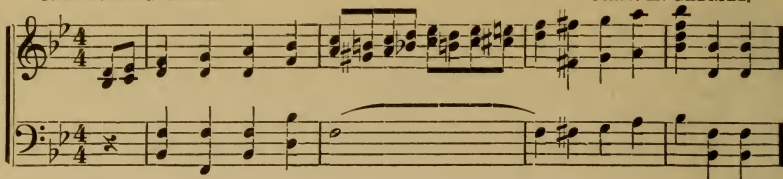


Author of sal - va - tion, King of kings thro' all e - ter - ni - ty
 Author of salvation; crown Him, Matchless King of



CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Forward.

CHORUS.

For - ward to the bat - tle glo - rious! For the
For - ward to the bat - tle glo - rious, Go for - ward! For the

King pos - sess the land! (Be brave, and) Force the fight

For the right, For, is it not the Lord Je - ho - vah's call! O Christian,
For 'tis Je - ho - vah's call!

For - ward! You shall be vic - to - rious, Christ Him - self is in com -
Forward! you shall be vic - to - rious, For - ward! Christ Him - self

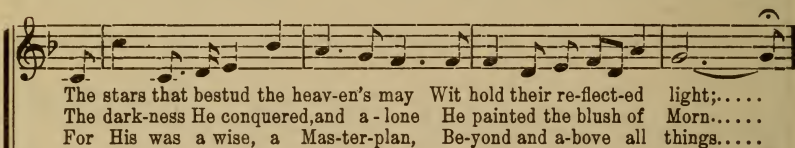
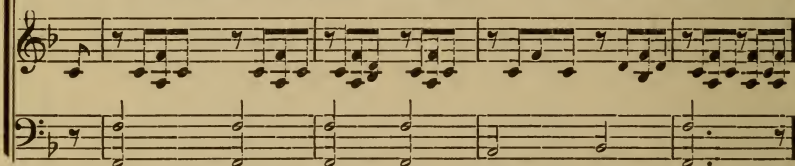
mand! In His name Go proclaim lib - er - ty for all.
Re-joic-ing, un-daunted, The day of

C. H. G.

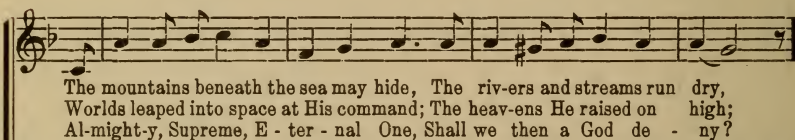
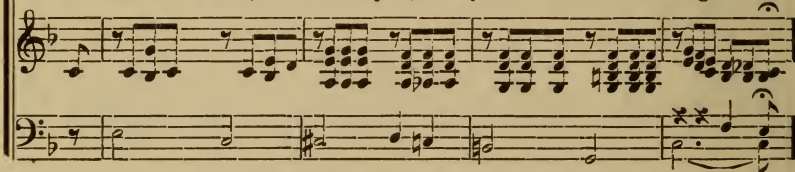
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. The sun may for-get to shine by day, The moon may forsake the night;
2. Be - fore time be-gan He built His throne, And fashioned the worlds unborn;
3. His im - age di-vine He gave to man, And un - to the spar-row, wings;



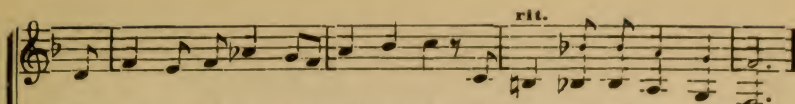
The stars that bestud the heav-en's may Wit hold their re-lect-ed light;....
 The dark-ness He conquered, and a-lone He painted the blush of Morn.....
 For His was a wise, a Mas-ter-plan, Be-yond and a-bove all things.....



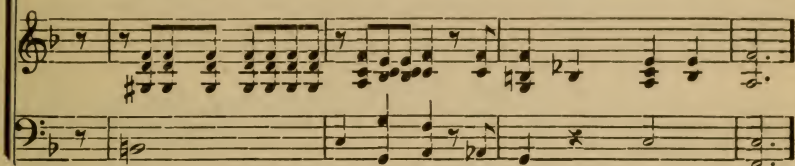
The mountains beneath the sea may hide, The riv-ers and streams run dry,
 Worlds leaped into space at His command; The heav-ens He raised on high;
 Al-might-y, Supreme, E - ter - nal One, Shall we then a God de - ny?



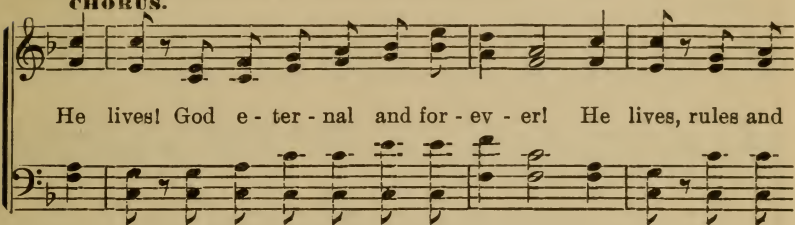
God Lives. Concluded.



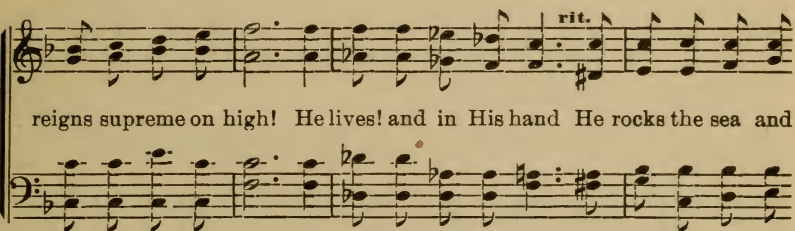
But God, their Cre-a - tor, shall a-bide, — He lives and can nev-er die.
The wa-ters lay hid-den in His hand — He lives and can nev-er die.
By whom such a wondrous work was done, Who lives and can nev-er die.



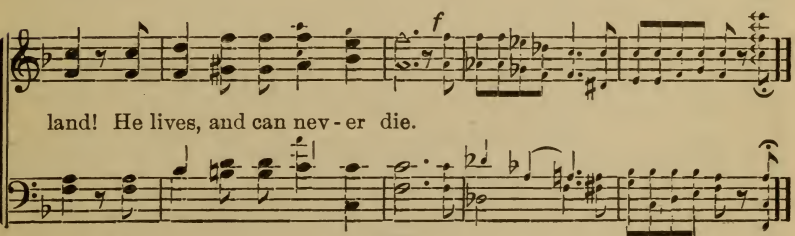
CHORUS.



He lives! God e - ter - nal and for - ev - er! He lives, rules and



reigns supreme on high! He lives! and in His hand He rocks the sea and



land! He lives, and can nev-er die.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lead Thou me on, O Lord of life and glo - ry, Lead from a - bove,
 2. Teach me, O Lord, to hum-bly bow and whis - per, Thy will be done;
 3. Led on by Thee, each day I come but near - er My own dear home,

And let my heart, filled with the old, old sto - ry A - bound in love!
 Tho' loved ones soft - ly sleep in life's pale ves - per, I fol - low on;
 And ev - 'ry day my hope grows sweetly clear - er, Till death shall come;

O may Thy ho - ly Spir - it guide And draw me clos - er to Thy side.
 I fol - low on from grace to grace, Till I shall see Him face to face.
 And death is but a door a - jar To where my hearts dear treas - ures are.

CHORUS.

Look down on me..... and with Thy hand of love, Lead from a -
 Look down on me,

bove,..... Lead on in love;..... My joy is great to fol - low,
 Lead from a - bove. Lead on in love;

Lead Thou Me On. Concluded.

Lord,..... Thy guiding hand..... Thy ho-ly word.
to follow, Lord, Thy guiding hand, Thy holy word.

375

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give; }
I will ev-er love and trust Him, In His presence dai-ly live. }
2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow; }
Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine; }
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that Thou art mine. }
4. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my-self to Thee; }
Fill me with Thy love and power, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me. }
5. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame; }
Oh, the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to His name. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all; I sur-ren-der all; I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee my bless-ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

W. S. P.

DR. WM. S. PITTS.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
 2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morning To list to the
 3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
 4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

1. place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
 2. clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh,
 3. loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willow, Dis -
 4. wild flowers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chanted, I shall

D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

Fine. CHORUS.

1. lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
 2. come to the church in the vale.
 3. turb not her rest in the vale.
 4. rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

MALE VOICES.

Arr. by McD. WEAMS.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B-flat4. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, and another quarter rest. The next measure contains a half note F4, and the final measure contains a half note E4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. { O hap-py day..... that fixed my choice.....
 { Well may this glow - - - ing heart re - joice,.....
 2. { O hap-py bond..... that seals my vows,.....
 { Let cheer-ful an - - - them fill His house,.....
 3. { 'Tis done, the great..... trans-ac-tion's done,.....
 { He drew me, and..... I fol-low-ed on,.....
 1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice, that fixed my choice,
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, this heart re-joice,

(We'll may this glowing year rejoice, this year re-joice,

D. S.—O hap-py day..... that fixed my choice.....

Musical notation for the end of the piece, marked "Fine." The notation shows a final cadence with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

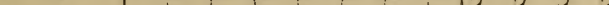
On Thee, my Sav	-	-	iour and my God!.....	}
And tell its rap	-	-	ture all a-broad.....	
To Him who mer	-	-	its all my love.....	
While to that sa	-	-	cred shrine I move.....	
I am my Lord's.....			and He is mine.....	}
Charmed to con-fess.....			the voice di-vine.....	
			on Thee my Sav-iour and my God, and my God!	
			and tell its rap-ture all a-broad, all a-broad.	

The bass line of 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and concludes with a double bar line.

On Thee, my Sav - - iour and my God (and my God).

CHORUS.

CHORUS.



7 x

He taught me how, _____ to watch and pray,
He taught me how..... to watch and pray,

[illegible]

And live re - joic-ing ev -'ry day, and live re - joic-ing ev -'ry day.
And live re - joic - - ing ev -'ry day.....

And live re-joice sing ev-ry day.....

Children's Songs.

	No.		No.		No.
What Is Your Song.....	378	Swing Lilies.....	381	Summer's Bright Blossom.....	384
Singing On the Way.....	379	Our Own Glad Day.....	382	God Is Goodness.....	385
It Is Jesus.....	380	Praising the Children's.....	383	Give Ten.....	386

See also numbers 243, 318, 320, 327, 333, 347, 351.

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What Is Your Song?

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

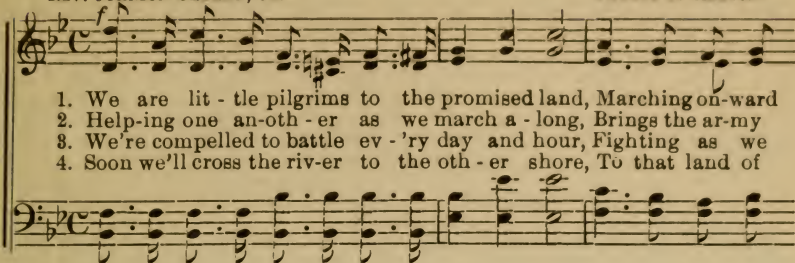
Teacher.

1-3. Chil-dren, what is your song to-day? Chil - dren, what is your song?

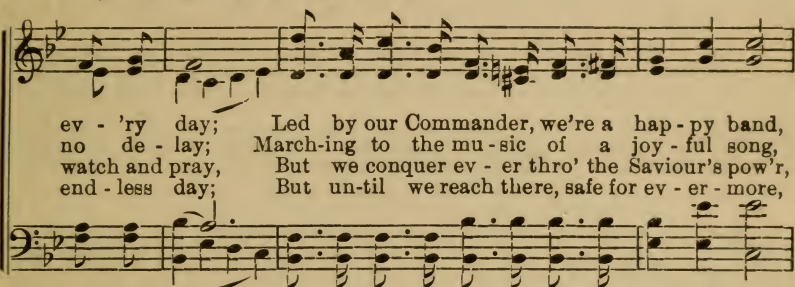
Primary Classes.

1. The Lord is good and kind al-way, In Him we trust, He is our stay;
2. His sunshine gleams, His showers fall, To each his need He giv-eth all;
3. Shall we not give to Him our all Who guides our feet lest we should fall?

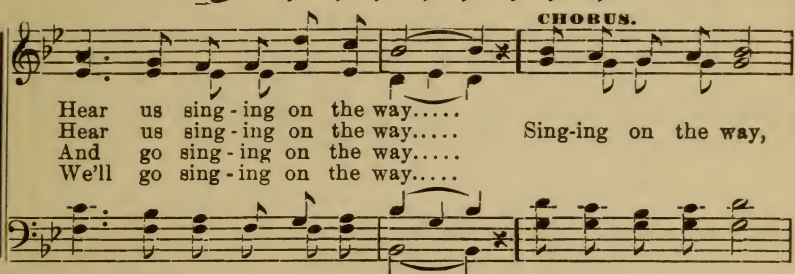
1. Praise God! This is our song to-day! Praise God! This is our song!
2. Trust God! This is our song to-day! Trust God! This is our song!
3. Love God! This is our song to-day! Love God! This is our song!



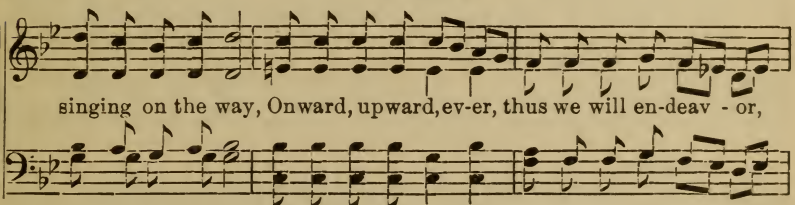
1. We are lit - tle pilgrims to the promised land, Marching on-ward
 2. Help-ing one an-oth - er as we march a - long, Brings the ar-my
 3. We're compelled to battle ev - 'ry day and hour, Fighting as we
 4. Soon we'll cross the riv-er to the oth - er shore, To that land of



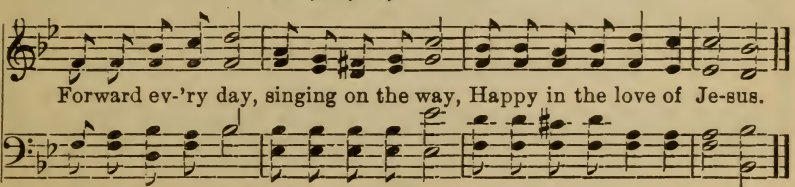
ev - 'ry day; Led by our Commander, we're a hap - py band,
 no de - lay; March-ing to the mu - sic of a joy - ful song,
 watch and pray, But we conquer ev - er thro' the Saviour's pow'r,
 end - less day; But un - til we reach there, safe for ev - er - more,



CHORUS.
 Hear us sing - ing on the way....
 Hear us sing - ing on the way.... Sing - ing on the way,
 And go sing - ing on the way....
 We'll go sing - ing on the way....



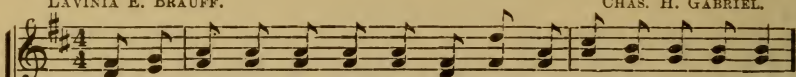
singing on the way, Onward, upward, ev - er, thus we will en - deav - or,



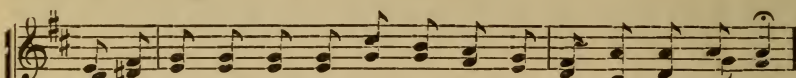
Forward ev - 'ry day, singing on the way, Happy in the love of Je - sus.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF.

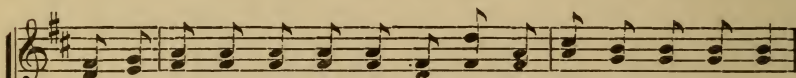
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



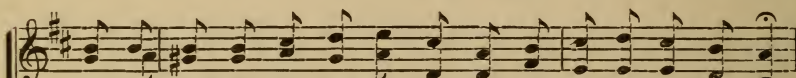
1. It is sweet to be with Je - sus, Just to feel that I am His;
 2. It is sweet to talk with Je - sus, In the ear - ly morning light;
 3. It is sweet to work with Je - sus, To be guid - ed by His hand,



To re - ceive His word of wel - come, And to know Him as He is;
 To draw near to Him at noon - day, And a - gain at dark - est night;
 And to hear His word un - fold - ing Beau - ties of the bet - ter land;

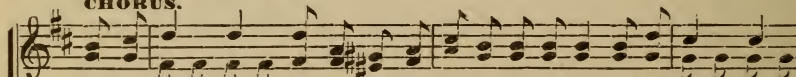


In His pres - ence I am hap - py, And the joy earth can not give,
 Un - der ev - 'ry deep'ning shad - ow, I can see His grace di - vine;
 While I work with - in His vine - yard, Trust - ing - ly I look a - bove;



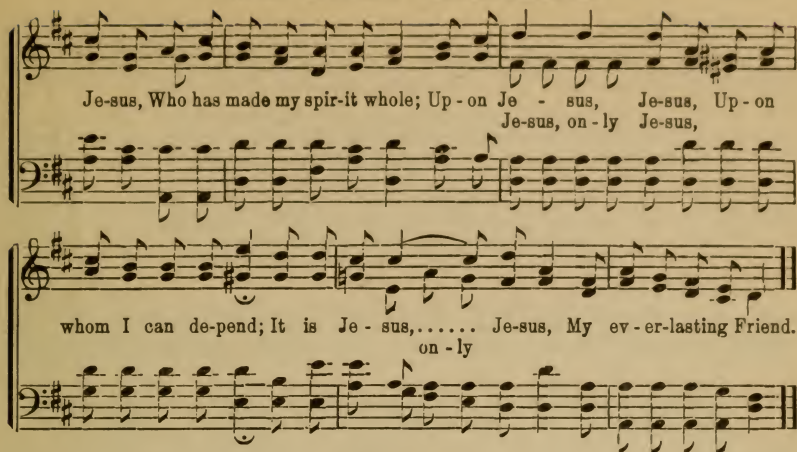
He is con - stant - ly be - stow - ing, That I may for - ev - er live.
 And in hours of pain and sor - row, Hear His whisper, "Thou art mine."
 To this ten - der, gra - cious Sav - iour, Who has filled my heart with love.

CHORUS.



It is Je - sus, Je - sus, Who can heal the sin - sick soul, It was Je - sus,
 Jesus, on - ly Je - sus, Jesus, on - ly

It Is Jesus. Concluded.



Je-sus, Who has made my spir-it whole; Up - on Je - sus, Je-sus, Up - on
Je-sus, on - ly Je-sus,

whom I can de-pend; It is Je - sus,..... Je-sus, My ev - er-lasting Friend.
on - ly

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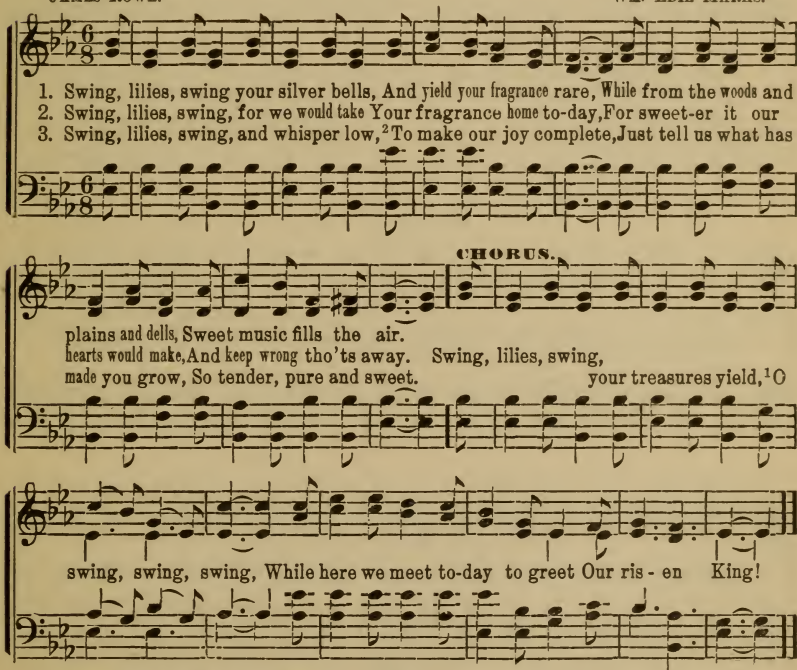
Swing, Lilies, Swing.

Motion song for several children, each child bearing a lily, which must be swung gently to and fro, while song is being sung, but not too much to become monotonous.

GESTURES.—1 Give lilies a longer swing here. 2 Raise lilies to ear, bend heads to right in listening attitude.

JAMES ROWE.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



1. Swing, lilies, swing your silver bells, And yield your fragrance rare, While from the woods and
2. Swing, lilies, swing, for we would take Your fragrance home to-day, For sweet-er it our
3. Swing, lilies, swing, and whisper low, To make our joy complete, Just tell us what has

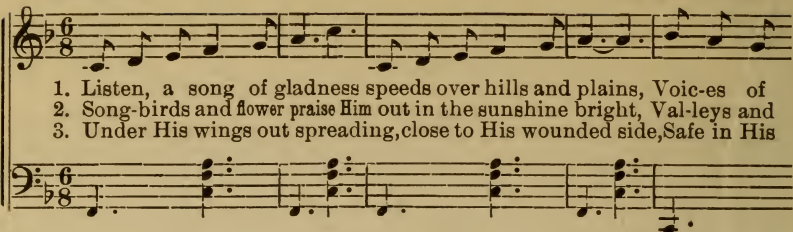
CHORUS.

plains and dells, Sweet music fills the air.
hearts would make, And keep wrong tho'ts away. Swing, lilies, swing,
made you grow, So tender, pure and sweet. your treasures yield,¹ O

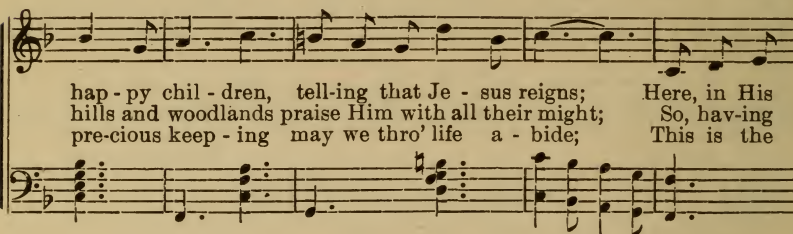
swing, swing, swing, While here we meet to-day to greet Our ris - en King!

JAMES ROWE.

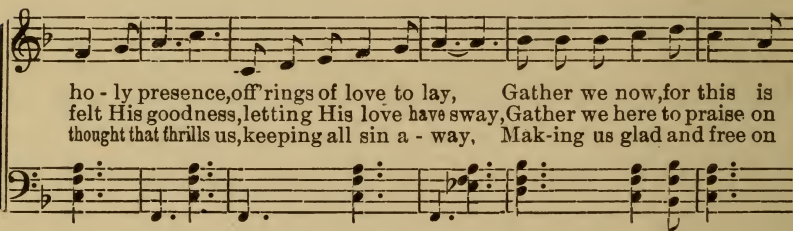
EDWIN H. CLOUD.



1. Listen, a song of gladness speeds over hills and plains, Voic-es of
 2. Song-birds and flower praise Him out in the sunshine bright, Val-leys and
 3. Under His wings out spreading, close to His wounded side, Safe in His

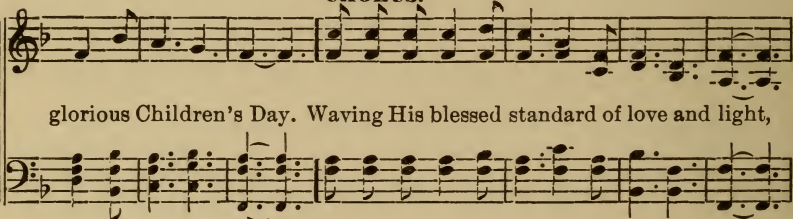


hap-py chil-dren, tell-ing that Je-sus reigns; Here, in His
 hills and woodlands praise Him with all their might; So, hav-ing
 pre-cious keep-ing may we thro' life a-bide; This is the

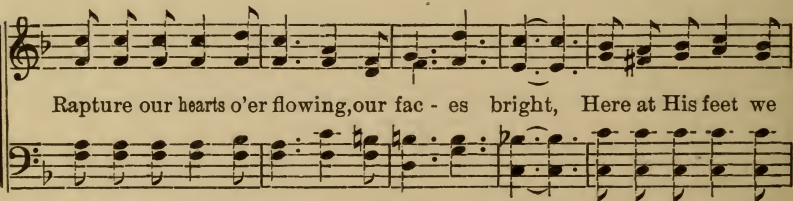


ho-ly presence, off-rings of love to lay, Gather we now, for this is
 felt His goodness, letting His love have away, Gather we here to praise on
 thought that thrills us, keeping all sin a-way, Mak-ing us glad and free on

CHORUS.



glorious Children's Day. Waving His blessed standard of love and light,



Rapture our hearts o'er flowing, our fac-es bright, Here at His feet we

Our Own Glad Day. Concluded.

gather, our gifts to lay, Singing our Saviour's praise on our own glad day.

383 Praising the Children's King.

JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Car-ols of praise sweetly we raise, Gathered at Je - sus' feet;
2. Great is His name, all things proclaim Je-sus, our King to - day;
3. Meadows and leas, song-birds and bees, All have a song to spare;
4. O - ver the earth, proving His worth, Je-sus, our Sav-iour reigns;

Faith we ex-press, sin we con-fess, Sure of His bless-ing sweet.
 Riv-ers and rills, val-leys and hills, Praise Him with voices gay.
 All, in ac-cord, sing to the Lord, Praising His ten-der care.
 Sweetly His praise children will raise, Long as the world re-mains.

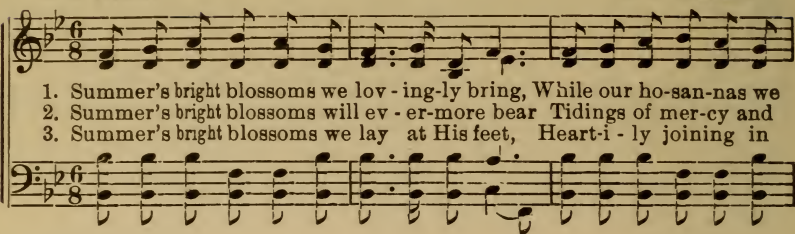
CHORUS.

Prais-ing the Lord, all in ac-cord, Mak-ing the val-leys ring;

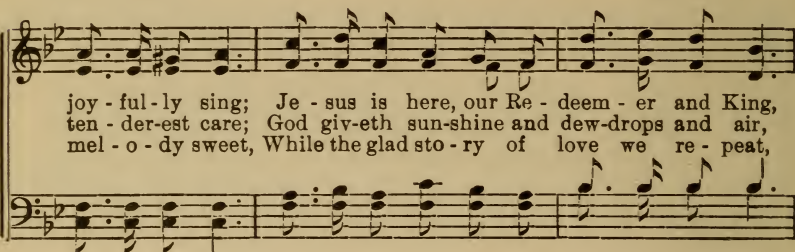
Safe in His love, look-ing a-bove, Praising the children's King.

E. E. HEWITT.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

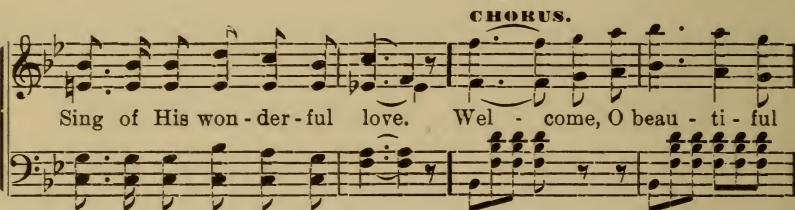


1. Summer's bright blossoms we lov - ing - ly bring, While our ho - san - nas we
 2. Summer's bright blossoms will ev - er - more bear Tidings of mer - cy and
 3. Summer's bright blossoms we lay at His feet, Heart - i - ly joining in

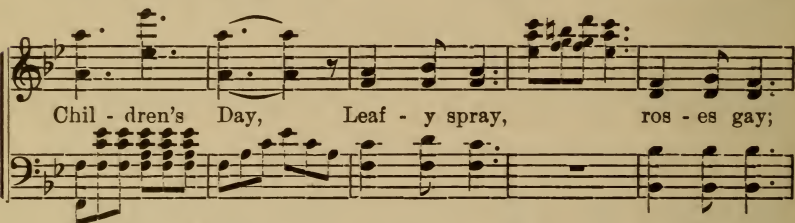


joy - ful - ly sing; Je - sus is here, our Re - deem - er and King,
 ten - der - est care; God giv - eth sun - shine and dew - drops and air,
 mel - o - dy sweet, While the glad sto - ry of love we re - peat,

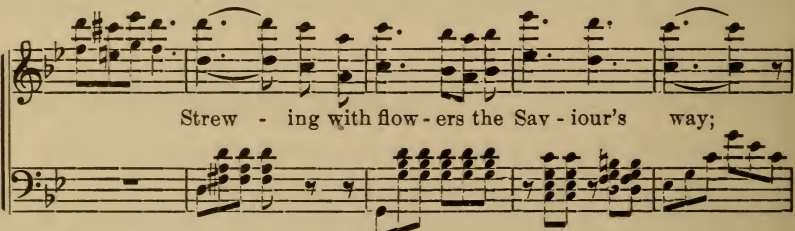
CHORUS.



Sing of His won - der - ful love. Wel - come, O beau - ti - ful

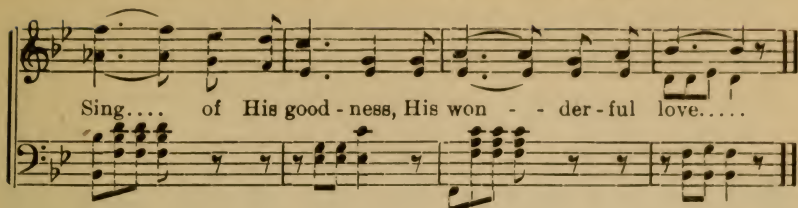


Chil - dren's Day, Leaf - y spray, ros - es gay;



Strew - ing with flow - ers the Sav - iour's way;

Summer's Bright Blossoms. Concluded.

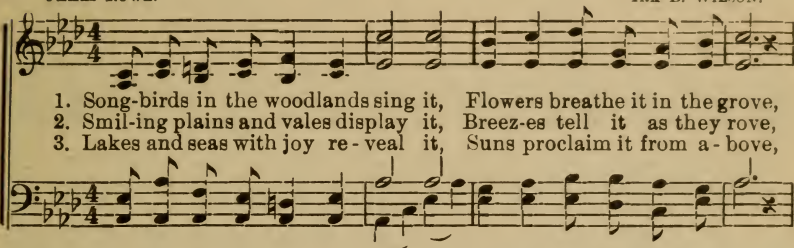


Sing.... of His good - ness, His won - - der - ful love....

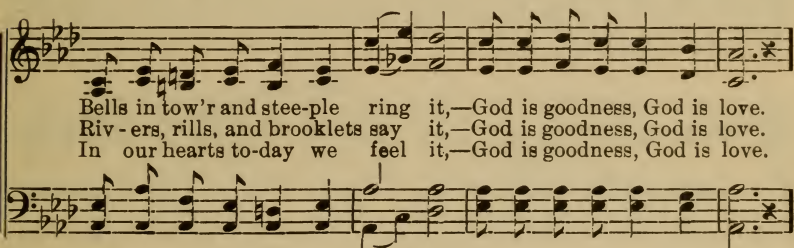
385 God Is Goodness, God Is Love.

JAMES ROWE.

IRA B. WILSON.

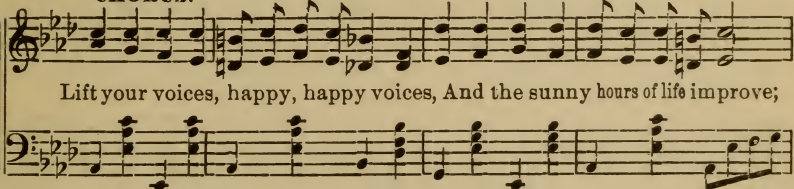


1. Song-birds in the woodlands sing it, Flowers breathe it in the grove,
2. Smil-ing plains and vales display it, Breez-es tell it as they rove,
3. Lakes and seas with joy re - veal it, Suns proclaim it from a - bove,

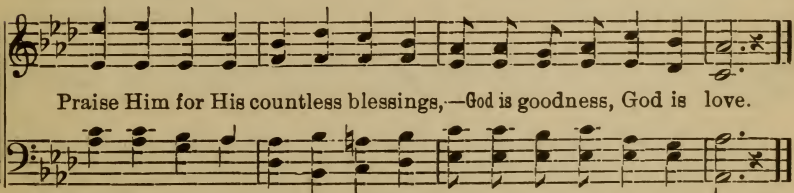


Bells in tow'r and stee-ple ring it,—God is goodness, God is love.
 Riv - ers, rills, and brooklets say it,—God is goodness, God is love.
 In our hearts to-day we feel it,—God is goodness, God is love.

CHORUS.



Lift your voices, happy, happy voices, And the sunny hours of life improve;



Praise Him for His countless blessings,—God is goodness, God is love.

To be spoken by the little singers just before the Introduction is played:

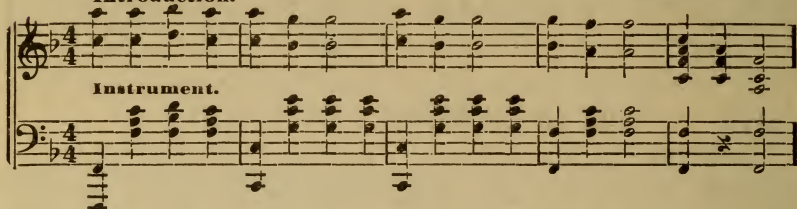
BOYS.—It is said that if the Christian world would give to missions an amount equal to ten cents per head,

GIRLS.—That the gospel of salvation would be heralded to earth's remotest bounds in a few years' time.

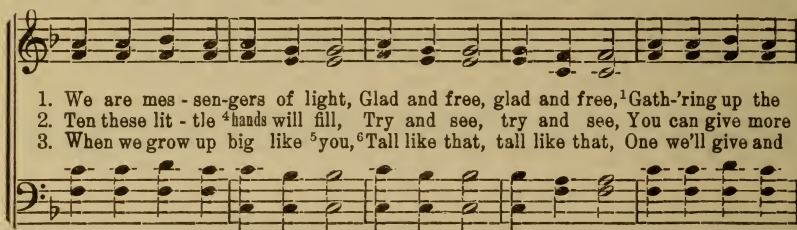
J. O. L.

J. OWEN LONG.

Introduction.

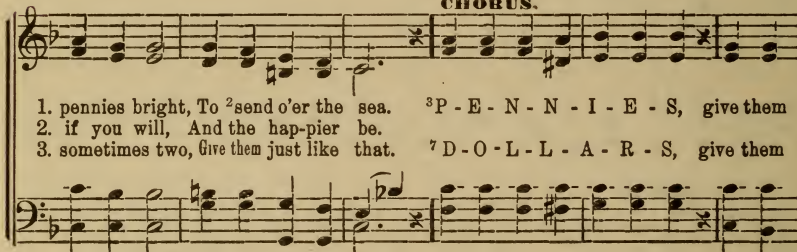


Instrument.



1. We are mes - sen - gers of light, Glad and free, glad and free, ¹Gath-'ring up the
2. Ten these lit - tle ⁴hands will fill, Try and see, try and see, You can give more
3. When we grow up big like ⁵you, ⁶Tall like that, tall like that, One we'll give and

CHORUS.



1. pennies bright, To ²send o'er the sea. ³P - E - N - N - I - E - S, give them
2. if you will, And the hap - pier be.
3. sometimes two, Give them just like that. ⁷D - O - L - L - A - R - S, give them



joy and hap - pi - ness, T - E - N pen - nies, ten, To make them Christian men.
joy and hap - pi - ness, T - E - N dol - lars, ten, To make them Christian men.

MOTIONS.—1 Hands extended, money in palm of hands. 2 Sweeping motion with right arm. 3 Hold up pennies in right hand. 4 Hold hands close together 5 Point at the audience. 6 Stand on tiptoe and point to audience again in different directions, singing slower. Begin singing faster with "Give them." 7 Hold up silver dollar.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again ; By his counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet again,

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